Jude the Obscure.

~~The Simpletonians~~

~~Hearts Insurgent~~

~~The Dreamers~~

Note. Alterations & Delations in blue & green are for serial publication only; & have no authority beyond.

Chapter I.

The schoolmaster was leaving the village, & everybody seemed sorry. The miller at ~~Cresvale~~ Cresscombe lent him the small white tilted cart & horse to carry his goods to the city of his destination, about twenty miles off, such a vehicle proving quick of sufficient size for the departing teacher's effects, the schoolhouse having been partly furnished by the school managers, & the only cumbersome article possessed by the master, in addition to the packing-cases of books, was a college piano that he had brought at an auction during the year in which he had thought of learning instrumental music. But his enthusiasm having waned, & his purchase having proved an utter failure, & it had been a perpetual trouble to him in his changes of residence ever since.

The rector had gone away for the day, being a man who disliked the sight of vicissitudes. He did not mean to return till the evening, when the new schoolteacher would have arrived, & settled in, and everything would be smooth again.

The blacksmith, the farm bailiff, & the schoolmaster himself were standing in perplexed attitudes in the parlour before the instrument. The master had even remarked that if he got it into the cart he should not know what to do with it on his arrival at the city aforesaid, for he was going into temporary lodgings only just at first.

A little boy of eleven, who had been thoughtfully assisting in the packing, joined the group of men, & as they rubbed their chins he spoke up, blushing at the sound of his own voice:

"Aunt Hardy got a great full-horse, & it could be just there, perhaps,

till you've found a place to settle in,
~~got a house~~, sir?"

"I propose good notion", said the blacksmith.

It was decided that a deputation should wait on the boy's aunt — an old maiden resident —
& ask her if she would house the piano till Mr Phillotson should
send for it. The smith & the bailiff started to see the practicability of
the suggested shelter, & the boy & the schoolmaster were left standing
alone.

"Sorry I am going, Jude?" asked the latter kindly.

Tears rose into the boy's eyes: for he was not among the regular day
~~one of the day~~ scholars
who ~~for~~ came unmanducally close to the schoolmasters life, but one who had
attended the night-school only during the present teacher's term of office. The
~~day~~ regular scholars, if the truth must be told, stood at the present moment afar off,
~~not taken at the~~ deeply moved ~~the scene~~ like certain disciples, volunteering of aid. ~~were~~ indisposed to enthusiastic.

The boy awkwardly opened the book he held in his hand, which Mr Phillotson had
bestowed on him as a parting gift, & admitted that he was sorry.

"So am I," said Mr Phillotson —

"Why do you go, sir? asked the boy.

"Ah — that would be a long story. You wouldn't understand my reasons
Jude. You will perhaps when you are older."

"I think I should now, sir."

"Well — don't speak of this everywhere — you know what a University
necessary It is the ~~hall~~ mark of a man who wants to do anything in theology.
is, & a University degree? My scheme, or dream, is to be a University
graduate, & then to be ordained. By going to live at Christminster,
or near it, I shall be at head quarters, so to speak, & my scheme is if practicable
at all. I consider that being on the spot will afford me a better chance of carrying it out
~~my plan~~. than I can obtain elsewhere".

The smith & his companion returned. Old Miss Fawley's fuel-house
~~Hawkes~~ ~~lumber room~~
was dry & eminently practicable: & she seemed willing to give the instrument

standing room there
~~were~~. It was accordingly left in the schoolhouse till the evening, when more hands would be available for removing it, & the schoolmaster gave a final glance round.

~~Jude~~ The boy Jude assisted in loading some small articles, & at nine o'clock Mr Phillotson mounted beside his box of books & general impedimenta, & bade his friends good bye.

"I shant forget you, Jude, he said smiling, as the cart moved off. X (see back) And if ever you come to Christminster remember you must see me out for old acquaintance sake."

The cart ~~crossed~~ creaked across the green, & disappeared round the corner by the rectory-house. The boy returned to the draw-well at the edge of the green-sward, where he had left his brackets, when he went to help his patron & teacher in the loading, there was a quiver in his lip, & now after opening the well-cover to begin lowering the bucket he leaned & leant with his forehead & arms against the framework, his face wearing ~~was to be thus entirely hidden~~ ~~the schoolmaster as his face was the~~ the fixity of a thoughtful child's who has felt the pricks of life somewhat before his time. ~~A tear occasionally fell from his eyes & travelled~~ The well into which he was looking ~~the bottom of the well. It was an ancient well deep to its~~ was as ancient as the village itself, and from his present position appeared as a ~~large, in its natural portion, perfect~~ tiny circular perspective ending in a shining disk of quivery water at a distance of a hundred feet. There was a lining of ~~wall~~ green moss near the top, & near still, grew ~~look~~ he heart's tongue fern.

He said to himself, ~~that the schoolmaster~~ in the melo-dramatic tones of a whimsical boy, had drawn at that well scores of times on a morning like this, & would never draw there any more. I've seen him look down into it ~~like this~~ when he was tired with

·X· Be a good boy, remember; & be kind to animals & birds, & read all you can.

his, just as I do now, & ~~was~~ when he
drawing rested a bit before carrying the buckets home. But he was
too eleven to bide here any longer – a small sleepy place like this!"
A tear rolled from his eye ~~to~~ into the depths of the well.
The morning was a little foggy, & the boy's breathing ~~rolled~~
unfurled itself
~~out~~ as a thicker fog upon the still & heavy air. His thoughts
were interrupted by a sudden outcry:
harlécan!
"Bring on that water, will ye, you idle young ~~rascal~~!"
It came from an old woman who had emerged from her door towards
~~approached~~ the garden gate of a green-thatched cottage not far off. The boy quickly
waved a signal of assent, drew the water with what was a great effort for
one of his stature, lauded & emptied the big bucket into his own pair
of smaller ones, & pausing a moment for breath started with them across the
patch of clammy greensward whereon the well stood – nearly in the centre
of the little village, or rather hamlet.
It was as old-fashioned as it was small, & it rested in the lap of
an undulating upland adjoining the North Wessex downs. Old as it was,
however, the well-sheaf was probably the only relic of the local history
that remained absolutely unchanged. Many of the thatched & dormered
dwelling houses had been pulled down since of late years, & many trees
felled on the green. Above all the original chimel, hump-backed, wood-
turretted & tipped, had been taken down & either cracked up into heaps of road-
metal in the lane, or utilized as pig-sty walls, garden seats, guard stones
to fences, & rockeries in the gardens of the neighbourhood. flower-beds. In place of it a
tall new building of German-Gothic design, unfamiliar to English
eyes, had been erected on a new piece of ground by a certain obliterator of historic records,
who had run down from London & back in a day. Whereon so long had stood
the site of the ancient
temple to the Christian divinities that he demolished was not even recorded on the green & level grass-plot
that had immemorially been the churchyard, the obliterated graves of the
hamlet being commemorated by ninepenny cast-iron crosses warranted
to last five years.

(Jude Fawley's) Chapter II. (1)

Jude Shirley's Stancombe's

Slender as was [illegible] frame he bore the two brimming horse-buckets of water to the cottage without resting. Over the door was a little rectangular piece of blue board, on which was painted in yellow letters, "Drusilla Fawley, Baker." Within the little lead panes of the window – this being one of the few old houses left – were five bottles of sweets, and three buns on a plate of the willow pattern.

While emptying the buckets at the back of the house he could hear an animated conversation in progress within doors between his great-aunt, the Drusilla of the sign board, & some other villagers. Having seen the schoolmaster depart they were summing up particulars of the event, & indulging in predictions of his future in its possible bearings on matrimony.

"Who's he?" asked one, a comparative stranger, when the boy entered.

"Ah – well ye med ask it Mrs Williams. He's my great-nephew – come since you was last this way."

The old cottager who answered was a tall gaunt woman who spoke tragically on the most trivial subject, & gave a phrase of her conversation to each auditor by name in turn. "He come from Marlstock, down in South Wessex, about a year ago, poor luck for'n, Belinda" [turning to the right] "where his father was living, and was took wi' the shakings for death, and died in two days as you know Caroline [turning to the left] "It would ha' been a blessing if Goddy- [illegible] might ha' took three two wi' they milder 'fections, poor useless boy! But I'm sorry him have to stay with me till I can see what's to be done with en, though as I shall soon have to pay the bill for the pigs in style I be obliged to let en earn any penny he can. Just now he's a-scaring! of birds for d'arner Troutham for a week or two. It keeps en out of mischief. Why do ye turn away, Jude?

The unturned at the boy, feeling the impact of their glances like slaps upon his face.

turned aside.

The local Parsonman replied that it was perhaps a very good plan of Miss or Mrs ~~Heads~~ Fawley (as they called her indifferently) to have him with her ~~—~~ " to ~~keep~~ kip 'ee company in your loneliness, fetch water, shet the/shutters o' nights, & help in the bit o' baking".

maybe. though I doubt it....

"Why did'nt ye get the schoolmaster to take 'ee to Christminster wi' 'en, & make a scholar of 'ee," his aunt continued in frowning pleasantry." I'm sure he could'nt hae took a better one. The boy is crazy for books, that he is. It runs in our family rather. His cousin Sue is just the same, so Dare heard, but I have nit seen the child for years, though she was born in this place, within three score yards as it happened. My niece the husband of her husband after they were married did nit get a house of their own for some year or more: & then they only moved across the green there till — well, I wint go into that. Jude my child, don't you ever marry. 'Tis'nt for the heads & to take that step any more. She, their only one, was like a child of my own, Belinda till the split came.

Ah that a little maid ~~of twelve~~ should know such chages!"

Jude finding they ceased attention again centering on . . . . . .

~~Jack, finding the general stillness again entering~~ so homely, went 7
out to the bake-house, where he eat the cake provided for his
breakfast. ~~Finding that~~ The end of his spare time had now arrived, &
~~he~~ emerging from the garden by getting over the ledge at the back, he
pursued a path northward till he came to a lonely depression in the
general level of the upland, which was somewhat cup-shaped. This
vast concave was the scene of his labours for Mr Trowbridge, the farmer, and
~~Farmer Hawkins~~ he descended to the
bottom surface of the field, he trod
went right up towards the
sky all round, where it was lost by degrees in the mist that shut out the
actual verge, & accentuated the solitude. The only exceptional marks
on the uniformity of the scene were the works that rose at this approach, & fallow, by which
the path all round the ~~field~~, ~~& the~~
he had come.
trodden now by the hands & knees whom, though once by many of his own dead
family; & a rick of last years produce, standing in the midst of the arable.
"How ugly it is here!" he murmured.
The narrow lines seemed to shelter like the ~~ridges~~ channelling in a piece of fresh
~~cloth~~ corduroy, lending a mean & utilitarian air to the scene, letting

away all its gradations, & depriving it of all history beyond that of the few
recent months. Yet, though he did not think of it, in every clod &
stone there really lingered associations enough & to spare — echoes of songs from ancient harvest-days of words, & of deeds
Every inch of ground had been the site first & last of merry, gaiety, horse-play, disputes
perspiration, brow-sweat, weariness. Groups of gleaners had squatted in the sun on every square yard
ground. Love matches that had propagated the adjoining hamlet had
been made up there between reaping & carrying. By the hedge which
divided the field from a distant plantation girls had given themselves unreservedly
to lovers who would not turn their heads to look at them by the
next harvest, & men had made love-promises to women at whose voice they
trembled by the next seed-time after full tilling there in the church adjoining. But this neither Jude
nor the rooks around him considered. They were young, & for them it
was a lovely place, possessing in the one case the suggestions of a work-ground, & in the other that
of a granary good to feed in.

The boy stood under the rick before mentioned, & every few seconds
used his clacker or rattle briskly. At each clacking the rooks left off pecking,
& rose & went away on their leisurely wings, burnished like tassets of mail;
afterwards wheeling back & regarding him reproachfully, & descending to feed at a more
respectful distance.

He sounded the clacker till his arm ached, & at length his heart grew
sympathetic with the birds' unvoiced desires. They seemed, like himself, to be living in
a world in which few did not want them. Why should he frighten them away?
They took upon them more & more the aspect of gentle friends & companions —
the only friends the could claim as being in the least degree interested in him, for
his aunt had often told him that she was not. He cleared his
rattling, & they alighted anew.

"Poor little dears!" ~~he~~ said Jude aloud. "You shall have some dinner, you shall! There is enough for us all. Farmer Troutham ~~Hooper~~ can afford to let you have some. Eat, then, my dear little black birdies, & make a good meal!"

They stayed & ate, jet-black spots on the nut-brown soil, & Jude enjoyed their appetite. ~~He felt akin~~ a magic thread of fellow-feeling united his own with their lives. ~~spotless~~ Puny & sorry as ~~they were, in the aftermath, and they are~~ those ~~exiles~~ lives were, they much resembled his own.

His elacker he had (by this time) thrown away from him, as being a mean & sordid instrument, ~~a weapon~~ offensive both to the birds & to himself their friend. All at once he became conscious of a small blow upon his buttocks, followed by a loud ~~clacking~~ clack which announced by his surprised senses that the elacker had been the instrument of offence used. The birds ~~of~~ each started up simultaneously, & the latter beheld the farmer in person, the great ~~Hooper~~ Troutham himself, his red face ~~flushed~~ glaring down upon Jude's cowering frame, the elacker swinging in his hand.

"So it's 'Eat my dear birdies' is it, young man! 'Eat dear birdies' indeed! I'll tickle your breeches & all if you say 'Eat dear birdies' again in a hurry! And you've been idling at the schoolmasters too, instead of coming here, hain't ~~Is~~ That's how you earn your sixpence a day for keep. I pay the rooks off my corn!"

Hey!

Whilst ~~saluting~~ Jude's ears with his impassioned rhetoric, Troutham had seized his left hand with his own left, & swung his slim frame round him at arms length, struck Jude on the hind parts with the flat side of ~~Jude's~~ his own rattle, till the field echoed with the blows, which were delivered once or twice at each revolution.

"Don't'ee, sir – please don't'ee!" cried the child as he whirled, as helpless under the centrifugal force exercised as a hooked fish swung to land ~~at the end of a line~~, & beholding the hill, the rick, the plantation, the path, & the rooks, going round & round him in an amazing circular race. "I – I – sir – only meant that –

~

there was a good crop in the ground – I saw 'em sow it – & the rooks could have a little bit for dinner – & you wouldn't miss it, Sir – & Mr Phillotson said I was to be kind to 'em – 0, 0, 0!

This truthful explanation seemed to exasperate the farmer even more than if Jude had stoutly denied saying anything at all; & he still smacked the whirling wrists, the clacks of the instrument continuing to resound all across the field & echoing from the brand new church tower just behind the mist, towards the building of which structure the farmer had largely subscribed, to testify his love for God & man. And as far as the ears of distant workers, who gathered therefrom that Jude was pursuing his business of clacking with great energy,

Presently Troutham grew tired of his primitive task, & depositing the grinning boy on his legs, took a sixpence from his pocket & gave it him in payment for his day's work, telling him to go home & never let himself be seen in one of those fields again.

Jude leapt out of arm's reach, & walked along the track crying; not from the pain, though that was keen enough; not from the perception of the flaw in the terrestrial scheme, by which what was good for God's birds was bad for God's gardener; but with the awful sense that he had wholly disgraced himself before he had been a year in the parish, & hence might be a burden on his great aunt for life.

With this shadow on his mind he did not care to show himself in the village, & went homeward by a round about track behind the high hedge & across a pasture. Here he beheld scores of coupled earth-worms lying half their length on the surface of the damp ground, as they always did in such weather at that time of the year. It was impossible to advance in regular steps without crushing some of them at each tread.

Though Farmer Troutham had just hunt him, he was a boy who could not help wishing to hunt something. He had never brought home a nest of young birds without lying awake in misery half the night after, & often

reinstating them & the nest in their original place the next morning. He could scarcely bear to see trees cut down or lopped, from a fancy that it hurt them; & late pruning, when the sap was up, & the tree bled profusely, had been a positive grief to him in his infancy. This weakness of character, as it may perhaps be called, suggested that he was the coming sort of man, who was born to ache a good deal before the fall of the curtain upon his unnecessary life, & all should be well with him again .... He carefully picked his way on tiptoe among the earthworms, without killing a single one.

On entering the cottage he found his aunt selling a penny loaf to a little girl, & when the customer was gone she said: "Well, how do you come to be back here in the middle of the morning like this?"

"I'm turned away."

"What?"

"Mr Troutham have turned me away, because I let the rooks have a few pickings of corn. And there's my wages – the last I shall ever have!"

He threw the sixpence tragically on the table.

"Ah!" said his aunt, suspending her breath. And she opened upon him a lecture about how she would now have him all the spring upon her hands doing nothing. "If you can't skeer birds, what can ye do! There, don't ye look so deedy! However, farmer Troutham is not much better than myself, come to that. But as Job said: 'Now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock'. His father was my father's journeyman, anyhow; & I must have been a fool to let ee go to work for'n, that I should. 'Twas done but to keep 'ee out of mischief."

More angry with Jude for demeaning her by coming there than for dereliction of duty, she rated him primarily from that point of view, & only secondarily from a moral one.

"Not that you should have let the birds eat what Farmer Troutham planted. Of course you was wrong in that. Jude, Jude, why didst'nt go off with that schoolmaster of thine to Christminster or somewhere! ~~Be Head of a College to oblige me, as you could have done~~. But O no — poor ord'nary child — there never was any sprawl on thy side of the family, & never will be." ~~Sue's must come from her father.~~

"Where is this beautiful city, aunt; this place where Mr Phillotson is gone to?" asked the boy after meditating in silence.

"Lord — you ought to know where the city of Christminster is. Near a score of miles from here. It is a place much too good for you ever to have much to do with, poor boy, I'm a-thinking."

"And will Mr Phillotson always be there?"

"How can I tell!"

"~~Oh — that I can't tell.~~"

"Could'st I go to see him?"

"Lord no! You didn't grow up hereabout, or you would'st ask such as that. We've never had anything to do with folk in Christminster, nor folk ~~your dead uncle's folk since his wife, your father's sister died~~ in Christminster with me."

~~The boy sighed wearily.~~

~~"Ah!" she said. "Had'st'n spoke of Don't'ee ever marry, my child. Do as I did, & all will be well."~~

Jude went out, & feeling his existence to be a superfluous one, by reason of his dismissal from the farm, he lay down upon his back on a heap of litter near the pig-stye. The fog had by this time become more translucent, & the position of the sun could be seen through it. He pulled his straw hat over his face, & peered through the interstices of the plaiting at the white brightness, vaguely reflecting. Growing up brought responsibilities, he found. Events did not rhyme quite as he had thought. Nature's logic was too stupid for him to care for. That mercy towards one

set of creatures was cruelty towards another, sickened his sense of harmony. As you got ~~bigger~~ older, & felt yourself to be at the centre of your time ~~space~~, & not at a point in its circumference as you had felt when you were little, you were seized with a sort of shuddering, he found. All around you there seemed to be something glaring, garish, rattling, & the noises & glares hit upon the little cell called your life, & shook it, & scorched it.

If he could only prevent himself growing up! He did not want to be a man.

Then, like the natural boy, he forgot his despondency, & sprang up. During the remainder of the morning he helped his aunt, & in the afternoon when there was nothing more to be done he went into the village. Here he asked a man where exactly Christminster lay.

"Christminster. O well – out by there yonder; though I've never been there – not I. I've never had any business at such a place."

The man pointed north-eastward, in the very direction where lay that ~~which~~ field ~~th~~ in which Jude ~~was where Jack~~ had so disgraced himself. There was something unpleasant about the coincidence for the moment, but the fearsomeness of this fact ~~did~~ rather increased ~~the fact scarcely added a fearsomeness to~~ his ~~first~~ curiosity about the city. The farmer had said he was never to be seen in that field again: yet Christminster lay across it, & the path was a public one. So stealing out of the hamlet he descended into the same hollow which had witnessed his punishment in the morning, never swerving an inch from the path, & climbing up the long & tedious ascent on the other side, till the track joined the highway by a little clump of trees. Here the ploughed land ended, & all before him was bleak & open down.

Chapter III

Not a soul was visible on the hedgeless highway, or on either side of it, & the white road ascended & ascended till it ~~ended~~ joined ~~seemed to end~~ the sky. At the very

top it was crossed at right angles by a green "ridge-way" – the Icknield Street or original Roman road through the district. This ancient track ran east & west for many miles, & down almost to within living memory had been used for driving flocks & herds to fairs & markets. But it was now neglected & overgrown.

The boy had never before strayed so far north as this from the nestling hamlet in which he had been deposited by the carrier from a railway station some way, one dark evening ~~a month or so~~ some few months earlier, & till now he had had no suspicion that such a wide, flat, low-lying country lay so near at hand, screened by the verge of ~~beneath the level of his little world~~ his little upland world. The whole northern semicircle between East & West, to a distance of ~~some~~ forty or fifty miles, lay open before him: a bluer, moister atmosphere evidently than that he breathed up here.

Near at hand stood a weather-beaten ~~the~~ old barn of reddish-grey brick & tile. It was known as The Brown House by the people of the locality. He was about to pass it when he perceived a ladder against the ~~roof~~ caves; & the reflection that the higher he got the further he could see led Jude to stand ~~the remembrance that a ladder had been a feature in the accident which~~ ~~had caused the recent death of his uncle caused him~~ Jack to stand & regard it ~~that one before him~~. On the slope of the roof above two men were repairing the tiling. He turned into the ridge-way, & drew towards the barn.

When he had wistfully watched the workmen for some time he took courage, & ascended the ladder till he stood beside them.

"Well my lad; and what may you want up here?"

"I wanted to know where the City of Christminster is, if you please."

"Christminster is out across there, by that clump. You can see it – at least, you can on a clear day. Ah, no, you can't now."

The other tiler, glad of any kind of diversion from the monotony of his labour, had also turned to look towards the quarter designated. "You can't often see it in weather like this," he said "The time I've noticed it is when the sun is going down in a blaze of flame" ✕ (see back) [illegible]

~~"How I should like to be Promised Land will come from Heaven?"~~
~~"Perhaps I shall see Christminster today."~~
~~"Perhaps I shall see it now. But I can't see it now."~~

The boy strained his eyes also; yet neither could he see the city far off. He descended from the beam & abandoning Christminster with the versatility of his age he walked along the ridge-track, looking for any natural objects of interest that might lie in the banks thereabout. When he repassed the beam he (go back to Marygreen) Fawn Green Shelley he observed that the ladder was still in its place, but that the man had gone away finished that day's work.

It was waning towards evening: there was still a faint mist, but it had cleared a little except in the damper subjacent tracts of country, & along the river courses. He thought again of Christminster, & wished, since he had come two or three miles from his aunt's house on purpose, that he could have seen for once this attractive city of which he had been told. But even if he waited here it was hardly likely that the air would clear before night. Yet he was loth to leave the spot, for the northeastern became lost-to-view on retreating towards the village only a few hundred yards.

He ascended the ladder to have one more look at the point the man had designated, & perched himself on the highest rung, overlying the tiles. He might not be able to come so far as this again for many days. Perhaps if he prayed the wish to see Christminster might be forwarded. People said that if you prayed things sometimes came to you, even though they sometimes did not. He had read in a tract called "The Power

※ and it looks like — I don't know what!"

"The Heavenly Jerusalem," suggested the serious urchin.

"Ay — maybe.... But I can't see no Christmuster to-day."

of Prayer" that a man who had begun to build a chapel, & had no money to finish it. knelt down & prayed, & the money came in by the next post. Another man tried the same experiment, & the money did not come; but he found afterwards that the breeches he knelt in were made by a wicked Jew. This was not discouraging, & Turning on the ladder Jude knelt on the third rung, where, resting against Rose above it, he prayed that the mist might rise.

He then seated himself again, & waited. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes the thinning mist dissolved altogether from the eastern horizon, as it had already done elsewhere, & about a quarter of an hour before the time of Sunset, he found on turning to the westward that the clouds had parted, the sun's position being partially uncovered, (between two bars of slaty cloud.) the beams streaming out in visible lines. The boy immediately looked back in the old direction.

Some little way within the limits of the circle of landscape certain points of light like the topaz gleamed. The air increased in transparency with the lapse of minutes, as it will at such times, till the topaz points showed themselves to be the vanes, windows, wet roof-slates, & other shining spots upon the spires, domes, & white freestone work, & varied outlines that were faintly revealed. Hours Christminster, unquestionably.

The spectator gazed on & on till the windows & vanes lost their shine, going out almost suddenly, like extinguished candles; & the city became veiled in mist. Turning to the west he saw that the sun had disappeared. The foreground of the scene he set in had grown funereally dark, & near objects had put on the hues & shapes of chimeras.

He anxiously descended the ladder, & started homeward at a run, trying not to think of Giants, Herne the Hunter, or that tale from

Haüff in the penny paper, of the captain with the bleeding hole in his forehead, & the corpses round him that re-mutinied every night on board the wretched ship. He knew that he had grown out of belief in these horrors, yet he was glad ~~Glad was Jack~~ when he saw the Church Tower, & the lights in the cottage windows, even though this was not the home of his birth, this great aunt did not care much about him.

[White line]

III.

Inside that old woman's "shop" window, with its twenty-four little panes set in leadwork, & round about some of them oxidized with age, so that you could hardly see the poor penny articles exhibited within, and forming part of a stock which a strong man could have carried, Jude had his outer being for some long tideless time. But his dreams were as gigantic as his surroundings were small.

Through the solid barrier of cold cretaceous upland to the northward he was always beholding — the fancy-like place he had likened to the Gorgeous City — New Jerusalem, though there was perhaps more of the painter's imagination, & less of the diamond-merchant's, in his dreams thereof than in those of the Apocalyptic writer.

And the city acquired a tangibility, a permanence, a hold on his life, mainly from the one nucleus of fact that the man for whose knowledge and purposes he had so much reverence was actually living there; not only so, but living among the more thoughtful & mentally stirring ones, therein.

In sad wet seasons, though he knew it must rain at Christminster too, he could hardly believe that it rained there so thoroughly. Whenever he could get away from the confines of the hamlet for an hour or two, which was not often, he would steal off to the Brown House on the hill, & strain his eyes persistently; sometimes to be rewarded by the sight of a dome or spire, at other times by a little smoke, which in his estimate had something of the mysticism of incense.

When the day came when it suddenly seemed to him that if he ascended to the point of view after dark, or possibly went a mile or two further, he would see the night-lights of the city. It would be necessary to come back alone; but even that consideration did not deter him, for he could throw a little manliness into his mood, no doubt.

The project was duly executed. It was not late when he arrived at the place of outlook, only just after dusk; but a black north-east sky, accompanied by a wind from the same quarter, made the occasion dark enough. He was rewarded; but what he saw was not the lamps in rows as he had half expected, No individual light was visible, only a compound of all; a halo or glow-fog overarching the place on high against the black heavens behind it, making the light of the city seem distant but a mile or so.

He set himself to wondering on the exact point in the glow where the schoolmaster might be; he who never communicated with anybody at Mary Green now. Who was as if dead to them here. In the glow he seemed to see Phillotson promenading, at least, like one of the forms in Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

He had heard that breezes travelled at the rate of ten miles an hour, a fact now came into his mind. He parted his lips as he faced the north-east, drew in the wind as if it were a sweet liquor

"You," he said, addressing the breeze caressingly, "were in Christminster city between one and two hours ago: floating along the streets, pulling round the weather-cocks, touching Mr Phillotson's face, being breathed by him; & now you be here, breathed by me; you, the very same."

Suddenly there came along this wind something towards him; a message from the place - from some soul residing there, it seemed. Surely it was the sound of bells, the voice of the city: faint & musical, calling to him. "We are happy here, we are happy here."

He had become ~~so~~ entirely lost to his bodily situation during this mental leap, ~~that~~ and ~~was~~ only got back wit by a rough recalling. A few yards below the brow of the hill on which he paused a team of horses ~~had reached~~ made its appearance, having reached the place by dint of half-an-hour's serpentining progress from the bottom of the immense declivity ~~declivity~~. They had a load of ewes behind them, a fact that ~~it was~~ could only be got with the upland by this particular route. They were accompanied by a second carter ~~man~~, & a carter ~~boy~~ boy, who now kicked a large stone behind one of the wheels, & allowed the panting animals to ~~take~~ have a long rest, while those in charge took a flagon off the load, & indulged in a drink round.

They were elderly men, & had genial voices. Jude ~~Jack~~ ~~England~~ addressed them, ~~ask~~ inquiring ~~inquiring~~ of ~~them~~ if they had come from Christminster.

"Heaven forbid, with this load!" said ~~say~~ they.

"The place I mean is that one yonder". He was getting so romantically attached to Christminster that, like a young lover, he felt fearful at mentioning its name again, alluding to his mistress. He pointed to the light in the sky - hardly perceptible to their older eyes.

"Yes ~~Christminster~~ - There ~~they~~ do seem a spot a fact brighter in the nor'east than elsewhere, though I ~~didn't~~ shouldn't ha' noticed it myself; & no doubt it ~~may~~ med be Christminster."

Here a little book of tales, which Jude ~~Jack~~ had tucked up ~~carried~~ under his arm, having brought them to read on his way further before it grew dark, slipped & fell into the road. The carter eyed him while he picked it up & straightened the leaves.

"Ah, young man," he observed "you'd have better get your head screwed on t'other way before you could read what they read there." ~~I was wondering what they were~~

"Why?" asked the boy. (the carter continued, by way of passing the time.)

"Oh - they never look at anything that folks like we can understand." "~~Only~~

"Only
foreign tongues used before the Flood, when no two families spoke alike.
They read ~~that sort of thing~~ as fast as a night-hawk will whiz. 'Tis all learning
there; except religion (nothing but learning). And that's learning, too, for I
never could understand it. Yes; 'tis a serious-minded place. Not but
there's wrecks in the streets o'nights..... D'ye know, I suppose, that they
raise pa'sons there like radishes in a bed? And they'll do take — how
many years, Bob? — five years to turn a lisping hobbledehoy chap
into a decent preaching man (with no corrupt ~~humours~~ passions), They'll do it, if it can be done, & polish 'em
off like the workmen they be, & turn 'em out (a long face and)
in a long black coat — a religious collar & that, same as they used to wear in the Scriptures,
& waistcoat, sir, that this one neither would nor could know from sometimes....
There, 'tis their business, like anybody else's."

"But how should you know —
~~And do they~~

(— Move the fore hors aside, Bobby; here's summat coming —)

"Now don't you interrupt, my boy: never interrupt your seniors (I'm
must mind that! I be a-teaching of the College life. 'Em lives on a lofty
level. There's no gainsaying it, though I myself need not think much of 'em.
As we be here in our bodies on this high ground, so be they in their minds —
noble minded (enough, no doubt,) men — some on 'em — able to earn hundreds by thinking out loud.
And some on 'em be sturdy young fellows that can earn a'most as much in
silver cups. As for music, there's beautiful music everywhere in Christminster.
You need be religious, or you need not, but you can't help striking in your
homely note with the rest. And there's a street in the place — the main street —
that ha'n't another like it in the world. I should think I did know Christ-
minster. a little about
~~I should guess I've done more knocking about the backs of~~
~~the Clarion Hotel for nothing~~ like his own brother
~~& nearer to murder for nothing~~"

By this time the horses had recovered breath, & their collars
again. Jude, throwing a last adoring look at the distant halo, turned &
walked beside his remarkably well-informed friend, who had ~~not~~ no objection

to tell him as they rumbled on nearer of the city – its towers & bells & chimneys. Presently the waggon turned into a cross road, whereupon Jude thanked the carter warmly for his information, & said he only wished he could talk half as well about Christminster as he did.

"Well, 'tis only what has come in my way," said the carter unboastfully. "I've never been there, no more than you; but I've picked up the knowledge here & there, & you be welcome to it. A getting about the world as I do, & mixing with all classes of society, one can't help hearing of things. A friend o'mine, that used to clane the boots at the Crozier Hotel, when he was in his prime, why, I knowed em as well as my own brother in his later years."

Jude continued his walk homeward alone, pondering so deeply that he forgot to feel timid. He suddenly grew older. The yearning of his heart for something to anchor on, to cling to; for some place which he could call admirable; should he find that place in this city if he could get there? Would it be a spot in which, without fear of farmers or hindrance, or ridicule, he could watch & wait & set himself to some mighty undertaking like the men of old of whom he had heard? As the halo had been to his eyes when gazing at it a quarter of an hour earlier, so were the spots mentally to him as he pursued his dark way.

"It is a city of light," he said to himself.

"The tree of knowledge grows there," he added a few steps further on.

"It is a place that teachers of men spring from, & go to."

"It is what you may call a castle, manned by scholarship & religion!"

After this sublime figure he was silent a long while, till he added,

"It would just suit me!"

Chapter IV.

Walking somewhat slowly by reason of his concentration, the boy – an ancient man in some directions of thought, younger than his years in others –

was overtaken by a light-footed pedestrian whom, notwithstanding the gloom, he could perceive to be wearing an extraordinarily tall hat, a swallow-tailed coat, & a watch-chain that danced madly & threw around scintillations of sky-light as its owner swung along upon a pair of thin legs & noiseless boots. Jude, beginning to feel lonely, endeavoured to keep up with him.

"Well, my man! I'm in a hurry, & you'll have to walk pretty fast if you keep alongside of me. Do you know who I am?"

"Yes, I think. Physician Villèrt?"

"Ah – I'm known everywhere, I see! That comes of being a public benefactor."

Villèrt was an itinerant-quack-doctor, well-known to the rustic population, & absolutely unknown to anybody else, as indeed he took care to be, to avoid inconvenient investigations. The distances he travelled on foot were enormous, & extended nearly the whole length & breadth of Wessex. Cottagers formed his only patients, & his Wessex-wide repute was owing to Jude alone, who had one day seen him selling a pot of coloured lard to an old woman as a certain cure for a bad leg, the woman arranging to pay a guinea, in instalments of a shilling a fortnight, for the precious salve which, according to the Physician, could only be obtained from a particular animal which grazed on Mount Sinai, was to be captured only & yet greet with to keep clear. Jude, though he already had his doubts about his gentleman's medicines, felt him to be unquestionably a travelled person, & one who might be a trustworthy source of information on matters not strictly professional.

"I s'pose you've been to Christminster, Physician?"

"I have – many times. That's one of my centres."

"It's a wonderful city for scholarship & religion?"

"You'd say so, my boy, if you'd seen it. Why, the very old women who

capital of an organized system of advertising

do the washing of the Colleges can talk in Latin – not good Latin, that I admit, as a critic: dog-latin – cat-latin as we used to call it in my undergraduate days."

"And Greek?"

"Well – that's more for the men who are in training for bishops, that they may be able to read the New Testament in the original".

"I want to learn Latin & Greek myself."

"A good desire. You must get a grammar of each tongue."

"I mean to go to Christminster some day."

"Whenever you do, you say that Physician Vilbert is the only proprietor of those celebrated pills that infallibly cure ~~cough, colds, &c~~ all disorders of the alimentary system, as well as asthma & shortness of breath. Two & threepence a box – specially licensed by ~~the~~ a Government stamp."

"Can you get me the grammars, if I promise to say it hereabout?"

"I'll sell you mine with pleasure – those I used as a student."

"O thank you, sir!" said ~~Jack~~ Jude gratefully, but in gasps, for the emerging speed of the physician's walk kept him in a dog-trot which was giving him a stitch in the side

"I think you'd better drop behind, my young man. Now I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll get you the grammars, & give you a first lesson, if you'll remember, at every house in the village, to recommend Physician Vilbert's golden ointment, life-drops, & female pills."

"Where will you be with the grammars?"

"I shall be passing here this day fortnight at precisely this hour of five & twenty minutes past seven. My movements are as truly timed as those of the planets in their courses."

"Here I'll be to meet you," said Jude

"With orders for my medicines."

"Yes, physician."

Jude then dropped behind, waited a few minutes to recover breath, & went home with a consciousness of having struck a blow for Christminster.

Through the intervening fortnight he ran about & smiled outwardly at his inward thoughts, as if they were people meeting & nodding to him; ~~Sometimes~~ ~~he~~ smiled with that singularly beautiful irradiation which is seen to spread on young faces at the inception of some glorious idea, as if a supernatural lamp were held inside their transparent natures, ~~and~~ giving rise, naturally enough, to the flattering poetical fancy that Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

He honestly performed his promise to the man of ~~healing~~ many cures (in whom he now sincerely believed), walking miles hither & thither among the surrounding hamlets as the physician's agent in advance. On the evening appointed he stood motionless on the plateau at the place where he had parted from Vilbert, & there awaited his approach. The physician was fairly up to time; but to the surprise of Jude on striking into his pace, which the pedestrian did not abate diminish by a single unit of force, the latter seemed hardly to recognize his young companion, though with the lapse of the fortnight the evenings had grown light. Jude thought it might perhaps be owing to his wearing another hat, & he saluted the physician with deference.

"Well my boy?" said the latter abstractedly.

"I've come", said Jude.

"You? who are you? O yes – to be sure! Got any orders, lad?"

"Yes." And Jude told him the names & addresses of the cottagers who were willing to test the virtues of the world renowned pills & salve. The quack mentally registered these with great care.

"And the Latin & Greek grammars?" Jude's voice trembled with anxiety.

"What about them?"

"You were to bring me yours, that you used before you took your degree".

"Ah yes, yes! Forgot all about it – all! So many lives depending on my attention, you see, my man, that I can't give so much thought as I would to other things."

Jude controlled himself sufficiently long to make sure of the truth; & he repeated in a voice of dry misery,

"You haven't brought 'em!"

"No. But you must get me some more orders from such people, & I'll bring the grammars next time."

Jude dropped behind. He was an unsophisticated boy, but the sudden gift of insight which is sometimes vouchsafed to children showed him all at once what sturdy humanity the quack's was made of. There was like no light intellectual from this source. The leaves dropped from his imaginary crown of laurel: he turned to a gate, leant against it, & cried bitterly

The disappointment was followed by an interval of blankness. He might, perhaps, have obtained grammars from Alfredston, but to do that required money, & a knowledge of what books to order; & he was in such absolute dependence, though physically comfortable, as to be without a farthing of his own

Why should he not write to the schoolmaster & ask him to be so kind as to get him the grammars in Christminster? He might possibly be able to obtain Mr Phillotson's address by inquiring of the present school-teacher.

Why not ask him to send any old second-hand copies, which would have the charm of being redolent of the University atmosphere?

To tell his aunt of his intention would be to defeat it. It was necessary to act alone.

After a further consideration of a few days he did act, & on his eleventh

directed
Birthday took a letter to the postoffice of a neighbouring village, ~~addressed him~~ to his much admired friend, whose address he had ascertained ~~secretly~~ clandestinely. At the Provost's. Christ College. Christminster.

~~He had not been able to ascertain whether spelt his name with a y or an i, or even if in any way~~ ~~paper, nor had he been~~ ~~and being afraid~~ to make inquiries of his aunt Drusilla ~~Drusilla Fawley~~ lest she should discover his motive & compel him to abandon his scheme.

The letter being dispatched he waited days & weeks, calling every morning at the cottage postoffice before his great-aunt was stirring. At last a packet did indeed arrive at the village: the saw from the ends of it that it contained two thin books. He took it away into a lonely place, & sat down in a ~~clay~~ secluded elm to open it.

Ever since his first ecstasy or vision of Christminster Jude had meditated much & curiously on the probable sort of process that was involved in turning the expressions of one language into those of another. He concluded that a grammar of the required tongue would contain, primarily, a rule, prescription, or ~~key to the method~~ clue of the nature of a secret cypher, which, once known, would enable him by merely applying it to change at will all words of his own speech into those of the foreign one. His childish idea was, in fact a pushing to extremity of mathematical precision what is everywhere known as Grimm's law, an expansion of rough rules to ideal completeness. Thus he assumed that the words of the required language were always to be found somewhere latent in the words of a kindred language, given the art to such wit being furnished ~~contained~~ by the books aforesaid. ~~explained~~ uncover them: ~~that the art was given by some grade also afforded by~~ ~~detailed~~ ~~a grammar~~ ~~formed by directions for inflection & other changes~~ determinate conjugation.

When having thereupon noted that the packet bore the postmark of Christminster he cut the string, opened the volumes and turned to the Latin grammar which chanced to come uppermost. He could scarcely believe his eyes.

The book was an old one - thirty years old, soiled, scribbled

wantonly over with a strange name in every variety of permutation & the letterpress, & marked at random with dates twenty years earlier than his own day. But this was not the cause of Jude's emergence. He learned for the first time that there was no law of transmutation (as in his innocence he had supposed) (there was, in some degree, but the grammarian did not recognize it); but that every word in both Latin & Greek was to be individually committed to memory at the cost of years of plodding.

Jude flung down the books, lay backward along the broad trunk of the elm, & was an utterly miserable boy for the space of a quarter of an hour. As he had often done before he pulled his hat over his face, & watched the sun peering inwards at him through the interstices of the straw. This was Latin & Greek then, was it; this grand delusion! The charm he had supposed in store for him was really a labour like that of Israel in Egypt.

What brains they must have in Christminster & the great schools, he presently thought, to learn words one by one up to tens of thousands. There were no brains in his head equal to this business, & as the little sun-rays continued to stream in through the hat of him he wished he had never seen a book, that he might never see another, that he had never been born, that he might never grow up.

Somebody might have come along that way who would have asked him his trouble, & on his revealing it would have said, "Cheer up, little boy; your notions are further advanced than those of your grammarian generally have the making of a scholar in you." But nobody did come, because nobody does; & under the crushing recognition of his gigantic error Jude almost wished himself out of the world

Chapter V.

The present drawing of human life has been on rather a small scale

thus far — too small, possibly; & it is desirable to shift ~~the front~~ ~~in imagination~~ ~~the rear~~ a stage or two onwards.

During the three or four succeeding years we discover a quaint & singular vehicle to be moving along the lanes & by-roads near ~~Stanley~~ Marygreen, driven in a quaint & singular way.

In the course of a month or two after the receipt of the books Jude had grown callous to the shabby trick played him by the dead languages. In fact this disappointment at the ~~failure~~ of those tongues had, after a while been the means of still further glorifying the scholarship of Christminster To acquire ~~the~~ languages, departed or living, in spite of such obstinacies as they now knew them inherently to possess, was a Herculean performance which gradually led him on to a much greater interest in it than in the pre-supposed salient powers. ~~He was piqued by~~ The mountain-weight of material underneath the ideas lay in those dusty volumes called the Classics piqued him into a dogged, mouse-like subtlety of attempt to move it piece-meal.

He had honestly endeavored to make his presence tolerable to his crusty maiden aunt by assisting her to the best of his ability; & the business of her little college bakery had grown in consequence. An aged white horse with a hanging head had been purchased for eight pounds at a sale, a creaking cart with a whitey-brown tilt obtained for a few pounds more; & in this turn-out it became Jude's business thrice a week to carry loaves of bread to the villagers & scholars & others immediately around Marygreen & Fawn Green.

The singularity aforesaid lay, after all, less in the conveyance itself than in Jude's manner of conducting it along the route. It's interior was the scene of most of Jude's education by "private study". As soon as the horse had learnt the roads, & the houses at which he was to pause awhile, the boy, scated in front, would slip the reins over his arm, ingeniously fix open, by means of

a strap
~~string~~ attached to the tilt the volume he was reading, ~~open~~ spread the dictionary on his knees, & plunge into Virgil, Horace ~~& Homer~~ (or ~~Livy~~), as the case might be, in the simpler passages' ~~elementary Latin sentences~~ from Caesar; his poor purblind stumbling way, & with an expenditure of labour that would have made a tender hearted pedagogue shed tears; yet somehow getting at the meaning of what he read, & divining rather than beholding the beauties of the original, which often to his mind lay in some other feature than that in which he was taught to look for them.

The only copies he had been able to lay hands on were old Delphine editions, because they were superseded, & therefore cheap. But, bad for idle schoolboys, it did so happen that they were passably good for him, or at least better than none. The hampered & lonely ~~poor~~ itinerant conscientiously covered up the marginal readings & used them merely as he would have used a comrade or tutor who should have happened to be passing by on points of construction. And though Jude may have had little chance of becoming a scholar by these rough & ready means, he was in the way of getting into the groove he wished to follow.

And while he was busied with these ancient pages, which had already been thumbed by hands possibly in the grave, digging out the thoughts of these minds so remote yet so near, the bony old horse jogged his rounds, & Jude would be aroused from the woes of Dido by the ~~cry~~ clinking of his cart & the voice of some old woman crying, "Two to-day, & 9 return this stale one" baker.

He was frequently met in the lanes by pedestrians & others without his seeing them, & by degrees the people of the neighbourhood began to talk about his method of combining work & play (~~which~~ such they considered his reading to be), which though perfectly convenient enough to himself was not altogether a safe proceeding for other travellers along the same roads. There were murmurs. Then a private resident of an adjoining place informed the local policeman that ~~Jude~~ the baker's boy should not be allowed to read while driving,

& insisted that it was the duty of the constable's duty to catch him in the act, & take him to the police court at Alfredston & get him fined for dangerous practices on the highway. The policeman thereupon lay in wait for Jude, & one morning accosted him & cautioned him.

As Jude had to get up at three o'clock in the morning to heat the oven, & mix & set in the bread that he distributed later in the day, he was obliged to go to bed almost immediately after laying the sponge; so that if he could not read his classics on the highways he could hardly study at all. The only thing to be done was, therefore, to keep a sharp eye ahead & around him as well as he could in the circumstances, & slip away his books as soon as any body loomed in the distance, the policeman in particular. To do that official justice he did not put himself much in the way of Jude's bread-cart, considering that in such a lonely district the chief danger was to Jude himself, & often on seeing the white tilt over the hedges he would move in another direction.

On a day when he was getting quite advanced, & had been stumbling through way home, he found himself to be passing over the high edge of the plateau by the Brown House. The light had changed, & it was this which had caused him to look up. The sun was going down, & the full moon was rising simultaneously behind the woods in the opposite quarter. His mind had become so impregnated with the poem that in a moment of impulsive emotion he stopped the horse, alighted & glanced round to see that nobody was in sight, knelt down on the road-side bank (precisely as he had done on the ladder when quite a child), & He turned first to the shining goddess who seemed to look so softly & critically at his doings; then to the disappearing luminary on the other hand, as he began:

Phœbe, silvarumque potens Diana.

The horse stood still till he had finished the hymn, while he repented under the sway of a polytheistic fancy that he would never have thought of ~~indulging~~ tymnodizing in broad daylight.

Reaching home he thought over this (innate or acquired) errors superstition, in doing this; & the strange forgetfulness which had led to such a lapse from common sense & custom in one nourished, next to being a scholar, to be a Christian divine. It had all come of reading heathen works exclusively. ~~from Homer downwards~~. The more he thought of it the more convinced ~~disgusted~~ ~~he~~ he was ~~not~~ of his inconsistency. He began to wonder whether he could be reading quite the right books for his object in life. Certainly there seemed little harmony between this pagan literature & the mediaeval colleges at Christminster, that ecclesiastical ~~Christian~~ romance in stone.

Ultimately he decided that in his sheer love of reading he had taken up a wrong emotion for a Christian young man. He had dabbled in Homer, but had never yet worked much at the New Testament in the Greek, though he possessed a copy obtained by post from a second hand bookseller. He abandoned the now familiar Ionic for a new dialect, & for a long time onward limited his reading almost entirely to the Gospels & Epistles in Griesbach's text. Moreover on going into Alfredston one day he was helped to patristic literature by finding at the bookseller's some volumes of the Fathers which had been left behind by a departed clergyman of the neighbourhood.

As another outcome of this change of purpose he visited on Sundays all the churches within a walk, & deciphered the Latin inscriptions on fifteenth century brasses & tombs. On one of these pilgrimages he met with a hunchbacked old woman of great intelligence who read everything she could lay her hands on, & she told him more yet of the city of light & love the romantic charm of the Thither he resolved as firmly as ever he had gone.

But how live in that city?

At present he had no income at all. He had no trade or calling of any dignity or stability whereon or whilst he could subsist while carrying out ~~a~~ labour and intellectual which might spread over many years

What are most required in a city? Food, clothing, & shelter. An income from any work in preparing the first would be too meagre; for nothing he could be ~~knowledge~~ fitted; the preparation of the third requisite he inclined to. They built in a city, therefore he would learn to build. He thought of his deceased uncle a carver, & somehow it was a trade for which he had taken a fancy. He could not go far wrong in following his uncle's footsteps, & engaging himself while with the stone carvers that contained the relics.

As a preliminary he learned some small blocks of freestone, & suspending his studies entirely occupied his spare help-hours in carving the heads & capitals in his friend's church.

There was a strong passion of a romantic kind in Alfred's, & as soon as he had found a suitable for himself in his uncle's little business he offered his services to this man for a trifling wage. Here Jude had the opportunity of learning at least the rudiments of freestone working. Some time later he went to a church-builder in the same place, & under the architect's direction became handy at restoring the dilapidated masonries of several village churches round about.

~~While~~ not forgetting that he was only following up ~~the~~ this handicraft as a prop whereon on which he prepared those greater engines which he flattered himself would be better fitted for him, he yet was interested in his pursuit on its own account. He now had lodgings during the week in the little town, & ~~there~~ he returned to ~~Stoneby~~ Marygreen village every Saturday evening. And thus he reached & passed his ~~eighteenth~~ nineteenth year.

Chapter VI

At this memorable ~~year~~ date of his life he was one Saturday returning from Alpedston to Mary Green ~~[illegible]~~ about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was fine, warm, & ~~bright~~ soft summer weather, & as he walked with his tools in ~~the basket~~ at his back his little chisels clinked faintly against the larger ones in his basket. It being the end of the week he had left work early, & had come out of the town by a round about route which he did not usually frequent, having promised to call at a flour-mill in that direction to execute a commission for his aunt.

He was in an enthusiastic mood. He seemed to see his way to living comfortably in Christminster in the course of a year or two, & knocking at the doors of one of those strongholds of learning of which he had dreamed so much. He might, of course, have gone there now in some capacity or other, but he preferred to enter the city with a little more assurance as to means than he could be said to feel at present. A warm self-content suffused him when he considered what he had already done. Now & then as he went along he turned to face the peeps of country on either side of him. But he hardly saw them; the act was an automatic repetition of what he had been accustomed to do when less occupied; & the one matter which really engaged him was the mental estimate of his progress thus far.

"I have acquired quite an average student's power to read the common ancient classics, Latin in particular". This was true; & one possessing a facility in that language which enabled him, to beguile his lonely walks by imaginary conversations therein. (with great ease to himself)

"I have read two books of Homer, besides being pretty familiar with passages such as the speech of Phœnix in the ninth book, the fight of Hector & Ajax in the fourteenth, the appearance of Achilles unarmed, & his heavenly armour in the eighteenth, & the funeral games in the twenty-third. I have also done some Hesiod; a little scrap of Thucydides; & a lot of the Greek Testament.... I wish there was only one dialect, all the same.

"I have done some mathematics, including the first six & the eleventh & twelfth books of Euclid; & Algebra as far as simple equations.

"I know something of the Fathers; & something of Roman & English History.

"These things are only a beginning. But I shall not make much further advance here from the difficulty of getting books. Hence I must next concentrate all my energies on settling in Christminster. Once there I shall so advance, with the assistance I shall there get, that my present knowledge will appear to me but as childish ignorance. I must save money, & I will; & one of those Colleges shall open its doors to me – shall welcome whom now it would spurn, if I wait twenty years for the welcome.

"I'll be D.D. before I have done!"

And then he continued to dream, & thought he might become even a bishop by leading a pure, energetic, wise Christian life. And what an example he would set! If his income were £5000 a year he would give away £4500 in one form & another, & live sumptuously (for him) on the remainder. Well, on second thoughts a bishop was absurd. He would draw the line at an archdeacon. Perhaps a man could be as good & as learned & as useful as an archdeacon as a bishop. Yet the thought of the bishop again.

"Meanwhile I will read as soon as I am settled in Christminster the books I have not been able to get hold of here. Herodotus: Plato: Aristotle: Lucian: Pindar: Aristophanes" —

"Ha-ha-ha! Horly-Torly-horly-Torly!" The sounds were expressed in light voices on the other side of the hedge, but he did not notice them. His thoughts went on:

— "Theocritus: Apuleius: Lucretius: Epictetus: Seneca: Antoninus. Then I must ~~Hunter~~ master Plautus: the Fathers thoroughly; Bede & Ecclesiastical history generally; a smattering of Hebrew – I only know the letters as yet —"

"Horly-Torly!"

"– but I can work hard. I have staying power in abundance, thank

God; & it is that which tells ... Yes, Christminster shall be my Alma Mater; & I'll be her beloved Son, in whom she shall be well pleased."

In his deep concentration on ~~abstraction~~ these transactions of the future, Jude ~~Hardy's~~ walk had slackened, & he was now standing quite still, looking at the ground as though the future were ~~delineated thereon~~ thrown thereon by a magic lantern. On a sudden something smacked him on the ear, & he became aware that a soft cold substance had been flung at him, & had fallen at his feet.

A glance told him what it was - a piece of flesh, a portion of a recently killed barrow pig below the bladder, which it is unnecessary to describe further than by saying that the countrymen used it for greasing their boots, as it was useless for any other purpose. Pigs were rather plentiful hereabout, being bred & fattened in large numbers in certain parts of North Wessex.

On the other side of the hedge was a stream, whence, as he now for the first time realized, had come the slight sounds of voices & laughter that had mingled with his dreams. He mounted the bank & looked over the fence. On the further side of the stream stood a small homestead, having a garden & pig sties attached; & in front of it, beside the brook, three young women were kneeling, with buckets & platters beside them containing heaps of pig's chitterlings, which they were washing in the running water. One or two pairs of eyes slily glanced up, & perceiving that his attention had at last been attracted, & that he was watching them, they braced themselves for inspection by putting their mouths demurely into shape & re-commencing their rinsing operations with assiduity.

"Thank you!" said Jude severely.

"I did not throw it, I tell you!" asserted one girl to her neighbour, as if unconscious of the young man's presence.

"Nor I," the second answered.

"O Annie – how can you!" said the third.

"If I had known anything at all, it shouldn't have been such a vulgar thing as that!"

"Pooh – I don't care for him!" And they laughed & continued their work without looking up, still ostentatiously accusing each other.

Jude grew sarcastic as he wiped the spot where the clammy fish had struck him.

"You didn't – O no!" he said to the up-stream one of the three.

(do it –)

She whom he addressed was a fine dark-eyed girl, not exactly handsome but capable of passing as such at a little distance, despite some coarseness of skin & fibre. She had round & prominent breasts, full lips, good teeth, & the rich complexion of a cochin-hen's egg. She was a complete & substantial female human – no more, no less; & Jude was almost certain that to her was attributable the enterprise of throwing the lumps of offal at him.

"That you'll never be told," said she.

"Whoever did it was a wasteful of other people's property."

"O – that's nothing. The pig is my father's."

"But you want it back, I suppose?"

"O yes – if you like to give it me."

"Shall I throw it across; or will you come to the plank above here, for me to hand it to you?"

Perhaps she foresaw an opportunity, for somehow or other the eyes of the brown girl rested in his own when he had said the words, & there was a momentary flash of intelligence, a dumb announcement of affinity in posse between herself & him, which, so far as Jude Fawley was concerned, had no sort of premeditation in it. She saw that he had singled her out from the three as a man does single out a woman in such cases, for no reasoned purpose of further acquaintance, but in commonplace obedience to prevailing orders from head quarters received by an unfortunate man unconsciously, when the last intention of his life is to be occupied with the feminine.

Springing
~~Leaving~~ to her feet she said "Don't throw it. Give it to me."

Jude was now aware that the intrinsic value of the missile had nothing to do with her request. He set down his basket of tools, ~~picked~~ raked out with his stick the scraps of flesh from the ditch, & got over the hedge. They walked in parallel lines, one on each bank of the stream, towards the small ~~till they came to the little~~ plank bridge. As the girl drew nearer to it, she gave without Jude perceiving it ~~countenance~~, ~~she gave~~ an adroit little suck to the interior of each of her cheeks in succession, by which curious & original manœuvre she brought as by magic upon its smooth & rotund surface a perfect dimple, which she was able to retain there as long as she continued to smile. This production of dimples at will was a ~~well known~~ (not unknown) operation, which many attempted but only a few succeeded in accomplishing.

They met in the middle of the plank & Jude held out his stick with the fragment of pig ~~hanging~~ dangling therefrom, looking elsewhere the while.

She too looked in another direction, & took the piece ~~from him~~ as if ~~she~~ were ignorant of what her hand was doing. She hung it temporarily on the rail of the bridge; & then, by a species of mutual curiosity, they both turned & regarded the fragment.

"You don't think I threw it?"

"O no."

"It belongs to ~~my~~ father, ~~who~~ would have been in a taking if he had wanted it. ~~I owned it~~. He makes it into dubbin."

"What made her throw it, I wonder?" Jude had privately accepted her assertion, though he had very large doubts as to its truth.

"Impudence. Don't tell folk it was I, mind." ~~"Why not?"~~

"How can I? I don't know your name."

"Ah, no. Shall I tell it to you?"

"Do!"

"Arabella Donn. I'm living here."

"I must have known it if I had come often this way. But I scarcely remember."

"My father is a pig-breeder, & these girls are helping me work the harness for blackpuddings & chitterlings."

The father's a wilful man & a little mad regarding the keeping of pigs, despite the handicap from the handicap of his deafness. He is absolutely penniless. The unmarried girl called Arabella Donn, whom once indeed upon disgustedly by circumstances personally had made the object of her infatuation, — in a very real sense. [see back]

In the experience X the object for the sake of his words, indeed it was, a little as we have seen, with a term of words.

"And a wife-stealing girl you are!" he murmured, looking at the words that had fallen from her lips as if they were stones.

"Ah — you knew me as 'Arabella'." she said wearily.

"I have forgotten." said he, quite truly.

"There's no reason to remember. There are lots of girls like me. So you shouldn't make so much of it." she implored.

"And did you mean to [illegible] her cruel wife, or was it a mistake?"

"I don't know."

By this time the first flush of surprise at finding her there had left him for a moment, & in reading the old letter Arabella's heart had softened, & he was conscious of more than a passing appreciation of her appearance. "Arabella?" he repeated. "So-more-that's it?"

"Yes."

"Then!" said he.

"Yes."

She [illegible] a little [illegible] thumps. [illegible] Tightening the cord of the bag upon the grain. Suddenly both her eyes in turning [illegible] her companion.

⁂ It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that till this moment Jude had never looked at a woman to consider her as such, but had vaguely ~~held~~ regarded the sex as beings outside his life & purposes.

Fawley.

Jude ~~Head~~ .. shouldered his tool-basket & resumed his lonely way, filled with an ardour at which he mentally stood at gaze. He had just inhaled a single ~~draught~~ breath from a new atmosphere which has been hanging evidently round him everywhere he went, for he knew not how long, but had somehow been divided from his actual breathing ~~existence~~ as ~~by~~ by a sheet of glass. ~~The~~ The intentions as to reading, working, & learning which he had so precisely formulated only a few minutes earlier ~~had suffered~~ were suffering a curious collapse into a corner, he knew not how.

"Well - it only a bit of fun"; he said to himself, partly conscious that its common-sense there was something lacking, & still more obviously something redundant, in the nature of this girl who had drawn him to her, which made it necessary that he should assert more spiritedness on his part ~~side~~ as his reason in seeking her; something in her quite antipathetic to that side of him which had been occupied with literary study & ~~scholastic~~ the magnificent ecclesiastical Christminster dream. He saw this with his intellectual eye, just for a short fleeting while, by the light of a falling lamp as ~~a door closed~~ some moment might see an inscription on a wall ~~before the coming in a door before the~~ before its disappearance in darkness. And then this passing discriminative power was withdrawn, & Jude was lost to all the conditions of things in the advent of a fresh ~~&~~ fruitful pleasure, that of having found a new channel ~~new direction~~ for emotional interest, hitherto unsuspected ~~unsuspected~~ though it had lain close beside him. He was to meet his enkindling one of the other sex on the following Sunday.

Meanwhile the girl had joined her companions; & she silently resumed her flicking & sorting of the shillings in the yellowed stream.

"Caught in, my dear?" laconically asked the girl called Anne. "Lord, he's nobody, though you need think so. He used to drive old Drusilla ..... 's bread-cart out at Marygreen ~~Fawley~~ till he prenticed himself at Alfredston. Since then he's been very stuck up, & always reading. He wants to be a scholar, they say".

"O, I don't care what he is, or anything about 'im. Don't you suppose it!"
"You needn't lie to deceive us. What did you stay talking to him for if you didn't want 'im? Whether you do or whether you don't, he's as simple as a child. I could see that, as you coasted on the bridge with the pig's fat hanging between ~~a~~ ye – haugh-haugh! What a proper thing to court over! Well – he's to be had by any woman who can get him to care for her a bit, if she likes to set herself to catch him the right way."

Chapter VII.

Fawley ~~Stancombe~~ was pausing in ~~Jude Head~~ standing in ~~did not know that he had reached home till he stood in~~

The next day Jude his bedroom with the sloping ceiling, looking at the books on the table, & then at the black mark on the plaster above them, ~~slope of the~~ made by the smoke of his lamp in past months.

It was Sunday afternoon, four & twenty hours after his meeting with Arabella Donn. During the whole bygone week he had been revolving to set this afternoon apart for a special purpose – the re-reading of ~~Ebenezer's gospel~~ his Greek Testament – his new one, with better type than his old copy, & following Griesbach's text as emended by numerous correctors, with variorum readings in the margin. He was proud of the book, having obtained it by boldly writing to the London publisher, a thing he had never done before.

He had anticipated much pleasure in this afternoon's reading, under the quiet roof of his great-aunt's house as formerly, where he now slept only two nights a week. But a great hitch had happened yesterday in the ~~thought~~ & wiselen current of his life, & he felt as a snake must feel who has sloughed off its winter skin, & cannot understand the brightness & the sensitiveness of its new one.

He would not go out & meet her, after all. He sat down, opened the

book, & with his elbows firmly planted on the table & his hands to his temples began at the beginning: ~~ΕΥΑΓΓΕΛΙΟΝ ΚΑΤΑ ΛΟΥΚΑΝ. The beginning:~~

Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ

~~Ι. Ἐπειδήπερ πολλοὶ ἐπεχείρησαν.~~

Had he promised to call for her? Surely he had! She would wait indoors, poor girl, & waste all her afternoon on account of him. There was a something in her, too, which was very winning, apart from promises. He ought not to break faith with her. Even though he had only Sundays & weekday evenings ~~free~~ for reading, he could afford one afternoon, seeing how other young men afforded so many. Besides after to-day he would never probably see her again. Indeed, it would be impossible, considering what his plans were.

In short, as if visibly, a compelling arm of extraordinary muscular power seized hold of him, something which had nothing in common ~~to do~~ with the spirits & influences that had moved him hitherto. This seemed to care little ~~cared nothing~~ for his reason & his will, nothing for his elevated intentions, & moved him along, as a violent schoolmaster a schoolboy he has seized by the collar, in a direction which tended towards the embrace of a woman for whom he had no particular respect or whose life had nothing in common with his own except locality. ~~common grounds of sympathy.~~

Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ was suddenly closed, & the predestinate ~~an unfortunate~~ Jude ~~Hero~~ sprang up ~~like a ball~~ & across the room. Foreseeing such an event he had already arrayed himself in his best clothes. In three minutes he was out of the house & descending by the path across the wide vacant hollow of corn-ground which lay between the village & the isolated home of Arabella ~~in~~ on the ~~other side~~ dip beyond of the upland.

As he walked he looked at his watch. He could be back in two hours easily, & a good long time would still remain to him after tea.

Passing the few unhealthy fir-trees & cottage where the path joined the highway he hastened along, & struck away to the left, descending the steep

side of the country at a place to the west of the Brown House. Here at the base of the chalk formation he neared the brook that oozed from it, & followed the stream till he reached her dwelling. A smell of pigsties came from the back, & the grunting of pigs. He entered the garden, kneeled at the door with the knob of his stick.

Somebody had seen him through the window, & for a male voice on the inside said: "Arabella! Here's your young man come courting. Mizzel, my girl!"

Jude winced at the words. Courting in such a business-like aspect as it evidently wore to the speaker was the last thing he was thinking of. He was going to walk with her, perhaps kiss her, but "courting" was too coolly purposeful & the antithesis to his ideas. The door was opened & he entered, just as Arabella came downstairs in full walking attire.

"Take a chair, Mr What's-your-name," said her father, an energetic black-whiskered man, in the same business-like tones Jude had heard from outside.

"I'd rather go out at once, wouldn't you?" she whispered to Jude.

"Yes," said he. "We'll walk up to the Brown House & back - we can do it in half an hour."

Arabella looked so handsome amid her untidy surroundings that he felt glad he had come, & all the misgivings vanished that had hitherto haunted him.

First they clambered to the top of the great down, during which ascent he had occasionally to take her hand to assist her. Then they bore off to the left along the crest into the ridgeway, which they followed till it intersected the highroad at the Brown House aforesaid, the spot of his former fervid devotion to Oxford Christminster. But he forgot them now. He talked to Arabella with greater zest than he would have felt in discussing all the philosophies with all the Dons in the recently adopted University Christminster, & passed the spot where he had knelt to Diana and

Phoebus without remembering ~~a single attraction of those~~ that there were any such people in the mythology, ~~An indescribable lightness of heel~~ or that the Sun was anything else than a useful lamp for lighting which lit up for illuminating Arabella's face. An indescribable lightness of heel served to lift him along; & Jude, the incipient scholar, prospective D.D., Professor, Bishop, or what not, felt himself honored & glorified by the condescension of this country girl in agreeing to take a walk with him in her ~~best clothes~~ Sunday frock of pal-lals.

They reached the Brown House barn — the point at which he had planned to turn back. While looking over the vast northern landscape from this ~~point~~ spot they were struck by the rising of a dense volume of smoke from the neighbourhood ~~of~~ of the little town which lay beneath them at a distance of a couple of miles.

"It is a fire!" said Arabella. "Let's run & see it — do! It is not far!"

The tenderness which had grown up in Jude's breast left him now at will to thwart her inclination — which, indeed, pleased him in affording him an excuse for a longer time with her. They started off down the hill almost at a trot: but on gaining level ground at the bottom, & walking a mile, they found that the ~~site~~ spot of the fire was much further off than it had seemed.

Having begun the journey, however, they pushed on; but it was not till five o'clock that they found themselves on the scene — the distance being altogether about half a dozen (Marygreen ~~Marygreen Green~~, & three from Arabella's) miles from ~~Cawley~~ & the conflagration had been got under by the time they reached it, & after a short inspection of the melancholy ruins they retraced their steps — their course lying through the town of Alfredston.

Arabella said she would like some tea, & they entered an inn of an inferior class, & gave their order. As it was not for them they had a long time to wait. The maid servant recognized Jude, & whispered ~~looked~~ her surprise

other mistress in the background (so particular)

that he, the student "who kept hissself up", should have suddenly descended so low as to keep company with Arabella. He latter laughed as she met his serious & tender gaze – the low & triumphant laugh of a careless woman who sees she is winning her game.

They sat & looked round the room, & at the picture of Samson ~~Delilah~~ & at the circular stains on the table, filled with sawdust, ~~the Elders~~ which hung on the wall, & at the ~~two~~ spittoons underfoot. There ~~lingered~~ a smell of tobacco & beer from the previous night. The whole aspect of the scene had that depressing ~~effect~~ character which (few places can produce like) a tap-room on a Sunday evening when the setting sun is slanting in, & no liquor is going, and upon the unfortunate wayfarer finds himself with no other haven of rest.

They began to grow drusk. They could not wait longer, really, they said. "Yet what else can we do?" asked Jude. "It is a three mile walk."

"I suppose we can have some beer", said Arabella. (for you.)

"Beer. O yes. I had forgotten that. Somehow it seems odd to come into a public house for beer on a Sunday evening."

"But we did it."

"No, we didn't." Jude by this time wished he was out of such an uncongenial atmosphere; but he ordered the beer, which was promptly brought.

Arabella tasted it. "Ugh!" she said.

Jude tasted. "What's the matter with it?" he asked. "I don't understand beer very much now; it is true. – I like it well enough, but it is bad to read on, & I find coffee better. But this seems all right."

"Adulterated – I can't touch it." She mentioned three or four ingredients that she detected in the liquor beyond malt & hops, much to Jude's surprise.

"How much you know!" he said good-humouredly.

Nevertheless she returned to the beer & drank her share, they meet-

on their way. It was now nearly dark, & as soon as they had withdrawn from the lights of the town they walked closer together, till they touched each other. She wondered why he did not put his arm round her waist, but he did not; he merely said what to himself seemed a quite bold enough thing: "Take my arm".

She took it, thoroughly. He felt the warmth of her body against his, & pulling his stick under his other arm held it with his right hand her right as it rested in its place.

"Now we are well together, dear, are'nt we," he observed.

"Yes," said she, adding to herself: "Rather mild!"

"How fast I have become!" he was thinking.

Thus they walked till they reached the foot of the upland, where they could see the white highway ascending before them. From this point the only way to Arabella's was by going up & dipping again into her valley on the right. Before they had climbed far they were nearly run into by two men who had been walking on the grass unseen.

"These lovers – you find them out in all seasons & weathers – lovers & homeless dogs only," said one of the men as they vanished down the hill.

Arabella tittered lightly.

"Are we lovers?" asked Jude.

"You know best."

"But you can tell me?" took her hint.

For answer she inclined her head upon his shoulder. Jude dropped her arm & encircling her waist with his, pulled her to him & kissed her.

They walked now no longer arm in arm, but, as she had desired, clasped together. After all, what did it matter since it was dark, said Jude to himself. When they were half-way up the long hill they paused as by arrangement, & he kissed her again. They reached the top, & he kissed her once more.

"You can keep your arm there, if you would like to," she said gently.

~~[illegible]~~

He did so, thinking how trusting she was.

Thus they slowly went towards her home. He had left his cottage at half past three, intending to be sitting down again to the New Testament by half past five. It was nine o'clock when, with another embrace, he stood to deliver her up at her father's door.

She asked him to come in, if only for a minute, as it would seem so odd, & as if she had been out alone in the dark. He came way, & followed her in. Immediately that the door was opened he found, in addition to her parents, several neighbours sitting round. They all spoke & with a congratulatory manner, & took him seriously as Arabella's intended partner.

They did not belong to his set, or circle, & he felt out of place & embarrassed. He had not meant this: a mere afternoon of pleasant walking with Arabella, that was all he had meant. He did not stay longer than to speak to her step-mother, a simple quiet woman without features or character, & bidding them all good-night plunged into the black with a sense of relief over the down.

But Arabella soon re-asserted her sway in his soul.

He walked as if he felt himself to be another man than the Jude of yesterday. What were his books to him; what were his intentions, if he adhered to so strictly, as not wasting a single minute of time day by day? "Wasting": it depended on your point of view to define that: he was just living for the first time; not wasting life. It was better to love a woman than to be a parson, or a bishop; ay, or a pope.

When he got back to the house his aunt had gone to bed, & a general consciousness of his neglect seemed written on the face of all things confronting him here. He went upstairs without a light, & the dim interior of his room accosted him with sad inquiring. There lay his books, open, just as he had left them, & the capital letters on the title-page regarded him fixedly in the grey starlight, like the unclosed eyes of a dead man:

Η ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ.

Jude had to leave early next morning for his usual week of absence at lodgings; & it was with a sense of futility that he threw into his basket upon his tools & other necessaries the unread book he had brought with him.

He kept his impassioned doings a secret almost from himself. Arabella, on the contrary, made them public among all her friends & acquaintances..

Retracing by the light of dawn the road he had followed a few hours earlier, under cover of darkness, with his sweetheart by his side, he presently reached the bottom of the hill, where he walked slowly, & stood still. He was on the spot where he had given her the first kiss. As the sun had only just risen it was probable that nobody had passed there since. Jude looked on the ground, & sighed. He looked closely, & could just discern in the damp dust the imprints of their feet as they had stood locked in each other's arms. She was not there now, & the void was in his heart; & "the embroidery of imagination upon the stuff of nature" so depicted her past presence that which nothing later presence could fill. A pollard willow stood close to the place, & that willow was different from all other willows in the world. Later annihilation of the six days which must elapse before he could see her again, as he had promised, would have been his intensest wish if he had had only the week to live.

An hour or half later Arabella came along the same way with her two companions of the Saturday. She passed the spot of the kiss, unheeding, & chattering freely on the subject to the other two.

"And what did he tell 'ee next?"

"Then he said —" and she related almost word for word some of his tender speeches. If Jude had been behind the fence he would

have felt not a little surprised at learning how very few of his sayings & doings on the previous evening were private.

"You've got him to care for'ee a bit, 'nation if you ha'n't!" murmured Anny ~~Arabella~~ judicially. "It's well to be you!"

In a few moments Arabella replied in a curiously low, fierce tone of latent venomousness: "I've got him to care for me; yes! But I want him to more than care for me; I want him to have me; to marry me, if possible! I must have him. I can't do without him. He's the sort of man I live for. I shall go mad if I can't ~~get him for myself~~ give myself to him entirely! I felt I should when I first saw him!"

"As he is a romancing, straightforward, honest chap, he's not only to be had, but hadn't a husband, if you set about catching him in the right way."

Arabella remained thinking awhile. "What need be the right way?" she asked.

"O you don't know – you don't!" said Sarah, the third girl.

"On my word I don't! – No further, that is, than by plain courting, & taking care he don't go too far?"

The third girl looked at the second. "She don't know!"

"'Tis plain she don't!" said Anny.

"And having lived in a town, too, as one may say! Well, we can teach'ee som'at then, as well as you us."

("for an innocent, & have done wi' it!")

"Yes. And how do you mean – a sure way to gain a man? Take me"

"as a husband."

"as a husband."

"A country man, ~~such as he~~ ~~a respectable~~ & serious minded, that's honourable, God forbid that I should say a sojer or sailor, or ~~a~~ gent from the towns, or any of them that be slippery commercial with poor women. I'd do no friend that harm."

"Well, such as he, of course!"

Arabella's companions looked at each other, turned up their eyes in drollery, smirking, & began ~~tittering~~

Then one went up close to Arabella, & although nobody was near, imparted some information in a low tone, the other observing curiously the effect upon Arabella's face.

"Ah!" said he last-named slowly, "I own I did not think of that way!.... But suppose he is not honourable? A woman would be left in the lurch."

"Besides, But he must be". Nothing venture nothing have. You make sure that he's honourable before you begin. You'd be safe enough with yours. I wish I had the chance! Lots of girls do it; or do you think they'd get married at all?"

Arabella pursued her way in silent thought. "I'll try it!" she whispered, but not to them.

Chapter VIII.

At the week's end Jude was again walking out to his aunt's at Mary green from Cuckoo Fair his lodging in Alfredston, a walk which now had large attractions for him quite other than his desire to see his aged & morose relative. He diverged to the right before ascending the hill with the single purpose of gaining a glimpse of Arabella on his way, that should not come into the reckoning of regular appointments. Before quite reaching the homestead his alert eye perceived the top of her head moving quickly hither & thither over the garden hedge. Entering the gate he found that three young unfattened pigs had escaped from their sty by leaping clean over the top, & that she was endeavouring unassisted to drive them in through the door which she had set open. The lines of her countenance changed from the rigidity of business to the softness of love, & she bent her languishing eyes upon Jude. The animals took advantage of the pause to by doubling & bolting out of the way.

"They were only sent in this morning," she cried, stimulated to pursue in spite of her lover's presence. "They were drove from Singeholt Farm only yesterday, where father bought 'em at a stiff price enough. They

are wanting to get home again, the stupid toads! Will you shut the garden gate, dear, & help me to get 'em in? There be no men-folk at home, only mother, & they'll be lost if we don't mind".

He set himself to assist, & dodged this way & that, over the potato-rows & the cabbages. Every now & then they ran together, when he caught her for a moment & kissed her. The first pig was got back promptly; the second with some difficulty; the third was more obstinate & agile. He ~~bolted~~ plunged through a hole in the garden hedge, & into the lane.

"He'll be lost if I don't follow 'n!" said she. "Come along with me!"

She rushed in full pursuit out of the garden, Jude alongside her, barely contriving to keep the fugitive in sight. Occasionally they waved shouted to some boy to stop the animal, but he always wriggled past & ran on as before.

"Let me take your hand, darling," said Jude. "You are getting out of breath."

She gave him her now hot hand with apparent willingness; & they trotted along together.

"This comes of driving 'em home", she remarked. "They always know the way back if you do that. They ought to have been carted over."

By this time the pig had reached an unpartened gate admitting to the open down, across which he sped with all the agility his little legs afforded. As soon as the pursuers had entered & ascended to the top of the high ground it became apparent that they would have to run all the way to the farmers if they wished to get at him. From this summit he could be seen as a minute speck, ~~of white~~ following an unerring line towards the farm.

"It is no good!" ~~he~~ cried Arabella. "He'll be there long before we get there. It don't matter now we know he's not lost or stolen on the way. They'll

see it is ours, & send en back. O dear, how hot I am!"

Without relinquishing her hold of Jude's hand she swerved aside & flung herself down on the sod under a stunted thorn, precipitately & pulling down Jude at the same time. "O I ask pawdon - I nearly threw you down, did'nt I. But I am so tired!"

She lay supine & straight as an arrow, on the sloping sod of this hill top, gazing up into the blue miles of sky, & still retaining her warm hold of Jude's hand. He reclined on his elbow near her.

"We've run all this way for nothing," she went on, her full bosom heaving & falling in quick pants, her face flushed, her thick red lips parted, & a fine dew of perspiration upon her ~~theeter~~ skin. "Well - why don't you speak, ~~dearest~~ deary?"

"I'm blown too. It was all up hill."

They were in absolute solitude - the most apparent of all solitudes, that of empty surrounding space. Nobody could be nearer than a mile to them without their seeing him. They were, in fact on one of the summits of the county, & the distant landscape around Christminster could be discerned from where they lay. But Jude did not think of that then.

"O, I can see such a pretty thing up this tree," said Arabella. "a sort of a caterpillar, of the most loveliest green & yellow you ever came across!"

"Where?" said Jude, raising himself.

"You can't see him there - you must come here," said She.

He came nearer & put his head by hers. "no - I can't see it," he said. "Why, on the limb just where it branches off - close to the moving leaf - there." She gently pressed his face towards the position.

"I don't see it," he repeated, the back of his head towards her. "But I can perhaps standing up." He ~~did~~ stood accordingly, placing himself in the

direct line of her gaze.

"How stupid you be!" she said crossly.

"I don't care to see it, dear: why should I?" he replied gently, looking down upon her. "Get up, Abby?"

"Why?"

"I want to kiss you. I've been waiting to ever so long!"

She remained a moment longer, looking deadly askant at him; Then with a slight curl of the lip sprang to her feet, & exclaiming abruptly "I must nigger!" walked off quickly homeward. Jude followed and rejoined her.

"Just one!" he coaxed.

"Shan't!" she said.

He surprised: "What's the matter?"

She kept her two lips resentfully together, & Jude followed her like a pet lamb till she slackened her pace & walked beside him, talking calmly on indifferent subjects, & always checking him if he tried to take her hand or clasp her waist. Thus they descended to the precincts of her father's homestead, & Arabella went in, nodding good-bye to him with a supercilious, affronted air.

"I expect I took too much liberty with her, somehow," Jude said to himself as he withdrew with a sigh intent on to ~~Shaston~~ Fawnsgreen.

On Sunday morning the interior of Arabella's home was, as usual, the scene of a grand weekly cooking & preparation of the special ~~exceptional~~ Sunday Dinner. Her father was shaving before a little glass hung to the mullion of the window, & her mother & Arabella herself were shelling beans hastily. A neighbour passed on her way home from morning service at the nearest church, & seeing Down engaged at the window with the razor, nodded & came in.

Note. Alterations & deletions in blue & green are for serial publication only & have no authority beyond.

She at once spoke playfully to Arabella: "I seed 'ee running with en – hee-hee! I hope 'tis coming to something?"

Arabella merely threw a look of consciousness into her face without raising her eyes.

"He's for Christminster, I hear, as soon as he can get there."

"Have ye heard lately – quite lately?" asked Arabella with a jealous, tigerish indrawing of breath.

"O no. But it has been known a long time that it is his plan. He's only waiting here for an opening. Ah well: he must walk about with somebody I s'pose. 'Tis a sip here & a sip there with 'em. Young men don't mean much nowadays. 'Twas different in my time."

When the gossips had departed on their way home Arabella said suddenly to her mother: "I want you & father to go and inquire how the Edlins be, this evening after tea. Or no – there's evening service at Fensworth – you can walk to that."

"Oh? What's up to night, then?"

Nothing. Only I want the house to myself. He's shy; & I can't get en to come in when you be here. I wish I had never come back from Aldbrickham. 'Tis horrid to have no place of one's own."

"If it is fine we may as well go. I don't mind."

On the afternoon Arabella met & walked with Jude, who had now for weeks ceased to work into a book of Greek, Latin, or any other tongue. They wandered up the slopes till they reached the green track along the ridge, which they followed to the circular British earthwork adjoining. Jude thinking of the great age of the hackway, & of the droves who had frequented it, probably before the Romans knew the country. From the level lands below them floated up the chime of church bells. Presently they were reduced to one note, which quickened, & stopped.

"Now we'll go back" said Arabella, who had observed the sounds.

Jude assented. So long as she was near her he minded little where he was. When they arrived at her house she said lingeringly: "I won't come in. Why are you in such a hurry to go in to-night? It is not near dark".

"Wait a moment," said she. She tried the handle of the door & found it locked. "Ah - they are gone to church", she added. And searching behind the scraper she found the key & unlocked the door. "Now you'll come in a moment?" she asked lightly. "We shall be all alone".

"Certainly," said Jude with alacrity, the case being unexpectedly altered.

Indoors they went. Did he want any tea? No, he would rather sit & talk then. She took off her jacket & hat, & they sat down - naturally enough close together.

"Don't touch me, please," she said, softly. "I be part egg-shell. Or perhaps I had better put it in a safe place. She began unfastening the collar of her gown.

"What is it?" said her lover.

"An egg - a bantam's egg. I am hatching a very rare sort. I carry it about everywhere with me, & it will get hatched in less than three weeks."

"Where do you carry it?"

"Just here". She put her hand into her bosom & drew out the egg, which was wrapped in wool, outside it being a piece of pig's bladder, in case of accidents. Having exhibited it to him she put it back. "Now mind you don't come near me. I don't want to get it broke, & have to beg in another."

"Why do you do such a strange thing?"

"Just for a fancy. I suppose it is natural for a woman to want to bring live things into the world."

pp. 55, 56 missing. 57

of the parish all said what a simple fool young Fawley was. All his reading had only come to this, that he would have to sell his books to buy saucepans. Those who guessed the probable state of affairs, Arabella's parents being among them, declared that it was the sort of strictly honourable conduct they would have expected of such a young man, to make it right with his sweetheart. The parson who married them seemed to think it all right too.

And so, standing before the appointed officiator, the two were at this particular time of their lives, that at every particular time of their lives they would assuredly believe, feel, & desire as they believed, felt, & desired now. What was remarkable as the undertaking itself was the fact that nobody seemed at all surprised at what they were.

Fawley's aunt being a baker she made him a bride cake, saying bitterly that it was the last thing she could do for him; poor fellow; & that it would have been far better if, instead of his living to trouble her, he had gone underground years before with his father & mother. Of this cake Arabella took some slices, wrapped them up in white note-paper, & sent them to her companions in the pork-dressing business, labelling each packet "In remembrance of good advice."

The prospects of the newly married couple were certainly not very even to the most sanguine mind. brilliant. He, a stone mason's apprentice, nineteen years of age, was working for half-wages till he should be out of his time. His wife was absolutely useless in a town-lodging, where he at first had considered it would be necessary for them to live. But the urgent need of adding to income in ever so little a degree caused him to take a lonely road-side cottage between the Brown House & Marygreen Fawley Chalkley, that he might have the profits of a vegetable

keep
garden & a pig. But it was not the sort of life he had bargained for,
& it was a long way to walk to & from Alfredston every day. Arabella
however
felt that all these makeshifts were temporary: she had gained a husband; that was
the thing – a husband with a lot of earning power in him for buying
her frocks & hats when he began to get frightened a bit, & stuck to his
trade, & never cried those stupid books for practical undertakings.

So to the cottage he took her, giving up his old room at his aunt's
where so much of the hard labour at Greek & Latin had been carried
on. A little chill overspread him at her first unrobing. A long tail
of hair, which Arabella wore twisted up at the back of her head, was deliberately
unfastened, stroked out, & hung upon the looking-glass.

"What – it was not your own?" he said, with a sudden distaste for her.

"O no – it never is nowadays with the better class."

"Nonsense! Perhaps not in towns. But in the country it is supposed to be
different. Besides, you've enough of your own, surely?"

"Yes, as country notions go. But in towns the men expect more, & when
I was barmaid at Aldbrickham —"

"Barmaid at Aldbrickham?"

"Well, not exactly barmaid – I used to draw the drink at a public-house
there – just for a little time; that was all. Some people put me up to
getting this, & I bought it just for a fancy. The more you have the better in
Aldbrickham, which is a finer town than all your Christminsters, (assistant)
(Every lady of position wears false hair – the barber's told me so.")

Jude thought with a feeling of sickness that (though this might be true to some extent for all that he knew,
many unsophisticated girls
would, & did, go to towns & remain there for years without losing their simplicity of
life; while others had an instinct towards artificiality in their very blood,
& became adepts in counterfeiting at the first glimpse of it. However
there was no great sin in adding to your hair, & he resolved to think no more of it.

A new-made wife can usually manage to look interesting for a few

(p. 59 missing)

the time when in the natural course of things she would have to reveal that the alarm she had raised had been without foundation. The occasion was one evening at bed-time, & they were in their chamber in the lonely cottage by the wayside, which Jude walked home from his work every day. He had worked hard the whole twelve hours, & had retired to rest before his wife. When she came into the room he was between sleeping & waking, & was barely conscious of her undressing before the glass as he lay.

One action of hers, however, brought him to full cognition. Her face being reflected towards him he could perceive that she was amusing herself by artificially producing the dimple in each cheek before alluded to, a curious accomplishment of which she was mistress, effected by suction with a momentary [illegible]. It occurred to him for the first time that these dimples were far oftener absent from her face during his intercourse with her nowadays than they had been in the earlier weeks of their acquaintance.

"Don't do that, Arabella!" he said suddenly. "There is no harm in it, but— I don't like to see you."

She turned & laughed. "Lord, I didn't know you was awake!" she said. "How conscripted you be! That's nothing."

"Where did you learn it?"

"Nowhere that I know of. They used to stay when I was at the public-house; but now they won't. My face was fatter then."

"I don't care about dimples. I don't think they improve a woman — particularly a married woman, & of full sized frame like you."

"Most men think otherwise."

"I don't care what most men think, if they do. How do you know?"

"I used to be told so when I was serving in the tap-room."

61–68 missing.

smeared with the hot grease, & her fingers consequently left very perceptible ~~marks~~ imprints on the book-covers. She continued deliberately to toss the books generally upon the floor, till Jude, exasperated, caught her by the arms to make her leave off. Somehow, in doing so, he loosened the fastening of her hair, & it rolled about her ears.

"Let me go!" she said.

"Promise to leave the books alone."

She hesitated. "Let me go!" she repeated.

"Promise!"

After a pause: "I do!"

Jude relinquished his hold, & she crossed the room to the door, out of which she went with a set face, & into the highway. Here she began to saunter up & down, perversely pulling her hair into a worse disorder than he had caused. It was a fine Sunday morning, dry, & clear & frosty. The bells of Alfredston Church could be heard on the breeze from the north. People were passing along the road, dressed in their holiday clothes; they were mainly lovers – such pairs as Jude & Arabella had been when they sported along the same track some months earlier. These pedestrians turned to stare at the extraordinary spectacle she now presented, bonnetless, her dishevelled hair blowing in the wind, her sleeves rolled above her elbows for her work, & her hands reeking with melted fat. One of the passers said in mock terror: "My good Lord!"

"See how he's served me!" she cried. "Making me work Sunday mornings when I ought to be going to my church, & tearing my hair off my head!"

Jude was exasperated, & went out to ~~fetch~~ drag her in. Then he suddenly lost all his heat. Illuminated with the sense that all was over between them, & that it mattered not what she did, or he, he stood still, regarding her. Their lives were ruined, he thought: ruined by the fundamental

error of their matrimonial union: that of having based a permanent contract on a temporary feeling which had no necessary connection with affinities ~~which~~ that alone render a life-long comradeship tolerable.

"Going to ill-use me on principle, as your father ill-used your mother, & your father's sister ill-used her husband?" she asked. "All you ~~[illegible]~~ be a queer lot as husbands & wives."

Jude fixed an arrested, surprised look on her. But she said no more, & continued her saunter till she was tired. He left the spot, & after wandering vaguely a little while walked in the direction of ~~Fawley~~ Marygreen. Here he called upon his great-aunt, whose infirmities now daily increased.

"Aunt - did my father ill-use my mother, & my aunt her husband?" said Jude abruptly, sitting down by the fire.

She raised her ancient eyes under the rim of the bygone bonnet that she always wore. "Who's been telling you that?" she said.

"I have heard it spoken of, & want to know all."

"You med so well, ~~[illegible]~~ I s'pose; though your wisest - I reckon 'twas she - must have been a fool to open up that. There is nit much to know, after all. Your father & mother couldn't get on together, & they parted. It was coming home from Alfredston market, when you were a baby - on the hill by the Brown-house barn - that they had their last difference, & took leave of one another for the last time. Your mother soon afterwards drowned herself, & your father went away with you to South Wessex, & never came here any more."

Jude recalled his father's silence about North Wessex and Jude's mother, never speaking of either till his dying day.

"It was the same with your father's sister. Her husband offended her, & she so disliked living with him afterwards that she went away to London with her little maid. The ~~Fawleys~~ Fawleys were not made for wedlock: it never

seemed to sit well upon us. There's somnat in our blood that unit the kindly to the notion of being bound to do what we do readily enough if not bound. That's why you ought to have hearkened to me, & not ha' married."

"Where did father & mother part — by the ~~Dean~~ Brom House, did you say?"

"A little further on — where the road to Fenwick branches off, & the handpost stands. A gibbet once stood there."

In the dusk of that evening Jude walked away from his old aunt's, as if to go home. But as soon as he reached the open down he struck out upon it till he came to a large round pond. The frost continued, though it was not particularly sharp, & the larger stars overhead came out slow ~~bright~~ and flickering. Jude put one foot on the edge of the ice, & then the other: it cracked under his weight; but this did not deter him. He ploughed his way inward to the centre, the ice making sharp noises as he went. When just about the middle he looked around him & gave a jump. The cracking repeated itself; but he did not go down. He jumped again, but the cracking had ceased. Jude went back to the edge, & stepped upon the ground.

It was curious, he thought. What was he reserved for? He supposed he was not a sufficiently dignified person for suicide. Peaceful death abhorred him as a subject, & would not take him.

What could he do of a lower kind than self-extermination; ~~something~~ what was there less noble, more in keeping with his present degraded position? He could get drunk. Of course that was it; he had forgotten. Drinking was the regular, stereotyped resource. He began to see now why some men boozed at inns. He struck down the hill northwards & came to an obscure public-house. On entering & sitting down he realized that it was the one ~~he~~ which he had visited with Arabella on that first

Samson & Delilah

Sunday evening of their courtship by the sight of the picture of ~~Sampson~~ on Newell. He called for liquor & drank briskly for an hour or more.

On staggering homeward late that night, with all his sense of depression gone, & his head fairly clear still, he began to laugh, & to wonder how Arabella would receive him in his new aspect. The house was in darkness when he entered, & it was some time before he could get a light. Then he found that ~~the~~ through the marks of pig-dressing, fats & scallops, were ~~cleared away~~ visible, the materials themselves had been taken away. A line written by his wife on ~~a scrap of~~ the inside of an old envelope was pinned to the cotton blower of the fireplace.

"Have gone to my friends. Shall not return."

All the next day he remained at home, & sent off the carcase of the pig to the pork-butcher in Alfredston. He then cleaned up the premises, locked the door, put the key in a place she would know of if she came back, & returned to his masoning at Alfredston.

At night when he again plodded home he found she had not visited the house. The next day went in the same way, & the next. Then there came a letter from her.

[She That had grown tired of him she frankly admitted. He was such a slow old coach, & she did not care for the sort of life he led. There was no prospect of his ever bettering himself or her. ~~He~~ She further went on to say that her parents had, as he knew, for some time ~~decided to emigrate~~ considered the question of emigrating to Australia, the pig-jobbing business being a poor one nowadays. They had at last decided to go, & she proposed to go with them, if he had no objection. A woman of her sort ~~to~~ would have more chance over there than in this stupid country.

Jude replied that he had not the least objection to her going. He thought it a wise course, since she wished to go, & one that might be to the advantage of both. He enclosed in the packet containing the letter the money that had been realized by the sale of the pig, with all he had besides, which was not much.

From that day he heard no more of her except indirectly, though her father & his household did not immediately leave, but waited till his goods & other effects had been sold off. When Jude learnt that there was to be an auction at the house of the Downs he packed his own household goods into a waggon, & sent them over at the aforesaid homecoming, that she might sell them with the rest, or as many of them as she should choose.

He then went into Lodsyns at Alfredston, & saw in a shop-window the little handbill announcing the sale of his father-in-law's furniture. He noted its date, which came & passed without Jude's going near the place, or perceiving that the traffic out of Alfredston by the southern road was materially increased by the auction. A few days later he entered a little broker's shop in the main street of the town, & amid a heterogeneous collection of saucepans, a clothes-horse, rolling pin, brass candlestick, swing looking-glass, and other things at the back of the shop, evidently just brought in from a sale, he perceived a little framed photograph, which turned out to be his own portrait.

It was one which he had specially taken, and had framed by a local man, in bird's-eye maple, as a present for Arabella, which he had duly & given her on their wedding-day. On the back was still to be read, "Jude to Arabella", with the date. She must have thrown it in with the rest of her property at the auction.

"Oh", said the broker, seeing him look at this & the other articles in the heap & not perceiving that the portrait was of himself: "It is a lot of stuff & that was

knocked down to me at a college sale out ~~on the road by Cressendale~~ on the road by ~~Fawn green~~ Marygreen. "The frame is a very useful one, if you take out the likeness. You shall have it for a shilling."

"This undesigned ~~a~~ mute evidence of ~~the~~ utter death of every tender sentiment in his wife, as ~~mute evidence~~ brought home to him by this mute & undesigned evidence of her sale of ~~conclusive little stroke~~ his portrait & gift, was ~~the conclusive little stroke~~ required to demolish all sentiment in him. He paid the shilling, took the photograph away with him, & burnt it, frame & all, when he reached his lodging.

Two or three days later he heard that Arabella & her parents had departed. He had sent a message offering to see her for a formal leave-taking, but she had said that it would be better not since she was bent on going, which perhaps was true. On the evening ~~after~~ following their emigration, she came out of doors when his day's work was done, ~~after~~ supper, & strolled in the starlight along the two familiar roads towards the upland where had been experienced the chief emotions of his life. It seemed to be his own again.

He could not realize himself. On the old track he seemed to be a boy still, hardly a day older than when he had stood dreaming at the top of that hill, inwardly fired for the first time with ardours for Christminster & scholarship. "Yet I am a man," he said. "I have a wife. More, I have arrived at the still riper stage of having bitterly disagreed with her, disliked her, & parted from her."

He remembered then that he was standing not far from the spot at which the parting between his father & his mother was said to have occured.

A little further on was the summit, ~~where~~ whence Christminster, or what he had taken for that city, had seemed to be visible. A milestone, now as always, stood at the roadside handy. Jude drew near it, & felt rather than read the mileage to the city. He remembered that once on his way home

with his keen ~~sweet~~ new chisel
he had proudly cut [an inscription on the back of that milestone ~~em~~
embodying his aspirations. It had been done in the first week of his
apprenticeship, before he had been diverted [an unsuitable by a woman] from his purposes.
He wondered if the inscription were legible still, & going to the back
of the milestone brushed away the nettles. By the light of a match he
could still discern what he had cut so enthusiastically so long ago:

THITHER ☞

J. ~~B~~. F.

The sight of it, unimpaired, ~~in all behold~~ willyin its screen of grass & nettles,
lit in his soul a spark of the old fire. Such his plan should be to move
onward through good & ill — to avoid morbid sorrow even though he did see
~~he~~ uglinesses in the world: Bene agere et lætari — to do good cheer-
fully — what he had heard as being the philosophy of one Spinoza, might
be his own even now.

He might battle with his evil star, & follow out his original intention.

By moving to a spot a little way off he ~~could discover~~ uncovered the horizon
in a north-easterly direction. There, actually, rose the faint halo, a small
dim nebulousness, hardly recognizable but by the eye of faith. It was enough
for him. He would go to Christminster as soon as the term of his apprenticeship
expired.

He returned to his lodgings in a better mood, & said his prayers.

Chapter XII

The doings ~~Stancombe~~ of Jude ~~Hopeton~~ Fawley may be passed over henceforth till he appears moving
through a dusky landscape of some two years later leafage than had
graced his courtship of Arabella, & the disruption of his coarse conjugal
life with her. He was walking towards Christminster City, at a point a
mile or two to the south-west.

He had at last found himself clear of ~~Fawnsgreen~~ Marygreen & Alfredston: he was out of his time, & with his tools at his back seemed to be in the way of making a new start – the start ~~toward~~ to which, barring the interruption involved in ~~caused by~~ his intimacy & married life with Arabella, he had been looking forward for about ten years.

Jude would ~~might~~ now have been described as a young man with a forcible, meditative, & earnest, rather than handsome, cast of countenance. He was of dark complexion with dark, harmonizing eyes, & wore a closely trimmed black beard of more advanced growth than is usual at his age; this, with his great mass of black curly hair, was some- ~~great~~ trouble to him in combing & washing out the stone-dust that settled in it in the pursuit of his trade. His capabilities in the latter, (were of an all-round sort) having been acquired in the country of ~~retaining & free stone~~, including monumental stone-cutting, gothic free stone work for the restoration of churches, & carving of a general kind. In London he would probably have become specialized himself, & called himself a "statuary".

He had that afternoon driven in a cart from Alfredston to the nearest village to the city in this direction, & was now walking the remaining four miles rather from choice than from necessity, having always fancied himself arriving thus. (see back.) ¶ He now stood at the top of ~~the~~ a long and gentle declivity, ~~where he was, & from the head of which he stood, & from~~ and obtained his first near view of the city. Grey stoned & dun-roofed, it lay quiet in the sunset, a vane here & there on its spires & domes giving a sparkle to a picture of sober secondary & tertiary hues.

Reaching the bottom he moved along the level way between pollard willows growing indistinct in the twilight, & soon confronted the outpost lamps of the city – those lamps which had sent into the sky the some of halo & glory that caught his gleamed ~~gaze~~ in his days of dreaming, ~~had set him dreaming~~ so many years ago. They winked their yellow eyes at him dubiously, as if they had been awaiting him all these years in disappointment at his ~~delay~~ tarrying.

X The ultimate impulse to come had had a curious origin — one more nearly related to the emotional side of him than to the intellectual, as is often the case with young men. One day while lodging in Alfreston he had gone to ~~Hawk Green~~ Marygreen to see his old aunt, & had observed between the brass candlesticks on her mantelpiece the photograph of a pretty girlish face in a broad hat with radiating ~~lines~~ folds under the brim like the rays of a halo. He had asked who she was. His grand-aunt had gruffly replied that she was his cousin Sue Bridehead, of the inimical branch of the family; and on further questioning the old woman had replied that the girl lived in Christminster, though she did not know where, or what she was doing.

His aunt would not give him the photograph. But it haunted him; & ultimately formed a quickening ingredient ~~in~~ in his latent intent of following his friend the schoolmaster thither.

He was a species of Dick Whittington, whose spirit was touched to finer issues than ~~of another kind than~~ material ~~the words~~ ~~demanded~~ gain. He went along the outlying streets with the cautious head of the explorer. He saw nothing of the real city in the suburbs on this side. His first want being a lodging he scrutinized carefully such localities as seemed to offer on inexpensive terms the modest shade of accommodation ~~expectantly~~ he demanded; & after inquiring took a room in a suburb nicknamed Capernaum, though he did not know this at the time. Here he installed himself, & having had some tea sallied forth, although it was getting late.

It was a windy, whispering, moonless night. To guide himself he opened under a lamp a map he had brought. The breeze ruffled & fluttered it, but he could see enough to decide on the direction he should take to reach the heart of the place.

~~By~~ After many turnings he came up to the first ancient mediæval pile that he had encountered. It was a college, & he could see by the gateway. He entered it, walked round, & penetrated to dark corners which no lamplight reached. Close to this college was another, & a little further on another; & then he began to be encircled as it were with the sentiment of the ancient city. ~~Past~~. When he passed objects out of harmony with the general breath & expression he allowed his eyes to slip over them as if he did not see them.

A bell began clanging, & he listened till a hundred & one strokes had sounded. He must have made a mistake, he thought: it was meant for a hundred.

When the gates were shut & he could no longer get into the quadrangles he rambled under the walls & doorways, feeling with his fingers the contours of their mouldings and carving. The minutes passed; fewer & fewer people were visible, & still he serpentined among the shadows. For had he not imagined these scenes through ten bygone years, & what mattered a night's rest for once? High against the black sky the flash of a lamp armed showed crocketed pinnacles & tabled ~~fines~~ indented battlements. Down obscure alleys, apparently never

~~"I don't care what he is, or anything about it. Don't you think it, my child!"~~

trodden now by the foot of man, & whose very existence seemed to be forgotten, there would jut into the path porticoes, oriels, doorways of enriched & florid middle-age design, their extinct air being accentuated by the rottenness of the stones. It seemed impossible that modern thought could house itself in such decrepit chambers.

Knowing not a human being here Jude began to be impressed with his own isolated personality, as with a spectre, the consciousness being that of one who walks, but cannot make himself seen or heard. He drew his breath pensively, & seeming as almost a ghost himself, gave his thoughts to the ghostly presences with which the other nooks were haunted.

During the interval of preparation for this venture, since his wife & furniture's uncompromising disappearance into space, he had read & learnt almost all that could be read & learnt by one in his position of the worthies who had spent their youth within these reverend walls, & whose souls had haunted them in their maturer age. Some of them, by the accidents of his reading, loomed out in his fancy disproportionately large by comparison with the rest. The brushing of the wind against the angles, buttresses & door-jambs were as the passing of these only other inhabitants, the flappings of the ivy-leaves on each other were as the shuffling murmurings of their mournful souls, the shadows as their thin shapes in nervous movement, it was as if meeting him comrades in his solitude. In the gloom the rain against them without seeming their bones.

The streets were now deserted, but he could not go in on account of these things. There were ghosts of early date & of late, from the friend & eulogist of Shakespeare down to one who (him recently departed, and that musical) is still among us. Speculative philosophers always passed along, not with wrinkled foreheads & hoary hair as in framed portraits, but pink-faced, slim, & active (as in youth); modern divines, in their surplices, among whom the most real to Jude were the founders of the religious school called Tractarian (Stanton Pawley); the well-known three, the enthusiast, the poet, & the formularist, the echoes of whose teaching had influenced him even

in his obscene home abode. A start of ~~avoidance~~ aversion appeared in his fancy to move them at sight of those other sons of the ~~place~~ place, the form in the full-bottomed wig, the statesman, rake, reasoner, & sceptic, who knew their quad as well as they, & took equal ~~as he not~~ freedom in haunting it, with the sceptics who hovered round.

He ~~statesmen~~ regarded the statesmen in their various types, men of former movement & less dreamy air; the accomplished scholar, the able speaker, the hard-plodder; the man whose mind grew with his growth in years, & the man whose mind contracted with the same. ~~the man in particular~~

The historians & essayists followed on in his thoughts, men of meditative faces, lined foreheads, & weak-eyed as bats with constant research; (especial characters— then) such men as Governor-generals, in an odd impossible combination; ~~the~~ chief justices & Lord Chancellors, silent, thin-lipped figures of whom he knew little. A keener interest attached to the prelates, by reason of his own former hopes. Of them he had an ample band— some men of heart, others rather men of head; he who apologized for the Chimera in Latin; & the saintly author of— & near them the Evening Hymn; the great itinerant-preacher, hymn-writer, & zealot, shadowed by his matrimonial ~~condition~~ difficulties

Jude found himself speaking out loud, holding conversation as it ~~apostrophizing the walls~~ were; & he suddenly ceased with a start at his absurdity. Perhaps those incoherent words of the wanderer were heard within the walls by some student or thinker over his lamps; & he may have raised his head, & wondered what voice it was, & what it betokened. Jude ~~began to~~ now perceived that, so far as solid flesh went, he had the whole ancient city to himself with the exception of a belated ~~landing~~ townsman ~~policeman~~ here & there. ✕ (see back)

Jude ~~he~~ went home & to bed, after reading up a little about these people & their several messages to the world from a book or two he had brought with him. As he drew towards sleep various memorable words of theirs that he had just been conning seemed spoken by them in muttering utterances; some audible, some unintelligible to Jude him ~~how related voices, none~~ of which came from the large ~~grand~~ One voice was

and that he seemed to be catching a cold.

X. A voice ~~came to~~ reached him out of the shade; a real local voice:

"You've been ~~setting~~ a-settin' a long time on that plinth-stone, young man. What need you be up to?"

It came from a policeman who had been observing Jude without the latter observing him.

that of the Corn Law convert, whom he had just seen as a youth in the quadrange with the great bell. One thinks what he might have been saying:

"Sir, I may be wrong, but my impression is that my duty towards a country threatened with famine, requires that that which has been the ordinary remedy under all similar circumstances should be resorted to now, namely, that there should be free access to the food of man from whatever quarter it may come.... Deprive me of power to-morrow, you can never deprive me of the consciousness that I have exercised the powers committed to me from no corrupt or interested motives, from no desire to gratify ambition, for no personal gain."

small type

Or the poet, the last of the optimists:

small type

"How the world is made for each of us!
. . . . . .
And each of the Many helps to recruit
The life of the race by a general plan."

Or one of the three enthusiasts he had seen just now, the author of the Apologia:

small type

"My argument was... that absolute certitude as to the truths of natural theology was the result of an assemblage of concurring & converging probabilities.... that probabilities which did not reach to logical certainty might create a mental certitude."

And the second of them might have murmured:

small type

"Why should we faint, & fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has will'd, we die?"

Being familiar with the lines he may be said to have virtually heard them; likewise the voice of the man with the short face, the genial Spectator:

small type

"When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow."

And lastly a gentle voiced prelate spoke, during whose meek familiar

rhyme, endeared to him from childhood, Jude fell asleep: earliest.

~~Chapter 2 Jude fell asleep.~~

Small type

"Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed.
Teach me to die....."

He did not wake till morning. The ghostly past seemed to have gone, & everything spoke of To-day. He started up in bed, thinking he had overslept himself, & then said: "By Jove - I had quite forgotten my sweet-faced cousin, & that she's here all the time!... And my old schoolmaster, too." His words about his schoolmaster had perhaps less zest in them than his words concerning his cousin.

Chapter XIII

actual, including the meagre bread & cheese question,
Necessary meditations on the ~~subject~~ dissipated the phantasmal
for a while, & compelled Jude ~~him~~ to smother high thinkings under immediate needs.
He had to get up, & seek for work, manual work; for means to live.

Passing out into the streets on this errand he found that the colleges had treacherously changed their sympathetic mien: some were stern; some had put on the ~~look~~ of family vaults above ground; ~~that~~ something of all.
barbaric loomed in their masonries. The spirit of the great man had disappeared.

The numberless architectural pages around him he read, naturally, less as an artist-critic of their forms than as ~~a mere~~ an artizan & comrade of the dead handicraftsmen whose ~~hands~~ myseles had actually ~~the~~ executed ~~the~~ those forms
He caressed the mouldings, stroked them as one who knew their beginning, & said they were difficult or easy in the working, ~~as to examples of the kind or as to~~ ~~exacting of the tool~~ convenient to, had taken little or much time, were trying to the hand, or convenient to the tool

What at night had been perfect & ideal was by day the more or less defective real. Cruelties, insults, had, he perceived, been inflicted on the ~~there~~ erections. The condition of several moved him as he viewed them have been moved by ~~maimed~~ mained sentient beings. They were wounded, sore, sloughing off their outer shapes in the dead struggle against years, weather, & man.

The rottenness of these historical documents reminded him that he was not, after all, hastening on to begin the morning practically as he had intended. He had come to work, & to live by work, & the morning had nearly gone. It was, in one sense, encouraging to think that in a place of ~~stone~~ crumbling stones there must be plenty for one of his trade to do in the ~~way~~ business of renovation. He asked his way to the work-yard of the stone-cutter whose name had been given him at Alfredston; & soon heard the familiar sound of the ~~saws~~ rubbers & chisels.

The yard was a little centre of regeneration ~~place of restoration~~. Here, with keen edges &

smooth curves were forms in the exact likeness of those he had seen abraded & time-eaten on the walls. To speak more truly, these were the ideas ~~written~~ in modern prose while in the lichened colleges were written in old ~~ancient~~ poetry. Even some of those antiques might have been called prose when they were new. They had done nothing but wait, & had become poetical. How easy to the smallest building; how impossible to most men.

He asked for the foreman, & looked round ~~there~~ among the new tracaries, mullions, transoms, shafts, pinnacles, & battlements, standing on the bankers half worked, or waiting to be removed. They were marked by precision, mathematical straightness, smoothness, exactitude: there in the old walls were the broken lines, jagged curves, disdain of precision, irregularity, disarray. (of the original idea;)

For a moment there fell on Jude a true illumination; that here in the stone yard was a centre of effort as worthy as that dignified by the name of scholarly study within the nobleness of the colleges. But he lost it under stress of his old idea. He would ^ accept any employment which might be offered him on the strength of his late employer's recommendation; but he would accept it as a provisional thing only. This was his form of the modern vice of unrest.

Moreover he perceived that at best only copying, paleographing & imitating went on here; which has ~~become~~ owing to some temporary & local cause. He did not fancied ~~to be~~ to be. at that time see that mediævalism was as dead as a fern-leaf in a lump of coal; or that other developments were progressing in the world around him in which Gothic architecture & its associations had no place. The deadly animosity of contemporary logic towards so much of what he held in reverence was not yet revealed. vision

Having failed to obtain work here as yet he went away, & thought again of his cousin, whose presence somewhere at hand he seemed to feel in wavelets of interest, if not of emotion. How he wished he had that pretty portrait of her! At last he wrote to his aunt to send it. She did so, with a request, however, that he was not

ridiculously

To bring disturbance into the family by going to see the girl
affectionate fellow, promised nothing, kissed it – he did not remember –
relations. Jude just the photograph on the mantelpiece, & felt more
She seemed to look down & preside over his tea. the one
at home. It was cheering – uniting him to the living city.

the emotions of

There remained the schoolmaster – probably now a parson. But he
up such a respectable man just yet;
could not possibly hunt so raw & unpolished was
present were
his condition at , so precarious his fortunes. Thus he still remained
in loneliness. Although people moved round him he virtually saw none.
Not as yet having mingled with the active life of the place it was
largely
wholly non-existent to him. But the saints & prophets in the window=
tracery, the paintings in the galleries, the statues, the busts, the gargoyles,
the corbel-heads – these seemed to breathe this atmosphere. Like all
he heard
new comers to a spot on which the past is deeply engraven he detected
that past announcing itself with an emphasis altogether unsuspected by,
& even incredible to, the habituéd residents.

For many days he haunted the cloisters & quadrangles of
them. impish
the colleges at odd minutes in passing surprised by echoes of his own
footsteps, smart as the blows of a mallet; of his own footsteps; till he probably knew more about
those buildings materially, artistically, & historically, than any one of their
inmates.

It was not till now, when he found himself actually on the spot
of his enthusiasm, that Jude perceived how far away from the object of
his that enthusiasm he really was. Only a wall divided him from those
happy young contemporaries of his with whom in imagination he shared
a common mental life; men who had nothing to do from morning
till night but to read, mark, learn, & inwardly digest. Only a wall –
but what a wall!

Every day, every hour, as he went in search of laborious, he saw them
, the Christminster "sentiment", as it had been called, eating further & further into him;

going & coming also, rubbed shoulders with them, heard their voices, marked their movements. The conversation of some of the more thoughtful among them seemed ~~sometimes~~ often, owing to his long & persistent preparation for this place, to be peculiarly akin to his own thoughts. Yet he was as far from them as if he had been at the antipodes. Of course he was. He was a young workman in a white blouse, with ~~on~~ stone-dust in the creases of his clothes; & in passing him they did not even see him, or hear him, rather ~~but~~ saw through him as through a pane of glass at their familiars beyond. Whatever they were to him, he to them was not on the spot at all; & yet he had fancied ~~he~~ he would be close to them ~~in~~ lives by coming here.

But the future lay ahead after all; & if he could only be so ~~he had really been~~ fortunate as to get into good employment ~~almost without a day's delay~~ he would put up with the vicissitudes. So he thanked God for his health & strength, & took courage. For the present he was outside the gates of everything, colleges included: perhaps some day he would be inside. Those palaces of light & learning; he might some day look out through their panes.

~~He was indeed, & daily & hourly so to do~~

At length he did receive a message from the stone-masons yard — that ~~his~~ a job was waiting for him. It was his first encouragement, & he closed with the offer promptly.

He was, indeed, young & strong, or he never could have executed with such zest the undertakings to which he now applied himself ~~& which he continued~~, ~~the night~~ since they have been called involved reading most of the night after working ~~most~~ all the day. First he bought a shaded lamp for four and sixpence, & obtained a good light. Then he got pens, paper, & such other necessary books as he had been unable to obtain elsewhere. Then, to the consternation of his landlady, he shifted all the furniture of his room — a single one for living & sleeping — rigged up a curtain on a rope across

the middle, to make a double chamber out of one, hung up a thick blind that nobody should know how he was curtailing the hours of sleep, laid out his books, & sat down.

Having ~~spent all his previous savings in~~ been deeply encumbered by a marrying, getting a cottage, & buying the furniture for the ~~cottage~~ which had disappeared in the wake of his wife, he had never been able to save any money since the time of those disastrous ventures, & till his wages began to come in he was obliged to live in the narrowest way. He could not even afford himself a fire; & when the nights ~~were not debarred to~~ reeked with the raw & cold air from the Meadows he After buying a book or two sat over his lamp in a great coat, hat, & woollen gloves.

From his window he could perceive the spire of the Cathedral, & the ogee dome under which resounded the great bell of the city. The tall tower, ~~with~~ & tall belfry windows, & pinnacles of the college by the bridge, he could also get a glimpse of by going to the staircase ~~a few steps~~. These objects he used as stimulants when his faith in the future was ~~low~~ dim.

Like enthusiasts in general he made no inquiries into details of procedure. # Picking up general notions from casual acquaintance he never dwelt upon them. "For the present, he said to himself, all that is necessary is to get ready by accumulating money & knowledge, & await whatever chances were afforded to such an one of becoming a son of the University." * [see back] His desire absorbed him, & left no part of him to weigh ~~consider~~ its practicability.

At this time he received a nervously anxious letter from his poor old aunt, on the subject which had previously distressed her – a fear that Jude would not be strong-minded enough to keep away from his cousin Sue Bridehead & her relations. Sue's parents, his aunt believed, had gone to London, but the girl remained at Christminster. To make her still more objectionable Sue was an assistant of some sort in what was called an ecclesiastical shop in the city, which was a perfect seed-bed of idolatry.

⁂ "For wisdom is a defence, & money is a defence; but the excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it."

and she was no doubt abandoned to ~~full of~~ mummeries on that account - if not quite a ~~Popess~~ Papist (Miss Drusilla Fawley was of her date, Evangelical.)

As Jude was rather on an intellectual track than a theological, this ~~information~~ news of Sue's probable opinions did not much influence him one way or the other, but the clue to her whereabouts was decided interesting. With altogether a singular pleasure he walked, at his earliest spare minutes, past the shops answering to his great-aunt's description; & ~~being~~ beheld in one of them a young girl ~~sitting~~ who was suspiciously like sitting behind a desk, ~~suggestive of~~ the original of the portrait. He ventured to enter on a trivial errand, & having made his purchase lingered on the scene. The shop seemed to be kept entirely by women. It contained Anglican stationery, texts, & fancy goods; Gothic-framed pictures of saints, ~~& angels~~, ebony & other crosses, prayer-books that were almost missals. He felt shy of looking at the girl in the desk; sleeves so pretty & that he could not believe it possible she should belong to him. Then she spoke to one of the two older women behind the counter; & he recognized in the accents certain qualities of his own voice; softened & sweetened about his own.

¶ He came out. It would have been easy to speak to her there & then, but it seemed scarcely honourable towards his aunt to ~~do so before~~ disregard her request so incontinently. She had used him roughly, but she had brought him up: & the fact of her being powerless to control him lent a pathetic force to a wish that would have been inoperative as an argument.

So Jude gave no sign. He would not call upon Sue just yet. He had other reasons against doing so when he had walked away. She seemed so dainty beside himself in his rough working jacket & dusty trousers that he felt ~~he was~~ he was yet unready to encounter her, as he had felt about Mr Phillotson. And how possible it

⁂ What was she doing? He stole a glance round. Before her lay a piece of zinc, cut to the shape of a scroll, & coated with a dead-surface paint on one side. Herein she was designing or illuminating, in characters of Church text, the single word

ALLELUIA!

A sweet, saintly Christian business here! thought he.
Her presence here was now fully enough explained, her skill in work of this sort having no doubt been acquired from her father's occupation as an ecclesiastical ~~decorator~~ worker in metal. The lettering on which she was engaged was no doubt intended to be fixed up in some chancel to assist devotion.

was that she had inherited the antipathies of her family, & would scorn him, as far as a Christian could, particularly when he told her that unpleasant part of his history which had resulted in his becoming enchained to one of her own sex whom she would certainly not admire.

This he kept watch over her, & liked to feel she was there. The consciousness of her living presence stimulated him. But she remained more or less an ideal character, about whose nature he began to weave curious & fantastic day dreams.

Between two & three weeks afterwards Jude was engaged with some more men, outside a college in Old-time Street, in getting a block of worked freestone from a waggon across the pavement, previous to hoisting it to the parapet which they were repairing. All of a sudden, as he lifted, his cousin stood close to his elbow, pausing a moment on the bend of her foot till the obstructing object should have been removed. She looked right into his face with liquid, untranslateable eyes, that combined, or seemed to him to combine, keenness with tenderness, & mystery with both, their expression, as well as that of her lips, taking its life from some words just spoken to a companion, and being carried on into his face quite unconsciously. She no more observed his presence than that of the dust-motes which his manipulations raised into the sunbeams.

His closeness when she was so suggestive that he trembled, & turned his face away with a shy instinct to prevent her recognizing him, though as she had never once seen him she could not possibly do so; & might very well never have heard even his name. He could perceive that she was a country-girl at bottom, though a latter childhood in London, & a girlhood here, had taken all rawness out of her.

When she was gone he continued his work, reflecting on her. He the

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He had been so caught by influence that he had taken no count of her general mould & build. He remembered now that she was not a large figure, that she was light & slight to a degree. That was about all he had seen. There was nothing statuesque in her; all was nervous motion. She was bright & living, yet a painter might not have called her handsome or beautiful. But the much that she was surprised him: She was quite a long way removed from the rusticity. That was his. How could one of his cross-grained, unfortunate, almost accursed stock, have contrived to reach this pitch of niceness?

From this moment the emotion which had been accumulating in his breast as the bottled-up effect of solitude & the bookish poetized locality he dwelt in, insensibly began to precipitate itself on this half-visionary form; & he perceived that, whatever his instinct in a contrary direction, he would soon be unable to resist the desire to make himself known to her.

He affected to think of her quite in a family way, for there were crushing reasons why he should not & could not think of her in any other.

The first reason was that he was married, & it would be wrong.

The second was that they were cousins. It was not well for cousins to fall in love, even when circumstances seemed to favour the passion.

The third: even were he free, in a family like his own, where marriage usually meant a tragic sadness, marriage with a blood relation would duplicate the adverse reasons, & a tragic sadness might be intensified to a tragic horror.

Therefore, again, he would have to think of Sue only with a relation's interest in one belonging to him; regard her in a practical way as one to be proud of, to talk & nod to; later on, to be invited to tea by,

the emotion spent on her throughout being rightly that of a kinsman & well wisher. So would she be to him a kindly ~~angel~~ star, ~~good influence~~, an elevating power, a companion in Anglican worship, a tender friend.

Chapter XIV

But the various deterrent influences under which Jude's instinct was to approach her timidly, ~~Jude had arranged to approach her gently~~, & the next Sunday he went to ~~attended~~ the morning service in the Cathedral-church, to gain a further view of her, for he had found that she frequently attended there.

She did not come, & he awaited her in the afternoon, which was finer. He knew that if she came at all she would approach the building along the eastern side of the great green quadrangle from which it was accessible, & he stood in a corner while the bell was ~~tolled~~ going. A few minutes before the hour for service she ~~came along one side of the quadrangle~~ appeared as one of the figures walking along, & at sight of her he advanced up along the side opposite, & followed her into the building, more than ever glad that he had not as yet revealed himself. To see her, & be himself unseen & unknown, was enough for him at present.

He lingered awhile in the vestibule, & the service was some way advanced when he was put into a seat. It was a lowering, murmurful still afternoon, when a religion seems a necessity & not only ~~rather than~~ a luxury of the emotional & leisured classes. In the dim light, & the baffling glare ~~effect~~ of the clerestory windows, he could discern the opposite worshippers ~~but~~ indistinctly only, but he saw that Sue was among them. He had not long discovered the exact seat ~~front~~ that she occupied when the chanting of the Hundred & Nineteenth Psalm in which the choir was engaged reached its second part, In quo corriget, the organ changing to a pathetic Gregorian tune as the singers gave forth:

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?"

It was the question that was engaging Jude's attention at this very moment. What a wicked worthless fellow he had been to give vent as he had done to an animal passion for a woman & allow it to lead to such disastrous consequences; (then to go & recklessly get drunk:) then to try to put an end to himself: The great waves of pedal music thundered round the choir, & (he could hardly believe it was not wonderful that) nursed on the supernatural as he had been that the psalm was not specially set by some regardful Providence for this moment of his first entry into the solemn building. And yet it was the ordinary psalm for the twenty fourth evening of the month.

The singers went on with the third & fourth parts of the same psalm: Adhæsit pavimento:

"My soul cleaveth to the dust. O quicken thou me."

That evidently referred to what he had felt after his evening visit to the milestone, & onwards. He wondered if the quickening had come now, & if the quickening influence was this sweet cousin for whom he was beginning to nourish an extraordinary tenderness.

She was at this time enspheared by the same harmonies as those which floated into his ears; & the thought was a delight to him. She was pervaded by a quieter of this place & steeped body & soul in church sentiment as she must be, by occupation & habit; ~~& that seemed to link him on to it, for was not his relation~~, had, no doubt, much in common with him. To an impressionable & lonely young man the consciousness of having at last found an anchorage for his thoughts which promised to supply both social & spiritual possibilities was like the dew of Hermon, & he remained throughout the service in a sustaining atmosphere of ecstasy. ~~Though he thought~~ was far from suspecting it. Though he, some people might have said that the atmosphere was blown as distinctly from Cyprus as from Galilee.

Jude waited till she had left her seat & passed under the screen before he himself moved. She did not look towards him, & by the time he reached the door she was half way down the broad path. Being dressed up in his Sunday suit he was inclined to follow her & reveal himself. But he was not quite ready; & alas, ~~another thing~~, ought he to do so with the kind of feeling that was creeping in him?

For though it had seemed to have an ecclesiastical basis during the service, & he persuaded himself later that such was the case, he could not altogether be blind to the real nature of the feeling; & he said to himself, "It can't be: I must not know her!" She was such a stranger that the kinship was affectation. ~~a man with a wife~~, Still Sue was his own kin, & surely ~~he might get acquainted with her~~ that made a difference. The fact of his having a wife, even though she was not in evidence in this hemisphere, might, indeed, be a help in one sense, ~~since~~ it would put all thought of a tender wish on this part out of Sue's mind, & make her intercourse with him free & fearless. ~~But~~ It was with some heartache that he saw how little he cared for the freedom & fearlessness that would result to her from such knowledge.

[white line]

Some little time before this the date of this ~~afternoon~~ service in Christminster Cathedral the young woman Sue Bridehead, pretty, liquid-eyed, light-footed ~~as she was~~ - had an afternoon's holiday, & leaving the ecclesiastical establishment in which she not only assisted but lodged, took a walk with a book in her hand into the country. It was one of those cloudless days which sometimes occur in Wessex & elsewhere between days of cold & wet, as if intercalated by caprice. She went along for a mile or two until she came to much higher ground than that of the city she had left behind her.

The road passed between green fields, & coming to a stile Sue paused there to finish the page she was reading, and then looked back at the towers & domes & pinnacles ~~of the city~~ ~~stood~~ new & old.

On the other side of the stile, in the footpath, she beheld a ~~man~~ foreigner with black hair & a sallow face, sitting on the grass beside a large square board on which were fixed, as closely as they could stand, a number of plaster statuettes, some of them bronzed, which he was rearranging before proceeding on his way. They were in the main reduced copies of ancient marbles, & comprised ~~a set~~ divinities of a very different character from those the girl was accustomed to see portrayed, among them being a Venus of standard pattern, a Diana, & of the other sex, Apollo Bacchus & Mars. Though the figures were many yards away from her, the south-west sun brought them out so brilliantly against the green herbage that she could discern their contours with marvellous luminous distinctness; & being almost in a line between herself & the church towers of the city they made in her an oddly foreign & entertaining set of objects by comparison. The man rose, & seeing her politely took off his cap, & cried "I-i-i-mages!" in an accent that ~~failed from abroad~~ agreed with his appearance. In a moment he dexterously lifted upon his knee the great board with its assembled notabilities ~~from Cloudland, & there~~ divine & human, and raised it to the top of his head, bringing them on when & resting the board on the stile. First he offered her his smaller wares — busts of kings & queens, then a minstrel, then a winged Cupid. She shook her head.

"How much are these two?" she said touching with her finger the Venus & the Apollo — the largest on the tray.

He said she should have them for ten shillings.

"I cannot afford that," said Sue. She offered considerably less, & to

to inspire the image-man drew them from their wire stay & handed them over the stile. She clasped them as treasures.

When they were paid for, & the man had gone, she began to be concerned as to what she should do with them. They seemed so very large now that they were in her own possession, & so very naked. Being of a nervous temperament she trembled at what she had done. When she handled them the white pipe-clay came off on her gloves. After carrying them along a little way quickly an idea came to her, & pulling some large burdock (parsley & other growth) leaves from the hedge, she wrapped up the burden as well as she could in these, so that when she carried appeared like an enormous armful of green stuff, gathered by a zealous lover of nature. Occasionally

"Well, anything is better than those everlasting church fal-lals!" she said. But she was still in a trembling state, (seemed almost to wish she had not bought them.

Occasionally peeping inside (Pagan) the leaves to see that Venus's arm was not broken she entered with her load into the most Christian city in the country, by an obscure street running parallel to the main one, & round a corner to the side door of the establishment to which she was attached. Her purchases were taken straight up to her own chamber, & she at once attempted to lock them in a box that was her very own property; but finding them too cumbersome she wrapped them up in a large sheet of brown paper. Miss Fontover, was an elderly lady in spectacles, a dab at Ritual

the mistress of the school house, came to call her to tea, & finding that the girl did not appear for a moment, entered the room just as she was hastily putting a piece of string round the parcel. Miss Fontover was the daughter of a clergyman in reduced circumstances, & at his death, which had occurred several years before this date, she boldly avoided penury by taking over a little shop of church requisites

& developing it with its present creditable proportions. She wore a cross & beads ~~[illegible]~~ round her neck as her only ornament, & knew the Christian year ~~[illegible]~~ by heart. ✕ (see back)

"~~What~~ Something you have ~~[illegible]~~ been buying, Susan?" she asked, regarding the ~~parcel~~ enwrapped objects.

"Yes – just something to ornament my room", said Sue.

"Well, I should have thought you had put enough there already", said Miss Fontover, looking round at the Gothic-framed prints of saints, scrolls, & Mediæval artelles which, having become too stale themselves, had been used to furnish this obscure chamber. "What is it?" How bulky! She tore a little hole, about as big as a wafer, in the brown paper, & tried to peep in.

"Why – stationery? Two figures. ~~[illegible]~~? Where did you get them?"

"O – I bought them of a travelling man who sells casts –"

"Two saints?"

"Yes. St. Peter & St. Mary Magdalen

"Well – now come down to tea, & go & finish that organ-text" if there is light enough afterwards."

These little obstacles to the indulgence of what had been the merest passing fancy, created in Sue a great zest for unpacking her parcel, and at bedtime, when she was conscious of being undisturbed, she unrobed the divinities in comfort. Placing the pair of figures on the chest of drawers, a candle on each side, she withdrew to the bed, flung herself down thereon, & began reading a book she had taken from her box, which Miss Fontover knew nothing of. It was a volume of Gibbon, & she read the chapter dealing with the reign of Julian the Apostate. Occasionally she looked up at the statuettes, which appeared strange & out of place amid the other objects & pictures in the room; & as if the scene suggested the action, she at length jumped up & withdrew another book from her box – a rather volume of verse & turned to the familiar opening.

"Thou has conquered, O pale Galilean: the world has grown grey from thy breath!"

⁂ She now came to call Sue to tea, & finding that the girl did not respond for a moment, entered the room just as the other was hastily putting a piece of string round the parcel -

Presently
~~At last~~ she put out the candles, undressed, & finally extinguished her own light.

She was of an age which usually sleeps soundly, yet to-night she kept waking up; & every time she opened her eyes there was enough diffused light from the window to show her the white plaster figures, standing on the chest of drawers in odd contrast to their environment of text, & martyr, & the Gothic-framed picture of ~~a figure~~ what was only discernible now as a Latin Cross. On one of these occasions the church clocks struck some small hour. It was heard by another person who sat bending over his books at a not-very distant spot in the same city. ~~It~~ Being Saturday night the morrow was one on which Jude had not to set his alarm-clock to call him at his usually early time, & hence he had stayed ~~out~~ up, as was his custom, two or three hours later than he could afford to do on any other day of the week. Just then he was earnestly reading from his Griesbach's text: the policeman & belated citizens passing along the ~~bottle street~~ under his window, have heard, if they had stood still, strange syllables. ~~Sounds like these~~, mumbled with fervour within ~~a~~ words that had for ~~him~~ Jude an indescribable enchantment: odd sounds something like these:-

"All ~~ho~~ hemin heis Theos ho Pater, ex hou ta panta, kai hemeis eis auton."

Till the sounds rolled with ~~fervent~~ reverent loudness, as a book was heard to close:-

"Kai heis Kurios Iesous Christos, di hou ta panta kai hemeis di autou!"

Chapter XV.

He was a handy man at his trade, an all-round man, as artizans in country-towns are apt to be. In London the man who carves the boss or knob of leafage ~~is~~ declines to cut the fragment of moulding which merges in that leafage, as if it were a degradation to do the second half of one whole. When there was not much Gothic moulding for Jude to run,

or not much window-tracery on the bankers, he would go out lettering monuments or tombstones, & take a pleasure in the change of handiwork.

The next time that he saw her was when he was on a ladder executing a job of this sort inside one of the churches – adding the name of a wife to that of her husband on the monument she had erected to his memory. There was a short morning service, & when the parson entered Jude came down from his ladder, & sat with the half dozen people forming the congregation, till the prayers should be ended, & he could resume his tapping. He did not observe till the service was half over that one of the women was his cousin.

Jude sat watching her beautiful hair, her pretty shoulders, & her easy, ~~almost~~ curiously nonchalant, risings, sittings, & genuflexions, & thought what a help ~~she~~ such a devout Anglican as this would have been to him in happier circumstances. It was not so much his anxiety to get on with his work that made him go up to the monument immediately the worshippers began to take their leave: it was that he dared not, in this holy spot, confront the woman who was beginning to influence him in such an indescribable manner. ~~There was~~ There were three enormous reasons why he as a Christian man must not attempt intimate acquaintance with Sue ~~with his cousin~~, Bridehead now that this ~~to be the least~~ interest in her had shown itself so unmistakably to be of a sexual kind, loomed as stubbornly as ever. But it was also obvious that man could not live by work alone; that the particular man himself, at any rate, wanted something to love. Some men would have rushed incontinently to her, snatched the pleasure of easy friendship what she could hardly refuse, & have left the rest to chance. Not so Jude – at first.

But as the days, & still more particularly the lonely evenings, dragged along, he found himself, to his moral consternation, instead of to be thinking more of her

thinking less of her, ~~thinking more of her, and with the deepest joy he~~ and experiencing a fearful bliss
~~began experienced~~ in doing what was erratic, informal, & unexpected.
Surrounded by her influences all day, walking past the spot she
frequented, he was always thinking of her, & was obliged to turn to
himself that his conscience was likely to be the loser in this
battle.

To be sure she was almost an ideality to him still. Perhaps to know
her would be to cure himself of this unexpected unauthorized passion. A voice
whispered that, though he desired to know her, he did not desire to be cured.

There was not the least doubt that from his own orthodox point of view the situation
was growing immoral. For Sue to be the loved one of a man who was licensed by the
laws of the country to love Arabella, & none other, unto his life's
end, was a pretty bad beginning, if when the man was bent on such as course
as Jude ~~decided~~ purposed. This conviction was so real with him that one
day when, as was frequent, he was at work in a neighbouring village church
alone, he felt it to be his duty to pray against his weakness. But ~~he~~
could not get on so much as he wished to be an exemplar in these things, he
It was quite impossible, he found, to ask to be delivered from temptation
when your heart's ~~longing~~ desire was to be tempted unto seventy times seven.

Thus he went on adoring her, fearing to realize that it was human perversity to
For whatever Sue's virtues, accomplishments, & charms, & ecclesiastical
sentiments saturation, it was certain that those qualities etc were not at all the
cause of his affection for her. So still he excused himself. "After all", he
said, "it is not altogether an erotolepsy that is the matter with me, as
at that first time. I can see that she is exceptionally bright; & it is
partly a wish for intellectual sympathy, & a craving for loving-kindness in my
solitude."

On an afternoon at this time a young girl entered the stonemason's yard with some hesitation, & lifting her skirts to avoid dragging them in the white dust, ~~asked~~ crossed towards the office.

"That's a nice girl", said Jack Stagg, one of the men.

"Who is she?" asked another.

"I don't know - I've seen her about here & there. Why yes, she's the daughter of that clever chap Bridehead who did all the carving at St. Luke's years ago, & went away to London afterwards. I don't know what he's doing now - not much I fancy."

Meanwhile the young woman had knocked at the office door and asked if Mr Jude Fawley was at work in the yard. It so happened that Jude had gone out somewhere or other that afternoon, which information she received with a look of disappointment, & went away immediately. When Jude returned they told him, & described her, whereupon he exclaimed, "Why - that's my cousin Sue!"

He looked along the street after her, but she was out of sight. He had no longer any thought of a conscientious avoidance of her, & resolved to call upon her that very evening. And when he reached his lodging he found a note from her - a first note - one of those documents which, simple & commonplace in themselves, are sometimes seen retrospectively to have been pregnant with impassioned consequences. The very unconsciousness of a looming drama which is shown in such innocent first epistles from women to men, or vice versâ, makes them, when such a drama follows, all the more impressive, solemn, & in cases, terrible. and they are read over by the purple light of it.

Sue's was of the most artless & natural kind. She addressed him as her dear cousin Jude; said she had only just learnt by

the merest accident that he was living in Christminster, & reproached him with not letting her know. They might have had such nice times together, she said, for she was thrown much upon herself, & had hardly any congenial friend. But now there was every probability of her soon going away, so that the chance of companionship would be lost perhaps for ever.

A cold sweat overspread Jude at the news that she was going away. That was a contingency he had never thought of, & it spurred him to write all the more quickly to her. He would meet her that very evening, he said, one hour from the time of writing, at the cross in the pavement which marked the spot of the martyrdoms.

When he had dispatched the note by a boy he regretted that in his hurry he should have suggested that she meet him out of doors, when he might have said he would call upon her. It was, however, the country custom to meet in fact lovers, & nothing else had occurred to him. Arabella had been met in the same way, unfortunately, Thus, it might seem like a foregone. However it could not be helped, & he moved towards the point a few minutes before the hour, under the glimmer of the newly lighted lamps.

The broad street was silent, & almost deserted, although it was not late. He saw a figure on the other side, which turned out to be hers, & they both converged towards the cross-mark at the same moment. Before either had reached it, however, she called out to him:

"I am not going to meet you just there, for the first time in my life!" she said quickly. "Come further on."

The voice, though so positive, was sweet & silvery, had been tremulous.

They walked in parallel lines, & waiting her pleasure, Jude watched till she showed signs of closing in, when he did likewise, the place being where the carmen's carts stood in the daytime, though there was not none on the spot then. She came up as a lover, she as a friend.

& didn't call,

"I am sorry that I asked you to meet me," began Jude with the bashfulness of a lover. "But I thought it would save time if we were going to walk."

"O – I don't mind that," she said with the freedom of a friend. "I have really no place to ask anybody in to. What I meant was that the place you chose was so horrid – I suppose I ought not to say horrid, – I mean ~~sad~~ gloomy & inauspicious... But is it not funny to begin like this, when I don't know you yet?" She looked him up & down curiously, ~~Jude~~ Jude did not look much at her.

"You seem to know me more than I know you," she added.

"Yes – I have seen you now & then."

"And you knew who I was, & didn't speak? And now I am going away."

"Yes. That's unfortunate. I have hardly any other friend. I have, indeed, one very old friend here somewhere, but I don't quite like to call on him just yet. I wonder if you know anything of him – Mr Phillotson? a parson somewhere here, I think he is."

"No – I only know of one Mr Phillotson – ~~a schoolmaster~~, a little way out at Lumsdon, who lives in the country, ~~near here~~ – and he's a village schoolmaster."

"Ah. I wonder if he's the same! Only a schoolmaster still! Surely it is impossible. & Do you know his Christian name – is it Richard? ~~Locke~~?"

"Yes – it is. I've directed parcels to him, though I've never seen him."

"Then he couldn't do it!" Jude's countenance fell, for how could he succeed in that enterprise wherein ~~that~~ the great Phillotson had failed ~~in~~? He would have had a day of despair if the news had not arrived during ~~concomitantly~~ with his sweetheart's presence, but ~~that~~ even at this moment he had visions of how the Phillotson's failure would depress him when she had gone.

"As we are going to take a walk, suppose we go & call upon him?" said Jude suddenly. "It is not late."

She agreed, & they went along up a hill, & through some pretty

wooded country. Presently the embattled tower & square turret of the church rose into the sky, & then the schoolhouse. They inquired of a person in the street if Mr Phillotson was likely to be at home, & were informed that he was always at home. A knock brought him to the school-house door, with a candle in his hand, & a careworn look of inquiry on his face wh. had

That effin all these years the meeting with Mr Phillotson should have of this homely complexion destroyed the halo (at one stroke) which had surrounded the schoolmaster's figure in Jude's imagination ever since their parting. It created in him at the same time a sympathy with Phillotson as an obviously much chastened & disappointed man. Jude told him his name, & said he had come to see him as an old friend who had been kind to him in his youthful days.

"I don't remember you in the least," said the schoolmaster thoughtfully. "You were one of my pupils as you say? Yes, no doubt; but they number so many thousands at this time of my life, & have naturally changed so much, that I remember very few except the quite recent ones."

"It was out at Marygreen", said Jude, wishing he had not come.

"Yes. I was there a short time." And is this an old pupil too?"

"No - that is my cousin..... I wrote to you for some grammars, if you recollect, & you sent them."

"Yes - I certainly do recall that incident."

"It was very kind of you to do it. And it was you who first started me on that course. On the morning you left Marygreen, when your goods were on the waggon, you wished me good bye, & said your scheme was to & enter the church - be a University man - that a degree was the necessary hall-mark of one who wanted to do anything ~~in theology~~ as a theologian."

"I remember I thought all that privately; but I wonder I did not keep my own counsel. The idea was given up years ago."

"I have never forgotten it. It was that visit brought me within reach of the country, & out here to see you to-night."

"Come in," said Phillotson. "And your cousin, too."

They entered the parlour of the school house, Phillotson where there was a lamp ~~at Phillotson's end~~ with a paper shade, which Phillotson took off, so that they could see each other better, & the rays fell on the nervous little face affectionate dark & ~~black~~ eyes & hair of Sue, on ~~the~~ the earnest & vivacious features of her cousin, & on the schoolmaster's own mature face & frame, showing him to be a spare & ~~strong~~ but well preserved man of five & forty, with a thin-lipped, somewhat refined ~~large & expressive~~ mouth, a slightly stooping habit, & a bleak pock coat, which ~~shone a little~~ from continued ~~incessant~~ friction shone a little at the shoulder-blades, the middle of the back, & the elbows.

The old friendship was imperceptibly renewed, the schoolmaster speaking of his experiences, & the cousins of theirs. He told them that he still thought of the Church sometimes, & that though he could not enter it as he had intended to do in former years he might ~~do so~~ enter as a licentiate. Meanwhile, he said, he was comfortable in his present position, though he was in want of a pupil-teacher. ~~for the girls~~

They did not stay to supper, Sue having to be indoors before it grew late, & the road was retraced to Christminster. Though they had talked of nothing more than general subjects Jude was surprised to find what a revelation of woman his cousin was to him. She was so vibrant ~~sentient~~ that everything she did seemed to have its source in feeling. An exciting ~~A particular~~ thought would make her walk ahead so fast that he could hardly keep up with her; & her sensitiveness was on some points was such that it might have been misread as vanity. He perceived that, while her sentiments towards him were those of the frankest friendliness only, she loved her more ~~He felt~~ than before becoming acquainted with her; & the gloom of the walk home lay not in the night overhead, but in the thought of her departure.

"Why must you leave Christminster?" he said respectfully when:

Fontover.

"Well - I must. Miss ~~Meredith~~, one of the partners whom I serve, is offended with me, & I with her; & it is best to go."

"How did that happen?"

"She broke some stationary of mine."

"Oh? Wilfully?"

"Yes. She found it in my room, thought it was my property, threw it on the floor & stamped on it, because it was not according to her taste," & (ground) the arms & the nose of one of the figures all to bits (with her heel - shorn & talked of the invocation of Saints.)

"Too Catholic-Apostolic for her, I suppose? No doubt she called them Popish images?"

"No. No, she did not do that. She is rather that way herself. It was for some other reason (that she didn't like them.) So I was led to retort upon her; & the end of it was that I resolved not to stay, but to get into an occupation in which I shall be more independent."

"Why don't you try teaching again? You once did, I heard."

"I never thought of it (resuming). I was getting on as a designer."

(Do you remember his saying he wanted somebody?)

"Do let me ask Mr Phillotson for to let you try your hand in his school? If you like it, & go to a Training College, & become a first-class certificated mistress, you get twice as large a salary as any governess, & twice as much freedom (designer, or any on income)

"Well - ask him. Now I must go in. Goodbye, dear Jude! I am so glad we have met at last. We needn't quarrel because our parents did, need we?"

Jude did not like to let her see how much she had won him, & went his way to the remote street in which he had his lodging. To keep his cousin near him was now a desire which operated without regard of consequences, & the next evening he again set out for Lumsdon, fearing to trust to the persuasive effects of a note only. The schoolmaster was unprepared for such a proposal.

"What I rather wanted was a second year's transfer, as it is called,"

he said. "Of course your cousin would do personally; but she has
O- she has, has she?
had no experience. Does she really think of adopting teaching
as a profession?"

Jude said she was disposed to do so, he thought, & his ingenious argument
on as to her natural fitness for assisting Mr Phillotson, of which Jude
whatever
knew nothing, so influenced the schoolmaster that he said he would engage
her, assuring Jude as a friend that unless his cousin really meant to
follow on in the same course ~~the time would be wasted~~ & regarded this
~~early~~
step as the first stage of an apprenticeship ~~such~~ ~~fruitless~~, ~~the salary~~
which her training in a normal school ~~being~~ would be the second, her time would be wasted quite, the salary
being merely nominal ~~only~~.
stage

The day after this visit Phillotson received a letter from Jude, containing
~~Jude followed up his idea by writing to~~
the information that he had again consulted his cousin, who
~~Phillotson, informing him that her cousin~~ took more & more warmly to
the idea of teaching; ~~& that~~ & that she had agreed to come. It did not occur for
a moment to the schoolmaster that Jude's ardour in the arrangement
& seclusion promoting
arose from ~~the~~ any other feeling ~~state of his own feelings~~ towards Sue than the instinct
of co-operation ~~between~~ common among ~~Chapter XVI~~ members of the same family.

Chapter XVI

The schoolmaster sat in his ~~little house~~ homely dwelling, attached to the school building,
both being modern erections; & he looked across the way at the old house in which his
teacher Sue had a lodging. The arrangement had been concluded very quickly,
a pupil-teacher who was to have been transferred to Mr Phillotson's school
had failed him, & Sue had been taken as a stop-gap. All such provisional
arrangements as these could only last till the next annual visit of H.M.
inspector, whose approval was necessary to make them permanent. Having
taught for some two years in London, though she had abandoned that vocation of late, Miss
Bridehead was not exactly an outsider, & Phillotson thought there would
be no difficulty in retaining her services, which he already wished to do.

though she had only been with him ~~a few days~~ three or four weeks. He had found her quite as bright as Jude had described her; & what master-tradesman does not wish to keep an apprentice who saves him half his labour?

It was a little over half past eight o'clock, & he was waiting to see her cross the road to the school, when he would follow. At twenty minutes to nine she did cross, a light hat tossed on her head, & he watched her as a curiosity. A new ~~influence~~ emanation, which ~~changed the air~~ had nothing to do with her skill as a teacher, seemed to ~~encompass~~ surround her this morning. He went to the school also, & Sue remained ~~all~~ governing her class at the other end of the room all day under his eye. She certainly was an excellent teacher.

It was part of his duty to give her ~~private~~ special lessons in the evening ~~The Act~~ & some article in the Code made it necessary that a respectable ~~matron~~ elderly woman should be present at these lessons, ~~of~~ when the teacher ~~of~~ taught more ~~of~~ different ~~sexes~~. Richard Phillotson thought ~~of~~ the absurdity of the regulation in this case, when he was old enough to be the girl's father; but ~~he~~ faithfully acted up to it; & sat down with her in a room where ~~Mrs~~ Mrs Hawes, the widow at whose house Sue lodged, occupied herself with sewing. The regulation ~~was~~ was, indeed, not easy to evade, for there was no other sitting-room in the dwelling.

Sometimes as she figured ~~at~~ it was arithmetic that they were working at – she would involuntarily glance up with a little inquiring smile at him, as if she assumed that, being the master, he must perceive all that was passing in her brain, as being right or wrong. Phillotson was not really thinking of the arithmetic at all, but of her, in a novel way which ~~at~~ somehow seemed wrong of him as preceptor.

For a few weeks their work went on with a monotony which in itself was a delight to him. Then it happened that the children were to

be taken to Christminster to see an itinerant exhibition, ~~of~~ in the shape of a model of Jerusalem, to which Schools were admitted at a penny a head in the interests of education. They marched along the road two and two, her sunshade, beside Sue with her class; & Phillotson behind, handling ~~swinging~~ his walking-stick gentelly, in the same musing mood which had come over him since her arrival. The afternoon was one of sun & dust, & when they entered the exhibition room few people were present but themselves.

The model of the ancient city stood in the middle of the apartment, & the proprietor with a fine religious philanthropy written on his features, walked round it with a pointer in his hand, showing the young people the various quarters & places known to them by name from reading their bibles; Mount Moriah, the Valley of Jehosophat, the City of Zion, the various walls & the gates, outside one of which there was a little mound like a tumulus & on the mound a little white cross. The spot, he said, was Calvary.

"I think," said Sue to the schoolmaster, as she stood with him a little in the background, "that this model, elaborate as it is, is a very imaginary production. How does anybody know that Jerusalem was like this in the Time of Christ? I am sure this man does not."

"It is made after the best conjectural maps, based on actual visits to the city as it now exists."

"I fancy we have had enough of Jerusalem", she said "considering we are not descended from the Jews. ~~Repugnantly~~. There was nothing first rate about the place, after all — as there was about Athens, Rome, Alexandria, & other old cities".

"But my dear girl, consider what it is to us!"

She was silent, for she was easily repressed, & then perceived behind the group of children clustered round the model a young man in a white flannel jacket, his form being best ~~shewing~~ so low in his intent inspection of the Valley of Jehosophat ~~to inspect the details~~ that he was almost

by the mount of olives.

kind an open view." "Look at your cousin Jude", continued the schoolmaster. "He doesn't think we have had enough of Jerusalem!"

"Oh - I didn't see him!" she cried in her quick little voice. "Jude - how seriously you are going into it!"

Jude started up from his reverie, & saw her. "O - Sue!" he said with a glad flush of embarrassment. "These are your schoolchildren I come. I saw that school were admitted in the afternoons - & thought you might come; but I got so deeply interested that I didn't remember where I was. How it carries one back, doesn't it! I could examine it for hours, but I have only a few minutes, unfortunately, for I am in the middle of a job out there."

"Your cousin is so clever that she criticises it unmercifully", said Phillotson good humouredly. "She is quite sceptical as to its correctness."

"No I am not. And I hate to be what is called a clever girl — there are too many of that sort now!" answered Sue a little, with a bristling up of the crest, & her voice became at the same time gentle & tender. "I only meant - I don't know what I meant - except that it was what you didn't understand ardently

"I know your meaning", said Jude (although he did not). "And I think you are quite right!"

"That's a good Jude - I know you believe in me!" She impulsively seized his hand, & turned her eyes reproachfully on the schoolmaster, her voice revealing a tremor which she keenly felt to be absurdly uncalled for by sarcasm so gentle as his. She had not the least conception how the hearts of both men went out to her at this momentary revelation of feeling, & what a complication she was building up thereby in the future of both.

The model was too much of an educational aspect for the children not to tire of it soon, & a little later in the afternoon they were all marched back to Lumsdon, Jude returning to his work.

towards the country
He watched the little flock file down the street, beside Phillotson & Sue, & a sad, dissatisfied sense of being out of the scheme of them lines had possession of him. Phillotson had invited him to walk out & see them on Friday evening, when there would be no lessons to give, & Jude had eagerly promised to avail himself of the opportunity.

Meanwhile the scholars & teachers moved homewards, & the next day on looking on the blackboard in Sue's class Phillotson was surprised to find upon it, skilfully drawn in chalk, a perspective view of Jerusalem, with every building shown in its place, ~~skilfully drawn in chalk~~.

"I thought you took no interest in the model, & hardly looked at it?" he said.

"I hardly did," said she. "But I remembered that much of it."

"It is more than I had remembered myself."

"I can't get on much to-day," she said. "I wish you had not told me about the inspector's visits – and that one is imminent. I feel so afraid of this inspector coming in suddenly, & saying 'O, you are no good!' that it quite paralyses me."

"He won't say that! You are the best teacher ever I had."

The school-inspector was, in fact, at that very time paying "surprise visits" in his neighbourhood: & two days later, in the middle of the morning lessons, the latch of the school door was softly lifted, & in walked my gentleman, the king of terrors, to pupil-teachers.

To Phillotson the surprise was not great; like the lady in the story, he had been served that trick too many times. But Sue's class was at the further end of the room, & her back was towards the entrance: the inspector therefore came & stood behind her & watched her teaching some half minutes before she became aware of his presence. She turned, & the effect upon her timidity of finding the terrible man close to her was such that she gave a little cry of fright. Phillotson with a strange instinct of solicitude

quite beyond his control was at her side just in time to prevent her falling from faintness. She soon recovered herself, & laughed; but when the inspector was gone there was a reaction, & she was so white that Phillotson took her into his room, & gave her some brandy. She found him holding her hand, & looking so gently at her that she was moved. When she was better she went home.

Jude in the meantime had been waiting impatiently for Friday. On both Wednesday & Thursday he had been so much under the influence of his desire to see her that he walked some distance after dark along the road in the direction of Marygreen, & on returning to his room to read found himself quite unable to concentrate his mind on the page. On Friday, as soon as he had got himself up as he thought Sue would like to see him, & to make a hearty tea, he set out, notwithstanding that the evening was wet. The trees overhead deepened the gloom of the hour, & they dripped sadly upon him, impressing him with forebodings - illogical forebodings, for though he knew that he loved her he also knew that she cared not for more to her than he was.

On turning the corner & entering the village the first sight that greeted his eyes was that of two figures under one umbrella coming out of the vicarage gate. He was too far back for them to notice him, but he knew in a moment that they were Sue & Phillotson. The latter was holding the umbrella over her head, & they had evidently been paying a visit to Marygreen - on some business probably connected with the school work. And as they walked along the deserted lane Jude saw Phillotson place his arm round the girl's waist; whereupon she gently removed it; but he replaced it, & she let it remain, looking quickly round her with an air of misgiving. She did not look absolutely

behind her, & therefore did not see Jude, who sank into the hedge like one struck with a blight. There he remained hidden till they had reached Sue's cottage, & she had pened in, Phillotson going on to the schoolhouse hard by.

"O, he's too old for her - too old!" cried Jude in all the terrible heart sickness of ~~hopeless~~ handicapped love.

~~But~~ How could he interfere? Was he not Arabella's? He was unable to go on further, & retraced his steps towards Christminster. Every tread of his feet seemed to say to him that he must on no account stand in the schoolmaster's way with Sue. He was more than twenty years her senior, but many a happy marriage had been made in such conditions of age. The ~~acutest~~ satirical prick in his sorrow came from the thought that the intimacy between his cousin & the schoolmaster had been brought about entirely by himself

Chapter XVII.

Jude's ~~poor~~ old & embittered aunt lay unwell at ~~Stoneby~~ Marygreen, & on the following Sunday he went to see her – a visit which was the result of a victorious struggle against his inclination to ~~remain in Christminster & get~~ turn aside to the village of Lumsdon & obtain ~~pay~~ a miserable interview with his cousin, in which the word nearest his heart could not be spoken, & the sight which had tortured him could not be revealed.

His aunt was now unable to leave her bed, & a great part of Jude's short day was occupied in making arrangements for her comfort. The little bakery business had been sold to a neighbour, & with the proceeds of this & her savings she was ~~provided for~~ comfortably supplied with necessities, & more; a widow of the same village living with her & ministering to her wants. It was not till the time had nearly come for him to leave that he obtained a quiet talk with her, & his words tended insensibly towards his cousin.

"Was Sue born here?" he asked

"She was – in this room. They were living here at that time. Whatmade 'ee ask that?"

"O – I wanted to know."

"Now you've been seeing her!" said the harsh old woman. "And what did I tell 'ee?"

"Well – that I was not to see her."

"Have you gossiped with her?"

"Yes."

"Then don't keep it up. She was brought up by her father to hate her mother's family; & she'll look with no favour upon

a working chap like you – a townish girl as she's become by now. I never cared much about her. A pert little thing, that's what she was too often, with her tight strained nerves. Many's the time I've smacked her for her impert'ence. Why one day when she was walking into the pond with her shoes & stockings off & her petticoats pulled above her knees, afore I could cry out for shame she said, 'Move on, aunty. This is no sight for modest eyes!'"

"She wes a little child then."

"She was twelve if a day."

"Well – of course. But now she's older she's of a thoughtful, quivering, tender nature, & as sensitive as –"

"Jude!" cried his aunt springing up in bed. "Don't you be a fool about her!"

"No, no. Of course not."

"You marrying that woman Arabella was about as bad a thing as a man could possibly do for himself by trying hard. But she's gone to the other side of the world, & need never trouble you again. ~~But~~ And there'll be a worse thing if you, tied & bound as you be, should have a fancy for Sue. If your cousin is civil to you take her civility for what it is worth. But anything more than a relation's good wishes it is stark madness for ye to give her. If she's townish & ~~past~~ wanton it may bring'ee to ruin."

"Don't say anything against her, aunt! Don't, please!"

A relief was afforded him by the entry of the ~~widow~~ companion & nurse of his aunt, who must have been listening to the conversation, for she began a commentary on past years, introducing Sue Bridehead as a character in her recollections. She ~~remarked what a bright child she~~ had been when a pupil at the She described what an odd little maid Sue

~~of looking how they often felt misunderstood.~~

~~"As he says he'll provide for her, & has no chick or child of his own by the account, I don't see why he should'nt do all he says. She's a nice little maid. He ought to do kindly by her".~~

~~He went on to recall the little maid more particularly. Her bright child she had been when~~ a pupil at the village school across the green opposite, before her father went to London: how, when he had arranged readings & recitations, she appeared on the platform, the smallest of them all, "in her little white frock, & shoes, & pink sash": how she recited "Excelsior": "There was a sound of revelry by night," and Poe's "Raven". How during her delivery she would knit her little brows, & glare round tragically, & say to the empty air as if some real creature stood there, "Ghastly, grim, & ancient Raven

Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the night's Plutonian shore!"

"She'd bring up the nasty carrion bird that clear," corroborate~~d~~ the sick woman reluctantly; "as she stood there in her little sash & things, that you could see un a'most before your very eyes. [You too, Jude, had the same trick as a child of seeming to see things in the air."

The others told also of Sue's accomplishments in other kinds.

"She was not exactly a tomboy, you know; but she could do things that only boys do as a rule. I've seen her hit in & steer down the long slide on yonder pond with her little curls blowing – one of a file of twenty moving along against the sky like shapes painted on glass, & up the back slide without stopping. All these boys except herself; & then they'd cheer her, & then she'd (suddenly run indoors. (say 'Don't be saucy, boys', &) they'd try to coax her out again. But 'a would'nt come."

~~Another showed that she inspired the learned Provost at Christ~~
~~minster must have a little clay – Sue's brightness, & that their~~

115–117 missing 118

vouchsafed no answer, & the young man was thus thrown back entirely on himself as formerly, with the added gloom of a weakened hope. By indirect inquiries He soon perceived clearly what he had long uneasily suspected, that to qualify himself for certain open scholarships & exhibitions was the only brilliant course. But to do this a good deal of coaching would be necessary, & much natural ability. It was next to impossible that a man reading on his own system, however widely & thoroughly, even over the prolonged period of ten years, should be able to compete with those who had passed their lives under trained teachers, & had worked to ordained lines.

The other course, that of buying himself in, so to speak, seemed the only one really open to men like him, the difficulty being simply of a material kind. With the help of this information he began to reckon the extent of this material obstacle; & ascertained, to his disgust, that at the rate at which with the best of fortune he would be able to save money, fifteen years must elapse before he could be in a position to forward testimonials to the Head of a College, & advance to a matriculation examination. The undertaking was hopeless.

He saw what a curious & cunning glamour the neighbourhood of the place had exercised over him. To get there & live there, as the spot shaped its charms for him & from within its halo on the horizon, to move among the churches & halls, & become imbued with the genius loci, had seemed to his dreaming youth the obvious & ideal thing to do. "Let me only get there", he had said, with the fatuousness of Crusoe over his big boat, "& the rest is but a matter of time & energy". It would have been far better for him in every way if he had never come within sight & sound of the delusive precincts, had gone to some busy commercial town with the sole object of making money by his wits, & thence surveyed his plan in true perspective.

Well, all that was clear to him amounted to this, that the whole scheme had burst up, like an iridescent soap-bubble, under the touch of a reasoned inquiry. He looked back at himself along the vista of his past years, & his thought was akin to Heine's:—

"Above the youth's inspired flashing eyes
I see the motley mocking fool's cap rise."

Fortunately he had not been allowed to bring disappointment into his dear Sue's life by involving her in this ~~disaster~~ collapse. And the painful details of his awakening to a sense of his limitations should now be spared her as far as possible. After all she had only known a little part of the miserable struggle in which he had been engaged & thus unequipped, poor, & unforeseeing.

He always remembered the appearance of the afternoon on which he awoke from this dream. Not quite knowing what to do with himself he went up to an octagonal chamber in the lantern of a singularly built theatre set amidst this quaint & singular city. It had windows all round, from which an outlook over the whole town & its edifices could be gained. Jude's eyes swept all the views in succession, meditatively, mournfully, yet sturdily. Those buildings & their associations & their privileges were not for him. From the roof of the great library, into which he hardly ever had time to enter, his gaze travelled on to the varied spires, halls, gables, streets, chapels, gardens, quadrangles, which composed the ensemble of this unrivalled panorama; ~~& over them far away into the country, to the trees which sentenced for whose presence had been the support of his head, & whose loss was now a maddening torture~~. He saw that his destiny lay not with these, but among the manual toilers in the shabby purlieu which he himself occupied, unrecognized as part of the city at all by its visitors & panegyrists; yet without which whose denizens no hard readers could

not read, nor the high thinkers live.

He looked over the town into the country beyond, to the trees which screened her whose presence had at first been the support of his heart, & whose loss was now a maddening torture. But for this blow he might have borne with his fate. With Sue as companion he could have renounced his ambitions with a smile. Without her it was inevitable that the reaction from the long strain to which he had been subjected, himself, should affect him disastrously. Phillotson had, no doubt, passed through a precisely similar intellectual disappointment darkness to that which now enveloped him. But the schoolmaster had been able to crawl since blest with the consolation of sweet Sue; while for him there was no consoler.

Returning to his lodging he sat down Descending to the streets he went listlessly along, till he arrived at came to an inn, & entered it. Here he drank several glasses of beer in rapid succession, & when he came out it was night. By the light of the flickering lamps he rambled round to the gate of the College whose Head he had addressed by letter home to supper, & had not long been sitting at table down when his landlady brought up a letter that had just arrived for him. She laid it down as if impressed with a sense of its possible importance, & on looking at it Jude perceived that it bore the embossed stamp of the College whose head he had addressed. "At last!" cried Jude.

The communication was a brief one; & not exactly what he had expected; though it really was from the Provost in person; & ran thus:

Dear Sir: I have read your letter with interest; and judging from your description of yourself as a working man I venture to think that you will have a much better chance of success in life by sticking remaining in your own sphere than by adopting any other course. That, therefore is what I advise you to do.

Yours faithfully
T. Tetuphenay.
[redacted].
[redacted].

To Mr J. Fawley.

This terribly sensible advice exasperated Jude. He had known all that before. Its effect upon him just now was to make him to rise recklessly from the table & instead of reading examinal, to go downstairs & into the street. He stood at a bar & tossed off two or three glasses, then unconsciously he sauntered along till he came to the Fourways in the middle of the town, where he stood gazing abstractedly at the groups of people like one in a trance; till coming to himself he began talking to the policeman fixed there. ~~The officer looked humorously at him & said "you've had a wet, young man."~~

That officer Jude yawned, stretched out his elbows, elevated himself an inch & half on the balls of his toes, smiled, & looking humorously at Jude said, "You've had a wet, young man." "No: I've only begun", he replied. ~~Desperation.~~ Whatever his wetness his brains were dry enough. He only in part heard the policeman's further remarks, having fallen into thought, & on strange & diverse stood at the Crossway, whom nobody even thought of now. It had more ~~memories~~ history than the oldest college in the city. It was literally stratified, inspissated, ~~with the past~~ with the ~~phantoms~~ shades of human groups, some of them drunk or half-drunk as he was at present, who had met there for tragedy, comedy, farce, real enactments of intensest kind. At Fourways man had stood & talked of the fall of Napoleon, the loss of America, the execution of King Charles, the burning of the Martyrs, the Crusades, the Norman Conquest, possibly of the arrival of Caesar. Here the two sexes had met for had been loving & hating & worshipped, grown rich, grown poor, grown old, had waited, had suffered for each other; had triumphed over each other, cursed each other in jealousy, blessed each other in forgiveness.

He began to see that the town life was a book of humanity infinitely more palpitating, varied, & compendious, than the gown life. These men & women ~~who were the reality of Christminster~~ were the reality of Christminster, though they knew little of Christ or Minster. That was one of the humours of things. The floating population of students & teachers, who did know both in many cases, were not Christminster in a local sense at all.

He looked at his watch, & went on in pursuit of this idea till he came to a public hall, where a promenade concert was in progress. He entered, & found the room full of shop youths & girls, soldiers, apprentices, boys of eleven smoking cigarettes, & light-women of the more respectable & amateur class. He had tapped the real Christmastide life. A band was playing, & the crowd walked about & jostled each other; & every now & then a man got upon a platform & sang a comic song.

The spirit of Sue seemed to hover round him & prevent his talking to the frolicsome women who made advances — no doubt innocent enough, many of them, & only wistful to gain a little joy. At ten o' clock he came away, choosing a circuitous route homeward to pass the gates of the College where Head had just sent him the note.

By an impulse The gates were shut, & by an impulse he took from his pocket the lump of chalk which as a workman he usually carried there, & wrote along the wall:

"I have understanding as well as you. I am not inferior unto you: yea, who knoweth not such things as these?" Job 12. 3.

Chapter XVIII

The harmless stroke of scorn had relaxed his mind, & the next morning he laughed at his self conceit. But the laugh was not a healthy one. He re-read the letter from the Provost; & the wisdom in its lines which had at first exasperated him, chilled & depressed him. now He saw himself as a fool indeed.

Deprived of the objects of both intellect & emotion he could not proceed to his work. Whenever he felt reconciled to his fate as a student there came to disturb his calm his hopeless relations with Sue. Her bright eyes & tender voice returned upon him with cruel per-

sistency, till unable to bear it longer he sought oblivion in an obscure & low- ceiled tavern up a court, which in brighter times would have interested him simply by its quaintness, & was well-known to certain worthies of the place. Here he sat more or less all the day, convinced that he was a vicious character at bottom & whom it was hopeless to affect anything.

In the evening the frequenters of the house dropped in one by one, Jude still retaining his seat in the corner. Though his money was all spent, he had not eaten anything the whole day except a biscuit. He surveyed his gathering companions with all the equanimity of philosophy of a man who has been drinking long & slowly, & made friends with several: to wit, Tinker Taylor, an elderly seedsman who appeared to have been of a religious turn in earlier years, but was somewhat blasphemous now; also a red-nosed auctioneer, also two men of his own trade called Uncle Jim & Uncle Joe. There were present, two, some clerks & shop assistants, two ladies who sported moral characters of various depths of shade according to their company, nicknamed "Bower of Bliss" & "Freckles"; some horsey men in the know" of betting circles, a libelling actor from the theatre, & two devil-may-care young men who proved to be gownless undergraduates; they had slipped in by stealth to meet a man about a bull-pup, & stayed to drink & smoke short pipes with the racing gents aforesaid, looking at their watches every now & then.

The conversation waxed general. Christminster society was criticized, the Dons, magistrates, & other people in authority being pitied for their shortcomings; & opinions on how they ought to conduct themselves & their affairs, were exchanged in a large-minded & disinterested manner. To be properly respected

Jude Fawley, with the self-conceit, effrontery, & aplomb of a strong-brained fellow in liquor, threw in his remarks somewhat peremptorily; & his

aims having been what they were, for so many years everything the others turned upon his tongue. Said ~~turned at once to the subject of~~ by a sort of mechanical craze, to the subject of scholarship & study; the extent of his own learning being dwelt upon with an insistence that would have appeared pitiable in himself in his sane hours.

"I don't care a damn," he was saying, "for any Provost, Warden, Principal, Fellow, or blasted master of arts in the University! What I know is that I'd lick 'em on their own ground if they'd give me a chance, & show 'em a few things they are not up to you."

"Hear, hear!" said the undergraduate privately from the corner where they were talking about the pups.

"You always was fond o' books, I've heard, & I don't doubt what you state." said Tinker Taylor. Now with me 'twas different. I always saw there was more to learn outside a book than in; & I took my steps accordingly; or I shouldn't have been the man I am."

"If you are such a scholar," said Uncle Joe to Jude, "why not give us a specimen of your scholarship? Canst say the Creed, Prayer in Latin, man? That was how they once put it to a man down in my country."

"I should think so!" said Jude, haughtily.

"Not he. Like his conceit!" screamed one of the ladies.

"Just you shut up, Bower o' Bliss!" said one of the undergraduates. "Silence!" He drank off the spirits in his tumbler, rapped with it on the counter, & assumed the gait. learnèd man in the corner is going to rehearse the Articles of the Creed, in the Latin tongue, for the edification of the company."

"I won't!" said Jude.

"You can't."

"I'll swear I can! Well; come now: stand me three of Scotch cold, & I'll do it straight off."

"That's a fair offer," said the undergraduate, throwing down the money.

The barmaid concocted the mixture with the bearing of a person compelled to live amongst animals of an inferior species, ^ the glass was handed across to Jude, who, having drunk the contents, stood up and began rhetorically, without hesitation:

"Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem factorem cœli et terræ, visibilium omnium et invisibilium." ⁂ (see back)

A silence ~~came over~~ reigned ~~the room~~ among the rest in the bar, & the maid stood still, Judes ~~loud~~ voice echoing sonorously into the ~~back~~ inner parlour, where the landlord was dozing & bringing him out to see what was going on. Jude continued: ¶ "Crucifixus etiam pro nobis: sub Pontio Pilato passus, et sepultus est. ~~conclo~~ Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas." ⁂ (see back)

¶ But Judes mind seemed to grow confused, now, & he could not get on. He put his hand to his forehead, & his face assumed an expression of pain.

"Give him another glass – then he'll fetch up & get through it," said Tinker Taylor.

Somebody threw down threepence, the glass was handed, Jude clutched out his hand for it without looking, & having swallowed the liquor went on in a moment in a revised voice, continuing to the end with the manner of a priest leading a congregation:

"Et unam sanctam, Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptisma in remissionem peccatorum. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum. Et vitam venturi sæculi." ⁂ Amen."

"Well done!" said several, ~~who~~ enjoying the last word, as being the first & only one they had recognized.

Then Jude seemed to shake himself, & he stared round upon them.

"How you pack of fools!" he cried. "Which one of you knows whether I have said it or no? It might have been the Ratcatcher's Daughter in double-dutch for all that your besotted heads can tell! See what I have brought myself to – to crew I have come among!"

¶ "Good! Excellent Latin!" cried one of the undergraduates; who, however, had not the slightest ~~knowledge~~ conception of a single word.

"That's the Nicene", ~~said~~ sneered the second undergraduate. "And we wanted the Apostles'."

"You didn't say so! And every fool knows that the Nicene is the only historic creed!"

"Let us go on, let us go on!" said the auctioneer.

The landlord, who had already had his licence endorsed for harbouring queer characters, feared a riot, & came outside the counter; but Jude, in his sudden flash of reason, had turned in disgust, & left the scene, the door slamming with a dull thud behind him.

He hastened down the lane & round into the straight broad street, which he followed till it merged in the highway, & all sound of his late companions had been left behind. Onward he still went, under the influence of a desire childlike yearning for the one being in the world to whom it seemed possible to fly – an unreasoning desire whose fatuousness was not apparent to him now. In the course of an hour, when it was between ten & eleven o'clock, he entered the village of Lumsdon, & reaching her cottage saw that a light was burning in an upstairs room a downstairs which he assumed, rightly as it happened, to be hers.

Jude stepped close to the wall, & tapped with his finger on the pane, saying impatiently, "Sue, Sue!"

She must have recognized his voice, for the light disappeared from the apartment, & in a second or two the door was unlocked & opened, & Sue appeared with a candle in her hand.

"Is it Jude? Yes, it is! My dear dear cousin, what's the matter?"

"O, I am – I could not help coming, Sue!" said he, sinking down upon the doorstep. "I am so wicked, Sue – my heart is nearly broken, & I could not bear my life as it was! So I have been drinking, & blaspheming, or next door to it, & saying holy things in disreputable quarters – repeating in idle bravado words which ought never to be uttered but reverently. O do anything with me, Sue – kill me – I don't care! Only don't hate me & despise me like all the rest of the world!"

"You are ill, poor dear! No, I won't despise you; of course

I wrist! Come in, & rest, & let me see what I can do for you. Now lean on me, & don't mind." With one hand holding the candle & the other supporting him, she led him indoors, & placed him in the only easy chair the meagrely furnished house afforded, stretching his feet upon another, & pulling off his boots. ~~Little~~ Jude, now in his sober senses, only could say, ~~was~~ "Dear, dear Sue!" in a voice broken by grief & contrition.

She asked him if wanted anything to eat, but he shook his head. Then telling him to go to sleep, & that she would come down early in the morning, & get him some breakfast, she bade him good night & ascended the stairs.

Almost immediately he fell into a heavy slumber, & did not wake till dawn, in all the ghastliness of a night mind. At first he did not know where he was, but by degrees ~~the~~ his situation cleared to him, & he beheld it. Sue knew the worst of him - the very worst. How could he face her now? She would soon be coming down to see about breakfast as she had said, & there would he be in all his shame, confronting her. He could not bear the thought, & softly drawing on his boots & taking his hat from the nail on which she had hung it he slipped noiselessly out of the house.

His fixed idea now was to get away to some obscure spot, & perhaps pray; & the only spot which occurred to him was Marygreen. He called at his lodging ~~at~~ in Christminster, where he found awaiting him a note of ~~dismissal~~ dismissal from his employer; & having packed up, he turned his back upon the city that had been such a thorn in his side. ~~Towards dusk that day he ascended the hills which led from the lowlands about Alfredston to the downs beyond, passed the milestone carved with his hopes.~~ He had ~~only a few pence~~ no money left in his pocket, his savings, deposited at one of the banks in Christminster, having

fortunately been left untouched. To get to Many Green, therefore, his only course was walking; & the distance being more than twenty miles he had ample time to ~~get sober~~ complete ~~sobering~~ ~~obtained~~ in the way the sobering process began in him.

At some hour of the evening he reached Alfredston. Here he pawned his waistcoat to get something to eat, & having gone out of the town a mile or two slept under a rick that night. At dawn he rose, shook off the hay seeds & stems from his clothes, & started again, bearing the long white road up the hill to the downs, which had been visible to him a long way off, & passing the mile-stone at the top, whereon he had carved his hopes years ago.

He reached the ancient hamlet while the people were at breakfast. Weary & mud-bespattered, but quite possessed of his ordinary clearness of brain, he sat down by the well, thinking as he did so what a poor Christ he had made. Seeing a trough of water near he bathed his face, & went on to the cottage of his great aunt, whom he found breakfasting in bed, attended by the woman who lived with her.

"What – out o' work?" asked his relative, regarding him ~~appearance~~ thus; ~~his~~ eyes sunken ~~eyes with their~~ deep under lids heavy as pot-covers, ~~his~~ no other cause for his tumbled appearance suggesting itself to one whose whole life had been a struggle with material things.

"Yes," said Jude, heavily. "I think I must have a little rest."

Refreshed by some breakfast he went up to his old room & lay down in his shirt-sleeves after the manner of the artizan. He fell asleep for a short while, & when he awoke it was as if he had awakened in hell. It was hell – "the hell of conscious failure" both in ambition & in love. He thought of that previous depth into which he had fallen before leaving this part of the country: the deepest deep he had supposed it then; but it was not so deep as this. That had been the breaking in of the outer bulwarks of his

~~just~~ hope; this was of his second line.

If he had been a woman he must have screamed under the nervous tension which he was now undergoing. But that relief being denied to his virility he clenched his teeth in ~~his~~ misery, bringing lines about his mouth like ~~those~~ those in the ~~copies~~ Laocoon, & corrugations between his brows.

A mournful wind blew ~~through~~ through the trees & sounded in the chimney like the pedal notes of an organ. Each ivy-leaf overgrowing the wall of the churchless churchyard hard by, ~~pecked~~ now abandoned, pecked its neighbour ~~sharply~~ sharply & the vane on the new German-gothic church in the new spot had already begun to creak. Yet apparently it was not always the out-door wind that made the deep murmurs; it was a voice. He guessed its origin in a moment or two: the curate was praying with his aunt in the adjoining room. He remembered her speaking of him. Presently the sounds ceased, & a step seemed to cross the landing. Jude sat up & shouted "Hoi!"

The step made for his door, which was open, & a man looked in. It was a young clergyman.

"I think you are Mr Highridge," said Jude. "My aunt has mentioned you more than once. Well, here am I, just come home; a fellow gone to the bad; though I had the best intentions in the world at one time. Now I am melancholy mad, what with drinking & one thing & another."

~~By degrees~~ Slowly Jude unfolded to the curate his late plans & movements, by an unconscious bias dwelling less upon the intellectual & ambitious side of his dream, & more upon the theological, though this had, up till now, been merely a portion of the general plan of advancement.

"Now I know I have been a fool, & that folly is with me"; added

Jude in conclusion. "And I don't regret the collapse of my ministerial hopes one jot. I wouldn't begin again if I were sure to succeed. I don't care for social success any more at all. But I do feel I should like to do some good thing: & I bitterly regret the church, & the loss of my chance of being her ordained minister."

The curate ~~had been~~ who was a new man to this neighbourhood, had grown deeply interested, & at last he said: "If you feel a real call to the ministry, & I won't say that you do not from your conversation for it is that of a thoughtful & educated man, you might enter the church as a licentiate. Only you must make up your mind to avoid strong drink."

"I could avoid that easily enough, if I had any kind of hope to support me!"

Chapter XIX.

It was a new idea; the ecclesiastical & altruistic life as distinct from the intellectual & self-seeking life. A man could preach & do good to his fellow creatures without taking double-firsts in the Schools of Christminster, or having anything but ordinary knowledge. The old fancy which had led on to the culminating vision of the bishoprick had not been an ethical or theological enthusiasm at all, but a mere worldly ambition masquerading in a surplice. His whole scheme had degenerated to a mundane social unrest which had no foundation in the nobler instincts; it was purely an artificial product of civilization. There were thousands of young men on the same self-seeking track at the present moment. The sensual hind who ate, drank, & lived carelessly with his wife through the days of his vanity was a more likeable being than he.

But to enter the church in such an unscholarly way that he could not in any probability rise to a higher grade through all his career than that of the humble curate wearing his life out in an obscure village or city slum; that might have a touch of goodness & greatness in it; that might be true religion; & a purgatorial

course worthy of being followed by a remorseful man.

The favourable light in which this new thought showed itself by contrast with his foregone intentions ~~cheered Jude~~ cheered Jude as he sat there, shabby & lonely; & it may be said to have given during the next few days the coup de grace to his intellectual career — a career which had ~~lasted~~ extended over the greater part of the preceding ten years. He did nothing, however, to advance his new ~~work~~ during for some long stagnant time occupying himself with little local jobs in putting up & lettering headstones about the neighbouring villages, & ~~being~~ submitting to be regarded as a social failure, a returned prisoner, by the half dozen or so ~~farmers~~ farmers & other country people who condescended to nod to him.

The human interest of the new intention — & a human interest is indispensable to the most spiritual & self-sacrificing ~~course~~ — was created by a letter from Sue, bearing a ~~post~~ new postmark. She evidently wrote with ~~some~~ anxiety, & told very little about ~~herself~~ own doings more than that she had passed some sort of examination for a Queen's Scholarship, & was about to enter a Training College at Melchester, to complete herself for the vocation she had chosen, partly by his influence. There was a Theological College at Melchester; Melchester was a quiet & soothing place, almost entirely ecclesiastical in its tone; a spot where world & learning & intellectual smartness ~~were not to be~~ had no ~~tainted by the profane~~ establishment; where the human feeling that he, perhaps did possess would be more highly estimated than a brilliancy which he did not.

As it would be necessary that he should continue for a time to work at his trade while reading up Divinity, which he had neglected at Christminster for the ordinary classical grind, what better course for him than to get employment at that city, & pursue this plan of reading? That his human interest in the place was entirely of Sue's making, while at the same time Sue was no longer to be regarded as formerly, had an ethical ~~shortcomings~~ contradictoriness about it to which he was not blind. But that much be conceded to human frailty, & hoped to learn to love her only as a friend & kinswoman.

He considered that he might so mark out his coming years as to begin his ministry at the age of thirty, an age which much attracted him as being that of his Exemplar when He first began to teach. This would allow him plenty of time for deliberate study, & for acquiring capital by his trade to help his after course of keeping the necessary terms at a theological college.

[white line]

Christmas had come & passed, & Sue had gone to the Melchester Normal School. ~~Another~~ The time was just the worst in the year for Jude to get into new employment, & he had written suggesting to her that she should postpone his arrival for a month or two, till the days had lengthened. She had acquiesced so readily that he wished he had not proposed it – she evidently did not care much about him, though she had never once reproached him for his strange conduct in coming to her that night, & his silent disappearance. Neither had she ever said a word about her relations with Mr Phillotson.

Suddenly, however, a quite passionate letter arrived from Sue. She was quite lonely & miserable, she told him. She hated the place she was in: it was worse than the ecclesiastical shop, worse than anywhere. (Could he come immediately?) She felt utterly friendless. Though when he did come she would only be able to see him at limited times, the rules of the establishment she found herself in being strict to a degree. It was Mr Phillotson who had advised her to come, & she wished she had never listened to him.

Phillotson's suit had not prospered, evidently; & Jude felt unreasonably glad. He packed up his things & went to Melchester with a lighter heart than he had known for months.

This being the turning over a new leaf he duly looked about for a temperance

hotel, & found a little establishment of that description in the street leading from the station. When he had had something to eat – he walked out into the dull winter light, & over the town bridge, & turned the corner towards the Close. The day was foggy, & standing under the walls of the most graceful architectural pile in England he paused & looked up. The lofty building was visible as far as the roof. ridge; above, the dwindling spire rose more & more remotely ~~upward~~ till its apex was quite lost in the mist drifting across it.

The lamps now began to be lighted, & turning to the west front he walked round. He took it as a good omen that numerous blocks of stone were lying about in a way which signified that the cathedral was undergoing restoration or repair to a considerable extent. It seemed to him, full of the superstitions of his ~~position~~ beliefs, that this was an exercise of forethought on the part of the ruling Power, that he might find plenty to do in the art he practised while waiting for a call to higher labours.

Then a wave of warmth came over him as he thought how near he now stood to the bright eyed effectionate girl with the broad forehead & pile of dark hair above it; the girl with the kindling glance, daringly warm at times – something like that of the girls he had seen in engravings from paintings of the Spanish school. She was here – actually in this Close – in one of the houses confronting this very west façade.

He went down the broad gravel path towards the building. It was an ancient ~~build~~ edifice of the fifteenth century, once a palace, now a training-school, with mullioned & transomed windows, & a courtyard in front, shut in from the road by a wall. Jude opened the gate, & went up to the door, through which, on inquiring ~~of~~ for his cousin, he was gingerly admitted to a waiting room, & in a few minutes she came.

Though she had been here such a short while she was not as he had

seen her last. All her ~~often~~ bounding manner was gone; her curves of motion had become right lines ~~exuberance formed away.~~ The screens & shelters of convention had likewise disappeared, & the bare woman was revealed, her face flushed with gladness. Jude was quite overcome with emotion at the sight of her.

"You don't - think me a demoralized wretch - for coming to you as I was - & going so shamefully, Sue!"

"O no no! You said enough to let me know what had caused it. I have never had the least doubt of your worthiness, dear, dear Jude! How glad I am you have come!"

She wore a murrey colored gown, with a little lace collar, & hung about her ~~person~~ slight figure with clinging gracefulness. It was made quite plain, Her hair, which formerly she had worn according to the custom of the day, was now twisted up tightly, & she had altogether the air of a woman clipped & pruned by severe discipline, an under-brightness shining through from depths which that discipline had not yet been able to reach.

She had come forward so impulsively that Jude felt sure a moment later that she had half unconsciously expected him to kiss her. He was burning to kiss her, indeed, but under other colours than those of cousinship; & a sense of the wrong doing that would lie in his taking advantage of her open feeling to indulge his stifled one, enabled him to withstand the temptation. He could ~~see that she was not~~ not perceive the least sign that Sue ~~regarded~~ or ever would do so. him as a lover, even supposing he had the right to behave as one; & this helped on his growing resolve to tell her of his matrimonial entanglement, which he had put off doing from time to time in sheer dread of losing the bliss of her company.

Sue came out into the town with him, & they walked & talked

"He has said something about it I expect".

"If he had, what would it matter? An old man like him."

"O come, Sue; he's not [illegible] so very old. And I know what I saw him doing —"

"Not kissing me - that I'm certain!"

"No. But putting his arm round your waist."

"Ah - I remember. But ~~[illegible]~~ I did not know he was going to."

"You are ~~getting~~ wriggling out of it, Sue! ~~[illegible]~~."

Her ever sensitive lip began to quiver, & her eye to blink. "I know you'll be angry if I tell you everything, & that's why I don't want to!"

"Very well then, dear", he said soothingly. "I have no real right to ask you, & I don't wish to know."

"~~But~~ I shall tell you now;" said she, with the perverseness that was part of her. "This is what I have done: I have promised - what do you think I have promised - that I will marry him when I come out of the Training School two years hence, & have got my Certificate; his plan being that we shall then take a large double school in a great town - he the boys' & I the girls' - as married school teachers often do, & make a good income between us".

"O Sue - how could you? .... But of course it is right - you could not have done better!"

He glanced at her & their eyes met. The reproach in his own belying his words. Then he put his hand quite away from hers, & turned his face severely from her to the window, Sue ~~[illegible]~~ regarding him passively.

"I knew you would be angry!" she said, with an air of no emotion whatever - "Very well - I am wrong, I suppose! I ought not to have let you come to see me. We had better not meet again; & we'll only correspond at ~~[illegible]~~ long intervals on purely business matters!"

This was just the one thing he would not be able to bear, as she perfectly knew. It brought him round at once. "O yes we will," he said quickly. "Your being engaged can make no difference to me whatever. But ——

"I have a perfect right to see you when I want to; & I shall."

"Then don't let us talk of it any more. It is quite spoiling our evening together. What does it matter about – what one is going to do two years hence!"

She was ~~somewhat~~ something of a riddle to him, & he let the subject drift away. "Shall we go & sit in the Cathedral?" he asked when their meal was finished & the bill paid.

"Cathedral? I'd rather sit in the railway station. That's the centre of the town life now: the cathedral has had its day."

"How modern you are!"

"Should you be if you had lived so much in the middle ages as I have done these last few years. The cathedral was a very good place four or five centuries ago; but it is played out now.... I am not modern, either. I am more ancient than mediaevalism, if you only knew."

Jude looked distressed. "There – I wish I hadn't said any more of that!" she cried. "Why you don't know how sad I am, from your point of view, or you wouldn't think so much of me." "Now there's just time for us to walk round the Close, & then I must go in, or I shall be locked out for the night."

He took her to the gate & they parted. Next day he set about getting employment, which was not so easy to do as at Christminster, there being less stone-cutting in progress in this quiet city, & hands being rarely permanent. But he obtained it by degrees. His first work was stone carving at the cemetery on the hill; & ultimately he became employed on the work the most dear to him – the cathedral repairs, which were very extensive, the whole interior fittings being swept away, & re-placed by new.

It might be a ~~—~~ labour of years to get it all done, & he had confidence enough in his own skill with the mallet & chisel to feel that it would be a matter of choice with himself how long he would stay.

The lodgings he took near the Close Gate would not have disgraced a curate, the rent representing a higher per-centage on his wages than mechanics of any sort usually care to pay. His combined bed & sitting room was furnished with framed photographs of the rectories & deaneries at which his landlady had lived as trusted servant in her time, & the parlour downstairs bore a clock on the mantelpiece inscribed to the effect that it was presented to the same serious minded woman by her fellow servants on the occasion of her marriage. Jude added to the furniture of his room by unpacking photographs of the ecclesiastical carvings & monuments that he had executed with his own hands; & he was deemed a satisfactory acquisition as tenant of the vacant apartment.

He found an ample supply of theological works in the city book-shops, & with these his studies were recommenced, in a different spirit, & direction from his former course. As a relaxation from the Fathers, & such stock works as Paley & Butler, he read Newman, Pusey, & many other modern lights. He hired a harmonium, set it up in his lodging, & practised chants thereon, single & double.

Chapter XX.

"To-morrow is our grand day, you know. Where shall we go?"

"I have leave from three till nine. Wherever we can get to & come back from in that time. Not ruins, Jude – I don't care for them."

"Well – Wardour Castle. And then we can do Fonthill if we like – all in the same afternoon."

"Wardour is Gothic ruins! Or I hate Gothic!"

"No. Quite Mannie. It is a Classic building – Corinthian I think; with a lot of pictures."

"Ah – that will do. I like the sound of Corinthian. We'll go."

Their conversation had run thus some few weeks later, & next morning they prepared to start. Every detail of the outing was a facet reflecting a sparkle to Jude, & he did not venture to ~~reflect~~ meditate on the life of inconsistency he was leading. His cousin's conduct was one lovely conundrum to him; he could say no more.

There duly came the charm of calling at the College door for her, her emergence, in a nun-like simplicity of costume that was rather enforced than desired; the traipsing along to the station, the porter's "t" "b'your leave!" the screaming of the trains; everything formed the basis of a beautiful crystallization. Nobody stared at Sue because she was so plainly dressed; which comforted Jude in the thought that ~~it~~ only himself knew the charms those habiliments ~~hid~~ subdued. A matter of ten pounds spent in a drapery shop, which had no connection with her real life or her real self, would have set all Melchester staring. The guard of the train thought they were lovers, & put them into a compartment all by themselves.

"That's a good intention wasted!" said she.

Jude did not respond. He thought the remark unnecessarily cruel; & partly untrue.

They reached the Park & Castle, & wandered through the picture galleries, Jude stopping by preference in front of the devotional paintings by Del Sarto, Guido Reni, Spagnoletto, Sassoferato, Carlo Dolce, & others. Sue paused patiently beside him, & stole critical looks into his face as, regarding the Virgins Holy Families, & Saints, it grew reverent & abstracted. When she had thoroughly estimated him at this she moved on & waited for him before a Lely or Reynolds. It was evident that her cousin deeply interested her as one might be interested in a man puzzling out his way along a labyrinth from which one had oneself escaped.

When they came out a long time still remained to them, & Jude proposed that as soon as they had had something to eat they should walk across the high country to the north of their present position, & intercept the line of another railway leading back to Melchester, at a station about seven miles off. Sue, who was inclined for any adventure that would intensify the sense of her day's freedom, readily agreed; & away they went, leaving the adjoining station behind them.

It was indeed open country, wide & high. They talked & bounded on, Jude cutting for Sue, as well as herself, from a little covert a long walking-stick with a great crook, which made her look like a shepherdess. About halfway on their journey they crossed a main road running due east & west — the old road from London to Land's End. They paused, looked up & down it for a moment, & remarked upon the desolation which had come over this once lively thoroughfare, while the wind dipped to earth, & scooped straws & hay-stems from the ground.

They crossed the road & passed on, but during the next half-mile Sue seemed to grow tired, & Jude began to be distressed for her. They had walked a good distance altogether, & if they could not reach the next station it would be rather awkward. For a long time there was no cottage visible on the wide expanse of down & turnip-land; but presently they came to a sheep fold, & reached the shepherd, pitching hurdles. He told them that the only house near was his mother's this, pointing to a little dip ahead from which a faint blue smoke arose, & recommended them to go on & rest there.

This they did, & entered the house, admitted by an old woman without a single tooth, to whom they were as kind as strangers can be when their only chance of rest & shelter lies in the favour of the householder.

"A nice little cottage," said Jude.

"O, I don't know about the niceness. I shall have to thatch it soon, & where the thatch is to come from I can't tell, for straw do get that dear that 'twill soon be cheaper to cover your house wi' chaney plates than thatch."

They sat resting, & the shepherd came in. "Don't'ee mind I," he said, with a deprecating wave of the hand. "Bide here as long as ye will. But mid you be thinking o' getting back to Melchester to-night by train? Because you'll never do it in this world, since you don't know the lie of the country. I don't mind going with ye some o' the ways; but even then the train mid be gone."

They started up.

"You can bide here, you know, over the night - can't 'em, mother? The place is welcome to ye. 'Tis hard lying, rather, but folk may do worse". He turned to Jude & asked "Be you a married couple?"

"Hsh - no!" said Jude.

Oh. I meaned nothing bad'dy. I axed because o' the accommodation. Well - she can go into mother's room, & you and I can lie in the outer chimmer after they've gone through. I can call ye soon enough to catch the first train back. You've lost this one now."

On consideration they decided to close with this offer; & drew up & shared with the shepherd & his mother the boiled bacon & greens for supper.

"I rather like this", said Sue, while their entertainers were clearing away the dishes. "Outside all laws except gravitation & extermination."

"You only think you like it; you don't. You are quite a product of civilization."

Indeed I am not, quite. I like reading & all that; but I crave to get back to the life of my infancy, & its freedom."

"Do you remember it so well? You seem to me to have nothing unconventional in the matter at all about you."

"O haven't I! You don't know what's inside me!"

"What."

"The Ishmaelite."

"An urban miss is what you are."

She pouted & turned away.

The shepherd aroused them the next morning as he had said. It was bright & clear, & the four miles to Melchester were accomplished pleasantly. When they had reached Melchester, & walked to the Close, the gables of the old building in which she never again to be immured rose before Sue's eyes, she looked a little scared. "I expect I shall catch it!" she murmured.

They rang the great bell, & waited.

"O - I brought something for you, which I had nearly forgotten." she said quickly, searching her pocket. "It is a new little photographs of me. Would you like it?"

"Would I!" He took it gladly, & the porter came. There seemed to be an ominous look on his face when he opened the gate. Sue passed in, looking back at Jude, & waving her hand.

Chapter XXI.

The seventy young women, of ages varying in the main from nineteen to one & twenty, though several were older, who formed the species of multitude known as, filled the Training School at Melchester, were a mixed community, which included the daughters of mechanics, curates, surgeons, shopkeepers, farmers, dairy men, soldiers, sailors, & villagers. Then sat in the large school-room of the establishment on the evening previously described, & word was passed round that Sue Bridehead had not come in at closing-time.

"She went out with her young man," said a second year's student, who knew about young men. "And Miss Traceley saw her at the station with him. She'll have it hot when she does come."

"She said he was her cousin," observed a youthful new girl.

"That excuse has been made a little too often in this school to be very effectual in saving one's soul," said the head girl of the year drily.

The fact was that only twelve months before there had been a seduct- ~~wished to~~ ~~be~~ A one of the pupils, who had made the same statement in order to gain meetings with her lover. The affair had created a scandal, & the management had consequently been rough on cousins ever since.

At nine o'clock the names were called, Sue's being pronounced three times sonorously by Miss Traceley without eliciting an answer.

At a quarter past nine the seventy stood up to sing the evening hymn, & then knelt down to prayers. After prayers they went in to supper, & every girl's thought was, Where is Sue Bridehead? Some of the students, who had seen Jude pass the window, felt that they would not mind risking her punishment for the pleasure of being kissed by such a kindly faced young man. Hardly one among them ~~the~~ believed in the cousinship.

Half an hour later they all lay in their cubicles, their tender feminine faces upturned to the flaring gas-jets which at intervals stretched down the long dormitories; every face bearing the legend The Weaker upon it. ~~They~~ formed a pretty, suggestive, pathetic sight, of whose pathos & beauty they were themselves unconscious, & would not discover till, amid the storms & strains of after years, with their injustice, loneliness, childbearing, & bereavements their minds would revert to this experience as to something which had been allowed to slip past them insufficiently regarded.

as the penalty of the sex ~~in which~~ wherein they were moulded, ~~which~~ by no possible exertion of their willing ~~souls~~ hearts & abilities could be made strong ~~pass~~ while the inexorable laws of nature remain what they are ~~Otherwise~~.

One of the mistresses came in to turn out the lights, & ~~after~~ before doing so left gave

a final glance at Sue's cot which remained empty, & at her little dressing table at the foot, which, ~~as usual~~ like all the rest, was ornamented with various girlish trifles, ~~& photo~~ framed photographs being not the least conspicuous of among these. ~~One stood exactly beside Sue's looking glass~~ Sue's table had a moderate show, two neat silver mounted brushes & comb, two men in thin filagree velvet frames standing together beside her looking glass.

"Was it either of these two who came for her?" asked the mistress.

"~~Yes. Both~~ No." ~~said a pupil~~.

"Strictly speaking,
"Who else these men - did she ever say?" asked the mistress. "Relations' cards only are allowed on these tables, you know"

"One - the middle-aged man," said a student in the next bed, "is the schoolmaster she served under - Mr Phillotson."

"And the other - this undergraduate in cap & gown - who is he?"

"He is a friend, or was. She has never told his name."

The "You are sure 'twas not the undergraduate?"

Quite. He was a young man with a black beard."

The lights were promptly extinguished, & till they fell asleep the girls indulged in conjectures about Sue, & wondered what games she had carried on at Christminster before she came here, some of the more restless ones getting out of bed & looking from the mullioned windows at the west front of the Cathedral opposite, & the spire rising behind it.

When they awoke next morning they glanced into Sue's nook, to find it still without a tenant. After the early lessons, when they had come up to dress for breakfast, the bell of the entrance gate was heard to ring loudly. The mistress of the dormitory went away, & presently came back to say that the Principal's orders were that nobody was to speak to Bridehead without permission.

When, accordingly, Sue came into the dormitory to make a hasty toilet,

looking flushed & tired, she went to her cubicle in silence, none of them coming out to greet her or to make inquiry. When they had gone downstairs they found that she did not follow them into the dining-hall to breakfast: & they then learnt that she had been severely reprimanded, & ordered to a solitary ~~class~~ room for a week, there to be confined, & take her meals, & do all her reading.

At this the seventy murmured, the sentence being thought too severe. A round robin was prepared & sent in to the principal, asking for a remission of Sue's punishment. No notice was taken. Towards the ~~afternoon~~ evening, ~~next morning~~, when the geography mistress began dictating her subject, the girls in the class sat with folded arms.

"You mean that you are not going to work?" said the mistress at last. "I may as well tell you that it has been ascertained that the young man Bridehead stayed out with was not her cousin, for the very good reason that she has no such relative. We have written to Christminster to ascertain.

"We are willing to take her word," said the head girl.

"This young man was discharged from his work at Christminster, for drunkenness & ~~conduct~~ blasphemy in public houses, & he has come here at a time, entirely to be near her.

However they remained stolid & motionless: & the mistress left the room to inquire from her superiors what was to be done.

Presently the pupils as they sat heard exclamations from the first-year girls ~~at~~ in an adjoining class room, & one rushed in to say that Sue Bridehead had got out of the back window of the room in which she had been confined, & escaped in the dusk across the lawn, & disappeared. How she had managed to get out of the garden nobody could tell, as it was bounded by the river at the bottom, & the side door was locked.

They went & looked at the empty room, the casement between the middle

millions of which stood open. The lawn was again searched with a lantern, every bush & shrub being examined, but she was nowhere hidden. Then the porter of the front gate was interrogated, & on reflection he said that he remembered hearing a sort of splashing in the stream at the back, but he had taken no notice, thinking some ducks had come down from above.

"She must have walked through the river!" said a mistress.

"Or drowned herself," said the porter.

The mind of the matron was horrified — not at the possible death of Sue, but at the possible half-column detailing that event in all the newspapers, which added to the scandal of the year before would give the College an unenviable notoriety for many weeks to come.

More lanterns were procured & the river examined; & then, at last, on the opposite shore, which was open to the fields, some little boot-tracks were discerned in the mud, which left no doubt that the too excitable girl had waded through a depth of water reaching nearly to her shoulders — for this was the chief river of the county, & was mentioned in all the geography books with respect. As Sue had not brought disgrace upon the school by drowning herself the matron began to speak superciliously of her, & to express gladness that she was gone.

On the selfsame evening Jude sat in his lodgings by the Close gate. Often at this hour after dusk he would enter the silent Close & stand opposite the house that contained Sue, & watch the shadows of the girls' heads passing to & fro upon the blinds, & wish he had nothing else to do but to sit reading & learning all day what many of the thoughtless inmates despised. But to-night, having finished tea, & brushed himself up, he was deep in the perusal of the Twenty-ninth Volume of Pusey's Library of the Fathers, a set of books which he had purchased of a second-hand dealer at a price that seemed

him the one miraculous cheapness for that invaluable work.

He fancied he heard something rattle lightly against his window: then he heard it again. Certainly somebody had thrown gravel. He rose & gently lifted the sash.

"Jude!" (from below)

"Sue!"

"Yes - it is! Can I come up without being seen?

"O yes!"

"Then don't come down. Shut the window."

Jude waited, knowing that she could enter easily enough, the front door being opened merely by a knob which anybody could turn, as in most old country towns. He unlatched the door of his room, heard a stealthy rustle on the dark stairs, & in a moment she appeared in the light of his lamp. He went up to seize her hand, & found she was clammy as a marine deity & that her clothes clung to her like the robes upon the figures in the Parthenon frieze.

"I'm so cold!" she said through her chattering teeth. "Can I come by your fire, Jude?"

She crossed to his little grate & very little fire, but as the water dripped from her as she moved the idea of drying herself was absurd. "What ever have you done, darling?" he asked with alarm, the tender epithet slipping out unawares.

"Walked through the largest river in the County - that's what I've done! They locked me up for being out with you; & it seemed so unjust that I got out of the window, couldn't bear it, so I) & escaped across the Stream".

She had begun her explanation in her usual slightly independent tones, but when she had finished the little mouth trembled & she could not refrain from crying.

table, & ~~gave~~ administered the spirit in a little water. She gasped a little; but gulped it down, & lay back ~~again~~ in the arm-chair.

She then began to relate ~~in detail~~ circumstantially her experiences since they had parted, but ~~during this~~ in the middle of the story her voice faltered, her head nodded, & she ceased. She was in a sound sleep. Jude, dying of anxiety lest she should have caught a chill which might permanently injure her, was glad to hear the regular breathing. He softly went nearer ~~across~~ to her, & observed that a warm flush now ~~damasked~~ rosed her hitherto blue cheeks, & felt that her hanging hand was ~~warm~~ no longer cold. Then he stood with his back to the fire regarding her, & saw in her ~~as it were the rough material called humanity done into another key — idealized, softened, & purified~~ almost a divinity.

His reverie was interrupted by the creak of footsteps ascending the stairs.

[Note. – Alterations in blue are for serial issue only, & do not represent the writer's intention]

Chapter XXII

He whisked Sues clothing from the chair where it was drying, thrust it clothes, under the ~~bed~~ couch, & sat down to his book. Somebody knocked & opened the door immediately. It was the landlady.

"O I didn't know whether you were in or not, Mr Fawley. I wanted to know if you would require supper. I see you've a young gentleman —"

"Yes, ma'am. ~~Bring it up soon~~ I think But I won't come down to night. Will you bring supper it up on a tray, & I'll have a cup of tea as well."

It was Jude's custom to go downstairs to the kitchen, & eat his meals with the family, to save trouble. His landlady ~~She~~ brought up the supper, however, on this occasion, as requested, & he took it from her at the door.

When she had descended, he set the teapot on the hob, & drew out Sue's clothes garments anew; but they were far from dry. A thick woollen gown, he found, held a deal of water. So he ~~sat on~~ hung them up again, & kept up his fire, & mused as the steam from the garments went up the chimney.

Suddenly she said "Jude!"

"Yes. All right. How do you feel now?"

"Better. Quite well. Why, I fell asleep. Didn't I? What time is

"it. Not late, surely?"

"It is past ten."

"~~[What shall I do?~~ "Is it really?" she said, starting up.

"Stay where you are"

"Yes; but I don't know what they would say! ~~I am comfortable. But you~~ And what will you do?"

"I am going to sit here by the fire all night, & read. To-morrow is Sunday, & I have no right to go out anywhere. Perhaps you will be saved a severe illness by resting here. Don't be frightened. I'm all right. Look here, what I have got for you. Some supper."

When she had sat upright she breathed plaintively & said "I do feel rather weak still. I thought I was well." And I ought not to be here, ought I?" But the supper fortified her somewhat, & when she had had some tea & had lain back again she was bright & cheerful.

The tea must have been green, or too long drawn, for she seemed preternaturally wakeful afterwards, though Jude, who had not taken any, began to feel heavy; till her conversation fixed his attention.

"You called me a creature of civilization, or something, didn't you?" she said, breaking a silence. "It was very odd you should have done that."

"Why?"

"Well, because it is provokingly wrong. I am a sort of negation of it."

"You are very philosophical. 'A negation' is profound talking."

"Is it? Do I strike you as being learned?" she asked, with a touch of raillery.

"No - not learned. Only you don't talk quite like a girl - well, a girl who has had no advantages."

"I have had advantages. I don't know Latin & Greek - though I know the grammars of those tongues. But I know most of the Greek & Latin classics through translations, & other books too. I read Lempriere, Catullus, Martial, Juvenal, Lucian, Beaumont & Fletcher, Boccacio, ~~De Brantome~~ Shakespeare, The ~~Villon~~ ..... Bible ~~Rabelais~~, & other such; & found that all ~~unhealthy~~ interest in the unwholesome part of those books ended with its mystery."

heart
~~self~~ to any lover, if that's what you mean. "I have remained as I began".

"I quite believe you. But some women would not have remained ~~the same through the time~~ as they began".

"Perhaps not. And people say I must be ~~sexless~~ cold-natured, on account of it. But I am not. Some of the most passionately erotic poets have been the most self contained in their daily lives.

"Have you told Mr Phillotson about this University-scholar-friend?"

"Yes – long ago. I have never made any secret of it to anybody".

"What did he say?"

"He did not pass any criticism – only said I was everything to him, whatever I did; & things like that".

Jude felt much depressed: she seemed to get further & further away from him with her strange ways & curious unconsciousness of sex.

"Are not you really vexed with me, dear Jude?" she suddenly asked, in a voice of such extraordinary tenderness that it hardly seemed to come from the same woman who had just told him her story so lightly. "I would rather offend anybody in the world than you, I think!"

"I don't know whether I am vexed or not. I know I care very much about you!"

"I care as much for you as for anybody I ever met."

"You don't care more! There, I ought not to say that. Don't answer it!"

There was another long silence. He felt that, without knowing it, she was treating him cruelly. Her very helplessness seemed to make her so much stronger than he.

"I am awfully ignorant on general subject matters, although I have worked so hard" he said, to turn the subject. "I am absorbed in theology, you know. And what do you think I should be doing just about now, if you were not here? I should be saying my evening prayers. I suppose you would not like —"

"O no, no", she answered. "I would rather not, if you don't mind. I should seem so – such a hypocrite."

"I thought you wouldn't join, so I didn't propose it. You must remember I hope to be a useful minister some day".

"To be ordained, I think you said?"

"Yes".

"And then

You haven't given up the idea? – I thought that perhaps you had by this time".

"Of course not. ~~I~~ I found I thought at first that you felt as I do about that, as you were so steeped in Christminster. And Mr Phillotson —" said Miss Bridehead exactly

"I have no respect for Christminster whatever, except, in a qualified degree, on its intellectual side. I spoke ~~He~~ of it My friend took that out of me. He was the most irreligious man I ever knew; & the most moral. ~~Of course~~ And intellect at Christminster is new wine in old bottles. The mediaevalism of Christminster must go, be sloughed off, or Christminster itself will have to go. To be sure, at times one could not help having a sneaking liking for the traditions of the old faith, as preserved by the thinkers a section of it; but when I was in my right mind I ~~felt~~ always felt, (* simple sincerity)

> O ghastly glories of saints, dead limbs of gibbeted Gods!
> Though all men abase them here in spirit, & all knees bend,
> I kneel not neither adore you, but, standing, look to the end."

"Sue, you are not a good friend of mine to talk like that!"

"Then I will not, dear."

"I still think Christminster has much that is glorious; though I was ~~I was~~ resentful because I couldn't get there".

"It is an ignorant place, except as to the townspeople, artizans, drunkards & paupers. They see life as it is, of course: but the few people in the colleges do. You prove it in your own person. You are one of the very men Christminster was intended for when the colleges were founded; a man with a passion for learning, but no money, or opportunities,

or friends. But you were elbowed off the pavement by the millionaires' sons."

"Well, I can do without what it confers. I care for something higher."

"And I for something ~~warmer, tenderer, sweeter~~ broader, truer", she murmured. "At present intellect in Christminster is pushing one way, & religion the other; & so they stand stock still, like two rams butting each other".

"What would Mr Phillotson —"

"It is a place full of fetichists & ghost-seers."

He noticed that whenever he tried to speak of the schoolmaster she turned the conversation to something generalizing about the offending University. Jude was extremely morbidly anxious about her life as Phillotson's protegée & betrothed; yet she would not enlighten him.

"Well, that just what I am, too. I am fearful of life, spectre-seeing."

"But you are good", she said affectionately.

His heart bumped, & he made no reply.

"You are in the Tractarian stage just now, are you not? she added critically. "Let me see — when was I there? — In the year eighteen hundred & —"

"There's a sarcasm in that which is rather unpleasant to me, Sue. Now will you do what I want you to? At this time I read a ~~ch~~ chapter, & then say prayers, as I told you. Now will you concentrate your attention on any book of these you like, & sit with your back to me, & leave me to my custom? You are sure you want join me?"

"I'll work at you."

"No. Don't tease, Sue."

"Very well — I'll do just as you bid me, & I won't say you, Jude", she replied in the tone of a child who was always going to be good for ever after, & turning her back upon him accordingly. A small bible other than the one he used

lay near her, & during his retreat she took it up & turned over the leaves.

~~[illegible]~~ "Jude," she said brightly, when he had finished & come back to her; "will you let me make you a new New Testament – like the one I made for myself at Christminster?"

"O yes. How was that made?"

"I altered my old one by cutting up all the Epistles & Gospels into separate brochures, & re-arranging them in chronological order as written, beginning the book with Romans, following on with the early Epistles, & putting the Gospels much further on. When I had the volume returned. My University friend Mr — but never mind his name, poor fellow – said it was an excellent idea. I know that reading it afterwards made it twice as interesting as before, & twice as understandable."

"H'm," said Jude, with a sense of sacrilege.

"And what a literary curiosity this is," she said, as she glanced into the pages of Solomon's Song. "I mean the synopsis at the head of each chapter, explaining away the real nature of that rhapsody. You needn't be alarmed: nobody claims inspiration for the chapter-headings. Indeed, many divines treat them with contempt. It seems the drollest thing to think of the form of twenty elders, or bishops, or whatever number they were, sitting down with long faces & writing down such misinformation."

Jude looked pained. "You are quite Voltairean!" he murmured.

"Am I! Yhan I won't say any more, except that people have no right to falsify the Bible! I hate such humbug as could attempt to plaster over with ecclesiastical abstractions such ecstatic, natural, human love as lies in that great & passionate song!" Her speech had grown spirited, & almost petulant, at his rebuke, & her eyes ~~[illegible]~~. "I wish I had a friend here to support me; but nobody is, ever on my side!"

"But my dear Sue, my very dear Sue, I am not against you!" he said taking her hand, & surprised at her introducing personal feeling into mere argument.

"Yes you are, yes you are!" she cried, turning away her face that he might not see her brimming eyes..

"You are on the side of the people in the Training School at least you seem almost to be! What I insist on is, that to explain such verses as this: 'Whither is they beloved gone, O thou fairest among women?' by the note: 'The Church professeth her faith' is supreme ridiculous!"

"Well then, let it be! You make such a personal matter of everything. I am – only too inclined just now to apply the words personally. You know you are fairest among women to me, come to that!"

"But you are not to say it now!" she replied, her voice (to its softest note of sweetness) changing. Then their eyes met, & they shook hands, like cronies in a tavern & Jude saw the absurdity of quarrelling on such a hypothetical subject, & she the silliness of crying about what was written in an old book like the bible.

"I won't disturb your convictions – I really won't!" she went on soothingly, for now he was rather more ruffled than she. "But I did want so long to ennoble some man by high aims; & when I saw you, & knew you to be my cousin, I – shall I confess it? – thought that man might be you. But you take so much tradition on trust that I don't know what to say."

"Well, dear; I suppose one must take some things on trust. Life isn't long enough to work out everything in Euclid problems before you believe it. I take Christianity."

"Well.

"Perhaps you might take something worse."

"Indeed I might. Perhaps I have done so." He thought of Arabella.

"I won't ask what, because we are going to be nice with each other now, & never never part each other any more!" She looked caressingly & trustfully at him.

"I shall always care for you!" said the Jude

"And I forgive you. Because you are good, & single-hearted, & forgiving to your faulty & tiresome little cousin."

He looked away, for that epicene tenderness of hers was too harrowing. If he could only get over the sense of her sex, as she seemed to be able to do so easily, of his, what a comrade she would make; for – possibly because of their relationship – their differences of opinion on conjectural subjects only drew them closer together on matters of daily human experience. She was nearer to him than any other woman he had ever met, & he could scarcely believe that time, creed, or absence, would ever divide him from her.

But his grief at her incredulities returned. They sat on till she fell asleep again, & he nodded in his chair likewise. Whenever he aroused himself he turned her lamps, & made up the fire anew. About six o'clock dawn he awoke completely, & lighting a candle found that her clothes were dry. Her chair being a far more comfortable one than his she still slept on, inside his great coat, looking warm as a new bun & boyish as a Ganymede. Placing the garments by her, & touching her on the shoulder, he went downstairs & washed himself in the yard by starlight.

Chapter XXIII.

When he returned she was dressed as usual.

"How could I get out without anybody seeing me?" she asked. "The town is not yet astir."

"But you have had no breakfast."

"O, I don't want any. I fear I ought not to have run away from the school! Things seem so different in the cold light of morning, don't they! What Mr Phillotson will say I don't know. It was quite by his wish that I went there. He is the only man in the world for whom I have any respect or fear. I hope he'll forgive me; but he'll scold me dreadfully, I expect!"

"I'll go to him & explain –" began Jude.

"O no you shan't. I don't care for him! He may think what he likes –

I shall do just as I choose!"

"But you just this moment said —"

"I know I did. But I shall do as I like, for all him. I have thought what I shall do — go to the sister of one of my fellow-students in the Training School, who has asked me to visit her. She has a school near Shaston, about eighteen miles from here — & I shall stay there till this has blown over, & I get back to the Training School again."

At the last moment he persuaded her to let him make her a cup of coffee, in a portable apparatus he kept in his room for use on rising to go to his work every day before the family household was astir.

"Now a dew-bit to eat with it," he said; "& off we go. You can have a regular breakfast when you get there".

(As they departed a head was softly thrust out of an upper window, & quickly withdrawn)

They went quietly out of the house, Jude accompanying her to the station. She still seemed sorry for her rashness, & to wished she had not rebelled; telling him at parting that she would let him know as soon as she got re-admitted to the Training School. They stood rather miserably together on the platform; & it was apparent that he wanted to say more.

"I want to tell you something — two things," he said hurriedly as the train came up. "One is a warm one — the other a cold one."

"Jude," she said. "I know one of them. And you must not!"

"What-?"

"You must not love me. You are to like me — that's all!"

Jude's face became so full of complicated glooms that hers was agitated in sympathy as she made him adieu through the carriage window. And then the train moved on, & waving her pretty hand to him she vanished away.

Chapter XXIII.

Melchester was a dismal place enough for Jude that Sunday after her departure, & the

Close so hateful that he did not go once to the Cathedral services. The next morning there came a letter from her, which, with her usual promptitude, she had written directly she reached her friend's house. She told him of her safe arrival & comfortable quarters, & then added:—

"What I really write about, dear Jude, is something I said to you at parting. You had been so very good & kind to me that when you were out of sight I felt what a cruel & ungrateful woman I was to say it, & it has reproached me ever since. If you want to love me, Jude, you may: I don't mind at all; & I'll never say again that you must not.

"Now I will write any more about that. You do forgive your thoughtless cousin for her cruelty, don't you, & will make her miserable by saying you don't?

"Ever,

"Sue."

It would be superfluous to say what his answer was; & how he thought what he would have done had he been free, which should have rendered a long dependence with a female friend quite unnecessary. For Sue He felt he might have, pretty sure of his own victory, if it had come to a conflict between Phillotson & himself for the possession of her. Yet Jude was vainly attaching more meaning to Sue's impulsive note than it really was intended to bear.

After the lapse of a few days he found himself hoping that she would write again. But he received no further communication; & in the intensity of his solitude he sent another note, suggesting that he should pay her a visit some Sunday, the distance being under eighteen miles.

He expected a reply on the second morning after dispatching his missive, but none came. The third morning arrived; the postman did not stop. This was Saturday. In a feverish state of anxiety about her he sent off three brief lines, peremptorily stating that he was coming the following day, for he felt sure something had happened.

a letter O never mind. She thrust the letter back into her pocket

His first & natural thought had been that she was ill from her immersion, but it soon occurred to him that somebody would have written for her in such a case. Conjectures were put an end to by his arrival at the village school-house near Sharston on the bright morning of ~~August~~ Sunday, between eleven & twelve o'clock, when the parish was as ~~silent~~ vacant as the decent ~~grave~~, most of the inhabitants ~~being~~ having gathered inside the church whose bells were occasionally heard in unison.

A little girl opened the door. "Miss Bridehead is upstairs," she said. "and will you please walk up when?"

"Is she ill?" asked Jude hastily.

"Only a little - not very."

Jude entered & ascended. On reaching the landing a voice told him which way to turn - the voice of Sue calling his name. He passed the doorway, & found her lying in a little bed in a room a dozen feet square.

"O Sue!" he cried, sinking down beside her & taking her hand. "How is this. You could not write?"

"No - it was not that!" she answered. "I ~~have~~ did catch ~~caught~~ a bad cold - but I could have written if only I would!"

"Why not? - frightening me like this!"

"Yes - that was what I was afraid of. But I had decided not to write to you any more. They would have me back at the School - that's why I could not write." Not - the fact, but the reason!"

"Well?"

"They not only would have me, but - they gave me a parting piece of advice".

"What!"

"I vowed I never would tell you, Jude - it is so vulgar & distressing! ~~But I will~~"

"Is it about us?"

Somebody has sent them baseless reports about us, and

"Yes. They say — you & I ought to marry as soon as possible, for the sake of my reputation! There — now I have told you, & I wish I had'nt!"

"O poor Sue!-

"I don't think of you like that means! It never occurred to me to regard you in the way they think I do. I never heard such an idea! My marrying you, dear Jude — why, of course, if I could have cared about marrying you I should not have come to you so often! And I never supposed you thought of such a thing as marrying me till — the other evening; when I began to fancy you did love me a little. Perhaps I ought not to have been so intimate with you. It is all my fault. Everything is my fault always!"

The sense that their sex was dividing them caused them to feel and each other with a mutual distress.

"I was so blind at first!" she went on: "I did not see what you felt at all. O you have been unkind to me — you have — to look upon me as a sweetheart without saying a word, & leaving me to discover it myself! Your attitude to me has become known: & naturally they think me 'me been doing wrong! I'll never never trust you again!"

"Sue", he said simply: "I am to blame — more than you think. I was quite aware that you did not suspect till within the last meeting or two what I was feeling about you. But don't you think I deserve a little consideration for concealing my wrong, very wrong, sentiments, since I could not help having them?"

She turned her eyes doubtfully towards him, & then looked away, as if afraid she might forgive him.

"~~Yes. They say – you & I ought to marry as soon as possible, for~~ ~~he take your reputation. There – now I have told you, & I wish I had it!~~"

"~~O poor Sue!~~"

"~~I don't think of you like that, do I Jude! It never seemed to me to regard you in that way. Only the worst of it is I fancy you – do~~ ~~a little. So that perhaps I ought not to have been so intimate with you! It is all my fault. Everything is my fault, always!~~"

By every law of nature & ~~art~~ affection a kiss over the ~~arm~~ rejoinder that ~~would~~ fitted ~~proposed~~ to the mood of the moment, under the suasion of which Sue's regard of him might not inconceivably have changed its ~~gratitude~~ expression. Some men would have cast scruples to the winds & ventured it, ~~even~~ oblivious both of ~~the~~ Sue's declaration of her neutral ~~affection~~ feeling, and of the ~~pain~~ pair of autographs in the vestry chest of Arabella's parish church. Jude did not. He had, in fact, come in part to tell his own fatal story. It was upon his lips; yet at the hour of this distress he could not disclose ~~declare~~ it. He preferred to ~~turn to another~~ dwell upon the recognized barriers between them.

"~~You belong to~~ – Mr Phillotson. I suppose he has been to see you?" ~~he observed.~~

"Of course – I know you don't – care about me in any particular way," he said huskily. "You ought not, & you are right."

"Yes," she said shortly, her face changing a little. "Though I didn't ask him to come. You are glad, of course ~~are you not~~, that he has been. But I should not care if he didn't come any more!"

It was very perplexing to her cousin that she should be piqued at this ~~Jude's~~ honest acquiescence in this rival, if Jude's feelings ~~were~~ of love were deprecated by her. He went on to something else.

"This will blow over, dear Sue," he said. "The Training School authorities are not all the world. You can get to be a student in some other, no doubt."

"I'll ask Mr Phillotson," she said decisively.

Sue's kind hostess now returned from church, & there was no more intimate conversation. Jude left in the afternoon, hopelessly unhappy. But he had seen her, & sat with her. Such intercourse as that must have to sustain him for the remainder of his life. The lesson of renunciation it was recently & proper that he, as a parish priest, should learn.

But he kept, the next morning when he awoke he felt rather vexed with her, & decided that she was rather unlike other women, not to say capricious. Then, in illustration of what he had begun to discern as one of her redeeming characteristics there came promptly a note, which she must have written almost immediately she had gone from her.

[white line]

"Please forgive me for my petulance yesterday! I was horrid to you, I know it, & I feel perfectly miserable at my horridness. It was so dear of you not to be angry! But Jude, please still keep me as your friend & associate with all my faults? I'll try not to be like it again. Your repentant

"Sue." X. [see back]

Chapter XXIV.

Meanwhile a middle-aged man was dreaming a dream of great beauty concerning the writer of the above letter. He was Richard Phillotson, who had recently removed from the mixed village school at Lumsdon near Christminster, to undertake a large boys school in the town of Shaston, sixty miles to the south-west as the crow flies. This native ancient British Palladour, sung by Drayton & Barnes, Shaston was, & is, in itself, the city of a dream. Its castle, its magnificent apsidal abbey, its twelve churches, (its shrines, chantries, hospitals) its gabled freestone manor-houses, all now mildewed & swept away — these the results of even the zealous efforts of the ghost-like hand of time, were the burial-place of a king & queen, abbots & abbesses, his wife. Into a pensive melancholy such as the stimulating atmosphere & landscape can scarcely dispel.

⁂ Jude forgave her straightaway, & asked her to call for him at the Cathedral works when she came.

Knights & squires. The bones of King Edward "the Martyr", carefully removed hither for holy preservation (each) met with the fate of the abbey that held them, & not a stone is now left to tell where they lie. ~~The town was once the seat of a bishop, & its~~ The natural features & singularity of the position still remain; but strange to say these qualities, which were noted by many writers in ages when scenic beauty was not understood, have been passed over in this, one of the queerest & quaintest spots in England, & stands virtually unvisited to-day.

It has a unique position on the summit of an almost perpendicular scarp, rising on the north, south, & west sides out of the bosom of the deep alluvial vale of Blackmoor, the view from the castle green over ~~the~~ ~~miles of green country~~ three counties of pasture — South, Mid, & Nether Wessex — being a sudden surprise to the unexpectant traveller as if by magic. It is impossible to a railway, it can best be reached on foot, next best by light vehicles, & is hardly accessible to these by some sort of isthmus on the north-east, that connects it with the high chalk table-land on that side.

Such is, & such was, forgotten Shaston, or Palladour. Its situation rendered water the great want of the town; & within living memory horses, & donkeys, & men, may have been seen toiling up the winding ways to the top of the steep, laden with tubs & barrels filled from the wells beneath the mountain, & hawkers retailing their contents at the price of a halfpenny a bucketful.

This difficulty in the water supply, coupled together with two other odd facts namely that the chief graveyard sloped up as steeply as a roof behind the church, & that in former times the town had a pervading & environing reputation for corruption, conventual & domestic, gave rise to the saying that Shaston was remarkable for three comforts, the town being a place where ~~beer was more plentiful than~~ the churchyard was nearer [illegible]

-X- brought Shaston a renown which made it the resort of pilgrims from every part, & enabled it to maintain a reputation extending far beyond English shores. To this fair creation of the great Middle-Age the Dissolution was the death knell. With the destruction of the enormous abbey the whole place collapsed in a general ruin: the Martyr's bones met the

~~water~~ heaven than the church steeple, where ~~where~~ beer was ~~was~~ more plentiful than water, & where light ~~Darkness lay~~ women were more numerous than ~~stout~~ strict ones. It is also said that in the middle ages the Shastonians were too poor to pay their ~~her~~ priests, & hence were compelled to pull down & repair from public worship their churches, & Altogether the Shastonians seem not to have been devoid of a ~~had~~ ~~a slight~~ sense of humour.

There was Another peculiarity which Shaston ~~seemed~~ appeared to owe to its site. (— this a modern one —)

It was the resting-place & head quarters of the proprietors of wandering vans, shows, shooting galleries, & other itinerant concerns, whose business lay largely at fairs, & markets. As strange wild birds are seen assembled on some ~~sedentary~~ lofty promontory, meditatively pausing for longer flights, or to return by the course they followed hither, so here, in this cliff-town, stood the yellow & green caravans ~~at pause in stultified emptiness~~ in stultified silence, bearing names not local, as if surprised by a change in the landscape so violent as to hinder their further progress; & here they usually remained all the winter till they turned to seek again their old tracks in the following spring.

It was in this breezy & contrasting spot that Phillotson had settled after his years of residence in & near Christminster. A glance at the place & its accessories was almost enough to reveal that the schoolmaster's plans ~~so long~~ & dreams so long indulged in had been abandoned for some new dream with which neither the church nor ~~scholar~~ literature had much in common. Essentially an unpractical man, he was now bent on making and saving money for a practical purpose — that of keeping a wife, who, if she chose, might conduct one of the girls' schools adjoining his own; for which purpose he had advised her to go into training, since she would not marry him offhand.

About the time at which Jude was removing from Marygreen to Melchester, & entering on adventures at the latter place with Sue, the schoolmaster was settling down in the new schoolhouse; & all the furniture being fixed,

the books shelved, & the nails driven, he had begun to sit down in his parlour during these dark winter nights, & reattempt resume some of his old studies — one branch of which had included Roman-Britain Britannic antiquities — an unremunerative labour, for a National schoolmaster, but one a subject that interested him as being a comparatively unworked mine, after his abandonment of the University scheme had except, as was various to those who, like himself, had lived in lonely spots where these remains were abundant, & were practicable seen to suggest force compel inferences in startling contrast to accepted views on the civilization of that time.

A resumption of this investigation was the outward & obvious apparent hobby of Phillotson at the present — his ostensible reason for shutting himself up alone going out into the fields where dykes & tumuli abounded, or shutting himself up in his house with a few urns, tiles, & mosaics he had collected, causeways, instead of calling round upon his new neighbours, who for their part had showed themselves willing enough to be friendly with him.

But it was not the real, or the whole, reason, after all. Thus on a particular evening in this month, when it had grown quite late — to near mid-night indeed — & the light of his lamp, shining from his window at a salient angle of the hill-top town over infinite miles of valley westward, announced as by words a place & person given over to study, he was not exactly studying.

The interior of the room — the books, the furniture, the schoolmaster's loose coat, his attitude at the table, even the flickering of the fire, bespoke the same dignified tale of undistracted research — more than ever it did to a man who had had no advantages beyond those of his own making. And yet the tale, true enough hitherto till latterly, was not true now. What he was reading was not history. They were historic notes, written in a bold unmanly hand at his dictation some months before, & it was the clerical rendering of word after word that absorbed him.

He presently took from a drawer a carefully tied bundle of letters, a few, very few, as correspondence counts nowadays. Each was in its envelope just as it had arrived, & the handwriting was the same womanly & characteristic as the historic note. He unfolded them one by one, read them musingly. At first sight there seemed in these small documents to be absolutely nothing to muse over. They were straightforward, frank letters signed "Sue B."— just such ones as would be written during short absences, with no other thought than their speedy destruction, & chiefly concerned with books in reading, & other experiences of a Training School, forgotten doubtless by the writer with the passing of the day of their inditing.

In one of them — quite a recent note — the young woman said that she had received his considerate letter, & that it was so honourable & generous of him to say he would not come to see her oftener than she desired (by reason of the school being such an awkward place for callers, & of her strong wish that her engagement to him should not be known, which it would infallibly be if he visited her often). Over these phrases the schoolmaster pored. What precise shade of satisfaction was to be gathered from a woman's gratitude that the man who loved her had not been often to see her? The problem occupied him, distracted him.

He opened another drawer, & found therein at the bottom an envelope, from which he drew a photograph of Sue as a girl child, long before he had known her, standing under trellis-work with a little basket in her hand. There was another of her as a young woman, her dark eyes & hair making a very distinct & attractive picture of her, which just disclosed, too, the thoughtfulness that lay behind her lighter moods. # Phillotson brought it halfway to his lips, but withdrew it in doubt at her perplexing phrases: ultimately kissing the dead pasteboard with all the passionateness, & more devotion than all the devotion, of a young man of eighteen.

The schoolmaster's ~~old-fashioned~~ unhealthy looking face, rendered more old-fashioned by his style of shaving, & it was spite of an anxious gentlemanliness imparted by nature, & suggesting an inherent wish to do rightly by all. His speech was a little slow, but his tones were sincere enough to make his hesitation no defect. His greying hair was curly, & radiated from a point in the middle of his crown. There were four lines across his forehead, & he ~~ought~~ wore spectacles when reading at night. It was almost certainly a renunciation forced upon him by his academic purpose rather than a distaste for them, which had hitherto kept him from closing with one of the sex in matrimony.

Such silent proceedings as those of this evening were repeated many & oft times when he was not under the eye of the boys, whose quick & penetrating regard would frequently become almost intolerable to the master in self-conscious his present anxious care for Sue, making him, in the grey hours of morning, dread to meet & answer the keen gimlet-glances, lest they should read what the dream within him was.

He had hopelessly acquiesced in Sue's announced wish that he was not often to visit her at the Training School; but at length, his patience being sorely tried, he set out one Saturday afternoon to pay her an unexpected call. When the news of her departure – expulsion as it might almost have been considered – was flashed upon him without warning or mitigation as he stood at the door expecting in a few minutes to behold her face; & when he turned away he could hardly see the road before him.

Sue had, in fact, never written a line to her suitor on the subject, although it was fourteen days old. A short reflection told him that this proved nothing. A natural delicacy being as ample a reason for silence as any degree of blameworthiness.

They had informed him at the school where she was living. & having no immediate anxiety about her except his thoughts took the direction of a burning indignation against the Training School committee. In his bewilderment Phillotson entered the adjacent cathedral, just now in a direful dismantled state by reason of the repairs. He sat down on a block of Tisbury stone, regardless of the dusty imprint it made on his breeches; & his listless eyes following the movements of the workmen he presently became aware that the reputed culprit, Sue's cousin, was one amongst them.

Jude had never spoken to his former exemplar since the meeting at by the model of Jerusalem. Having inadvertently witnessed Phillotson's tentative courtship of Sue in the days there had grown up in the younger man's mind a curious dislike to think of the elder, to meet him, to communicate in any way with him; & since Phillotson's success in obtaining at least the promise had become known to Jude, he had frankly recognized that he did not wish to see or hear of his senior any more. Learn anything of his pursuits, or imagine what excellencies might appertain to his character. On this very day of the schoolmaster's visit Jude was expecting Sue, as she had promised, and when presently he saw the Schoolmaster in the name of the building; moreover that he was coming to speak to him, he felt no little embarrassment; which Phillotson's own embarrassment, however, prevented his observing.

Jude joined him, & they both withdrew from the other workmen to the spot where Phillotson had been sitting. Jude offering him a piece of sackcloth for a cushion, & telling him it was dangerous to sit on the bare block.

"Yes; yes;" said Phillotson, abstractedly as he rescated himself, his eyes resting on the ground as if he were trying to remember where he was. "I will keep you long. It was never that I have heard that you have seen my little friend Sue recently. It occurred to me to speak to you on that account. I

merely want to ask – about her."

"I think I know what!" ~~she~~ Jude hurriedly said. "About her escaping from the training School, & her – coming to me?"

"Yes."

"Well –" Jude for a moment felt an unprincipled & fiendish wish to annihilate his rival at all cost. By the exercise of that treachery which love for the same woman renders possible to the most honourable men in every other relation of life, he could send off Phillotson in agony & defeat by saying that the scandal was true, & that she had irretrievably committed herself to him. But ~~though the instinct was with him, centuries of civilization on his blood prevented it operating~~ for a moment to this animal instinct his action did not respond to what he said was, I am glad of your kindness in coming to talk plainly to me about it. For what they say is that I ought to marry her."

"What!"

"I wish with all my soul I could!"

Phillotson trembled, & his naturally pale face grew sharp in its lines. "I had no idea that it was of this nature! Good God!"

"No, no!" said Jude aghast. "I thought you understood. I mean that were I in a position to marry her, or some one, & settle down, instead of living in lodgings here & there, I should be glad."

What he had really meant was simply that he loved her.

"But – since this painful matter has been opened up – what really happened?" asked Phillotson, with the firmness of a man who felt that a ~~sharp~~ smart now was better than a long agony of suspense hereafter. "Cases arise, & this is one, when ~~it is better to put~~ even ungenerous questions must be put to make false assumptions impossible, & to kill scandal."

Jude explained readily; giving the whole series of [illegible] adventures with his cousin, including the night at the shepherd's, her wet arrival at his lodging, her indisposition from her immersion, their vigil of discussion, & his seeing her off next morning.

"Well now," said Phillotson at the conclusion, "I take it as your final word, & I know I can believe you, that the suspicion which led to her rustication is an absolutely baseless one?"

"It is," said Jude solemnly. "Absolutely. So help me God!"

The schoolmaster rose. Each of the two men felt that the interview could not comfortably merge in a friendly discussion of their recent experiences, after the manner of friends; & when Jude had taken him round, & shown him some features of the renovation which the old cathedral was undergoing, Phillotson bade the young man good-day, & went away.

This visit took place about eleven o'clock in the morning; but no Sue appeared. When Jude went to his dinner at one he saw ahead of him in the street leading up from the North Gate his cousin herself, walking as if in no way looking for him. Speedily overtaking her he remarked that she had promised to come to the Cathedral for him, & she had not done so.

"I have been to get my things from the College," she said – an observation which he was expected to take as an answer, though it was not one. Finding her mood in this evasive mood he felt inclined to give her the information so long withheld.

"You have not seen Mr Phillotson to-day?" he ventured to ask inquire.

"I have not. But I am not going to be cross-examined; & if you ask anything more I won't answer!"

"It is very odd that –" He stopped, regarding her.

"What?"

"

"That you are never so nice in your real presence as you are in your letters."

"Does it really seem so to you?" said she, smiling with quick curiosity. "Well, that is strange; but I feel just the same about you, Jude. When you are gone & away I seem such a cold-hearted—"

As she knew his ~~feeling~~ sentiment towards her Jude & saw that they were getting upon dangerous ground. It was now, he thought, that he must speak as an honest man.

But he did not speak, & she continued: "It ~~was her~~ was that which made me write & say—I did not mind your loving me—if you wanted to, much."

The exultation he might have felt at what that implied, or seemed to imply, was nullified by his intention, & he rested rigid till he began: "I have never told you—"

"Yes you have" murmured she..

"I mean, I have never told you my history—all of it."

"But I guess it. I know nearly."

Jude ~~He~~ looked up. Could she possibly know of that morning performance of his with Arabella, which in a few months had ceased to be a marriage more completely than by death? He saw that she did not.

"I can't quite tell you here in the street," he went on with a ~~feeble~~ gloomy tongue. "and you had better not come to my lodgings. Let us go in here."

The building ~~place~~ by which they stood was the market-house; it was the only place available; & they entered, the market being over, & the stalls & areas ~~spot~~ empty. He would have preferred a more congenial ~~haunt~~ spot, but, as usually happens, in place of a ~~gay~~ romantic field or solemn aisle, for his tale, it was told ~~in~~ while they walked up & down over a floor littered with rotten ~~vegetables~~ cabbage-leaves, and

amid ~~other~~ ~~such~~ usual squalors of decayed vegetable matter & unsaleable refuse. He began, & finished his brief narrative, which merely led up to the information that his wife was living still. Almost before her countenance had time to change Sue spoke.

"Why did n't you tell me before!"

"I could n't. It seemed so cruel to tell it."

"To yourself, Jude. So it was better to be cruel to me!"

"No dear Darling!" cried Jude passionately. He tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it. Their old relations of confidence seemed suddenly to have ended, & the antagonisms of ~~sex~~ ~~sex~~ sex were left without ~~their~~ any counterpoising ~~associations~~ predilections. She was his ~~cousin~~ comrade (unconscious sweetheart,) & friend, no longer, & her eyes regarded him in passionate silence.

"I was ashamed of the episode in my life which brought about the marriage," he continued. "I can't explain it precisely now. I could have done it if you had ~~been~~ taken it differently!"

"But how can I? Here I have been saying, or implying, that – that you might love me, or something of the sort – just out of charity – and all the time – O it is perfectly damnable how things are!" she said stamping her foot passionately.

"You take me wrong, Sue! I never thought you cared for me at all, till quite lately; so I felt it did not matter! Do you care for me, Sue? – you know how I mean?" I don't like 'out of charity' at all!"

It was a question which in the circumstances Sue did not choose to answer.

"I suppose she – your wife – is – a very pretty woman, even if she's wicked?" she asked.

"She's pretty enough, as far as that goes."

"Prettier than I am, no doubt."

"You are not the least alike. And I have never seen her for years."

"How strange of you to stay apart from her like this! You, such

How will the demi-gods in your Pantheon – I mean those legendary figures you call saints – intercede for you after this?

a religious man. Now if I had done such a thing it would have been different, & not remarkable, for I at least don't regard marriage as a Sacrament. Your theories are not so advanced as your practice, dear old Churchman."

"Sue, you are terribly ~~sarcastic~~ cutting, when you like to be – a perfect Voltaire. But you must treat me as you will!"

When she saw how wretched he was she softened, & trying to blink away her sympathetic tears said with all the winning reproachfulness of a heart-wounded woman: "Ah – you should have told me before you gave me that idea that you wanted to be allowed to love me! I had no feeling about you before that moment at the railway-station, except –". For once Sue was as miserable as he, in her attempts to keep herself free from emotion & her less than half success.

They were quite screened from the Market-square without, & he could not help putting out his arm towards her waist. His momentary desire ~~weakness~~ was her rallying. "No, no!" she said, drawing back ~~strictly~~ stringently. "Of course not! It would be hypocrisy to pretend that it would be allowed as from my cousin; & it can't be in any other way."

They moved on a dozen paces, & she showed herself recovered. ~~Jude had moved her~~ It was distracting to Jude, this heart would have ached less had she appeared any how but as she did appear; essentially large-minded & generous after reflection, despite a previous ~~petulance~~ exercise of petty womanly humours on impulse; a woman with not a throb more of the animal in her than was necessary to give her sex.

"I don't blame you for what you could not help", she said smiling. "How should I be so foolish! I do blame you a little bit for not telling me before. But after all it doesn't matter. We should have had to keep apart, you see, even if this had not been in your life."

"No, we should not Sue. This is the only obstacle!"

"You forget that I must have loved you, & wanted to be your wife, even if there had been no obstacle", said Sue, with a gentle seriousness which did not reveal her mind. "And then we are cousins, and it is bad for cousins to marry. And – I am engaged to somebody else." As they went on together as we were going, in a sort of friendly way, the people round us would have made it unable to continue. Their views of the relations of man & woman are narrow, as is proved by their expelling me from the school. Their philosophy only recognizes relations based on animal attraction. The wide field of strong attachment where desire plays, at least, only a secondary part, is ignored by them – the part of – who is it? – Venus Urania."

Her being able to talk learnedly showed that she was mistress of heresy again; therefore they feared she had almost regained her speaking, vivacious eyes, her reciprocity of tone, her gay manner, & her attitude of critical largeness towards others of her age & sex.

~~And then they tried to persuade themselves that what had happened was of no consequence, & that they ended still be cousins & friends & warm correspondents; & have happy genial times when they met, even if not quite so frequently as before.~~

He could speak more freely now. "There were several reasons against my telling you rashly. One was what I said; another, that it was always impressed upon me that I ought not to marry – that I belonged to an odd & peculiar family – the wrong breed for marriage."

"Oh – who used to say that to you?"

"My great-aunt. She said it always ended badly with us Fawleys."

"That's strange. My mother father used to say the same to me of my mother's people."

They stood possessed by the same thought, & that a union between them, had such been possible, would have meant, not ugly enough, even also an assumption: a terrible intensification of unfitnesses – two bitters in one dish.

"O but there can't be anything in it," she said ~~lightly~~ with nervous lightness. "Our family have been unlucky of late years in choosing mates – that's all."

And then they tried to persuade themselves that all that had happened was of no consequence, & that they could still be cousins & friends & even correspondents, & have happy genial times when they met, even if they met less frequently than before. Their parting was in good friendship, & yet Jude's last look into her eyes was ~~touched~~ tinged with inquiry, for he felt that she did not even now quite know her mind.

Chapter XXV

~~A letter~~ Tidings from Sue a day or two after ~~descended upon~~ passed across Jude like a withering blast.

Before reading the letter he was led to suspect that its contents were of a somewhat serious kind by catching sight of the signature – which was in her full name, ~~that~~ she never used in her correspondence with him since her first ~~letter~~ note:

[White line]

"My Dear Jude: I have something to tell you which perhaps you will not be surprised to hear, though certainly it may strike you as being accelerated, as the railway companies say of their trains. Mr Phillotson & I are to be married quite soon – in three or four weeks. We had intended, as you know, to wait till I had gone through my course of training, & obtained my certificate, so as to assist him if necessary, in the teaching. But he generously says he does not see any object in waiting, now I am not at the Training School in getting expelled. It is so good of him, because ~~The situation~~ the misfortune of my situation has really come about by my fault. ¶ Wish me joy: remember I say you are to, & you must not refuse.

"Your affectionate cousin

"Susan Florence Mary Bridehead."

Jude staggered under the ~~blow~~ news; could eat no breakfast, & kept on drinking tea because his mouth was so dry. Then presently he went back to his work & laughed the usual bitter laugh of a man so confronted. Everything seemed turning to satire. And yet, what could the poor girl do, he ~~said to~~ asked himself: & felt worse than shedding ~~inclined to shed~~ tears.

"O Susan Florence Mary!" he said ~~bitterly~~ as he worked. "You don't know what marriage means!"

Could it be possible that his announcement of his own marriage had spurred her on to this? To be sure, there seemed to exist (here) often sufficient reasons, practical & social, for her decision; but Sue was not a very practical or calculating person; & he was compelled to think that a little pique at having his secret sprung upon her had moved her ~~to be precipitate~~ to give way to Phillotson's probable representations, that the best course to prove how unfounded were the suspicions of the school authorities would be to marry him off-hand, as in fulfilment of an ordinary engagement. Sue had, in fact, been placed in an awkward corner. Poor Sue!

He determined to make the best of it, & support her; but he could not write the requested good-wishes for a day or two; meanwhile there came another note from his impatient little dear:

[white lines] "Jude, will you give me away? I have nobody else who could do it so conveniently as you, being (the only married relation I have) here on the spot, even if my father were friendly enough to be willing. (which he isn't. I hope you won't think it a trouble?) It seem I have been looking at the marriage service in the Prayer book, & it seems to me very absurd humiliating that a giver-away should be required at all. According to the ceremony as there printed, my bridegroom chooses me

of his own will & pleasure; but I don't choose him. Somebody gives me to him, like a she-ass or she-goat, or any other ~~chattel~~ domestic animal. Bless your ~~exalted~~ views of woman, O Chinaman! But I forget: I am no longer privileged to tease you. Ever,

Susan Florence Mary Brideshead.

Jude screwed himself up to heroic key; & replied:

[White Hart.]

"My dear Sue:

"Of course I wish you joy! And also of course I will give you away. What I suggest is that, as you have no house of your own, you do not marry from your friend's, but from mine. It would be more proper, I think, (as you say, the person related) since I am nearest to you in this part of the world.

"I don't see why you sign your letter in such a new & terribly formal way? Surely you care a bit about me still! ~~"And, somehow, 'married relation'~~

"Ever your affectionate

"Jude."

What had jarred on him even more than the signature was the phrase "married relation". If Sue had written that in ~~bitterness~~ suffering — ah, that was another thing! He could hardly forgive her; if in ~~bitterness~~ suffering — ah, that was another thing! (What an idiot it made him seem ~~for his love~~ as her lover!) Something he had been silent on — little string

His offer of his lodging must have commended itself to ~~both~~ both Sue & Phillotson for they ~~both~~ each sent him a line of warm thanks, accepting the convenience. Jude immediately moved into more commodious quarters, as much to escape the espionage of the suspicious landlady who had been ~~the~~ one cause of the unpleasantness ~~of~~ experience of poor Sue as for the sake of room.

When Sue wrote to tell him the day fixed for the wedding; & Jude decided, after inquiring, that she should come into residence on the following Saturday, which would allow of a ten days' stay in the city ~~before~~ prior to the ceremony, sufficiently representing a nominal residence of fifteen.

She arrived by the ten o'clock train on the day aforesaid, Jude not going to meet her at the station, by her special request, given being that he should not lose a morning's work & pay, if she said this were her true reason? But did he know Sue so well by this time, that the remembrance of their mutual sensitiveness at emotional crises might, he thought, have weighed with her in this. When he came home to dinner she had taken possession of her apartment.

She lived in the same house with him, but on a different floor, & they saw each other little, an occasional supper being the only meal they took together, when Sue's manner was something that of a scared child. What she felt he did not know; their conversation was mechanical, though she did not look pale or ill. Phillotson came frequently, but mostly when Jude was absent. On the morning of the wedding, when he had given himself a holiday [see back] they went out on an errand together, moved by a mutual thought that it was the last opportunity they would have of indulging in unceremonious companionship. By the irony of fate, and with the curious trick in Sue's nature of tempting Providence at critical times, she took his arm as they walked through the muddy street – a thing she had never before done in her life – & on turning the corner [illegible] the schoolmaster just arriving from the station by a train sooner than they had expected. There was nothing to really remark upon in her attitude, but she did withdraw her hand. Jude thought that Phillotson looked surprised.

"I am going to buy her a little present," said Jude cheerfully. "Will you come in with me, Sue?"

"No", said she. "I'll go back to the house with him," & Telly her cousin not to be long they departed.

Jude soon returned, & they put

X. She other cousin had breakfast together for the first & last time during this curious interval. Seeing, as women do, how helpless he was in making the place comfortable she bustled about. ¶ "What's the matter Jude?" she said suddenly.

He was leaning with his elbows on the table & his chin on his hands, looking out of the window which seemed to be sketched out on the tablecloth.

"O – nothing!"

"You are 'father', you know. That's what they call the man who gives you away." Jude could have said, "Phillotson's age entitles him to be called that." But he would not annoy her by such a cheap retort.

She talked incessantly, as if she dreaded his indulgence in reflection, & before the meal was over both he & she wished they had not put such confidence in their new view of things, & had taken it apart. What oppressed Jude was he thought that having done a wrong thing of this sort himself, he was aiding & abetting the woman he loved in doing a like wrong thing, instead of imploring & reasoning her against it. It was on his tongue to say, "You have quite made up your mind?" But he dared not.

After breakfast they went out on an errand together &c

they found themselves close to ~~the~~ a grey Perpendicular church with a low-pitched roof – the church of St Thomas.

"That's the church," said Jude.

"Where I am going to be married?"

"Yes." she exclaimed with curiosity

"Indeed! How I should like to go in & see what the spot place is like where I am so soon going to kneel & do it!"

He passively acquiesced, & they entered by the western door. The only person inside the gloomy building was a charwoman cleaning. She still held Jude's arm, almost as if she loved him. Cruelly sweet, indeed, she had been to him that morning; but his thoughts ran parallel with some reluctant intuition of a penance in store for her side by side lines:

"But, plot as I may, I can find no way
How a blow should fall, such as falls on men,
Nor prone too much for your womanhood!"

They strolled undemonstratively up the nave towards the altar railing, which they surveyed in silence, turning then slowly down the nave again, precisely like a couple just married. The too suggestive incident, entirely of her making, nearly broke down Jude.

"I like to do things like this," she said in a reflective & tender voice, which left no doubt that she spoke the truth. "They are interesting, because one never plans them. "I know you do!" said Jude bitterly. beforehand. I shall walk down the church nave like this with my husband in about two hours, shan't I!"

"No doubt you will!"

"Was it like this when you were married?" he so awfully merciless.

"Good God, Sue – don't!... Here, dear one, I didn't mean it!"

"Ah – you are vexed!" she said, looking askance as her eyes began

"And I promised never to vex you!... O I ought'nt! I see it now.
to bring me
bring. I suppose I ought not to have asked you to come in here.
Forgive me!... You will, will you Jude?"

The appeal was so gentle, remorseful that Jude's eyes were even
softer than hers as he pressed her hand for yes. ¶ "Now we'll hurry away, & I won't do it any more!" she continued humbly.
Sue intending to go on to the station to meet Phillotson. But
building, the first person they met on entering the main street was the school-
master himself, whose train had arrived sooner than Sue expected. There was
encountered
nothing really to demur to in her leaning on Jude's arm; but she withdrew
her hand; & Jude thought that Phillotson looked surprised.

"We have been doing such a funny thing!" said she, smiling candidly, "We've been
to the church, rehearsing, as it were — haven't we Jude?"

"How?" said Phillotson coming.

Jude deplored what he thought to be unnecessary frankness;
but she had gone too far not to explain all, which she accordingly did.

"I am going to buy her another little present:" said Jude as cheerfully as he could - "Will you
to the shop
both come in with me?"

"No", said Sue. "I'll go on to the house with him"; & requested her
cousin not to be a long time she departed with the schoolmaster.

Jude soon joined them at his rooms. & they shortly after prepared for the
ceremony. Phillotson's hair was brushed to a painful extent, & his shirt col-
lar appeared stiffer than it had been for the previous twenty years. Beyond
this he looked dejected thoughtful, & altogether a man of whom it was
safe to predicate that he would make a kind & considerate husband. That he
adored Sue was obvious; & she could almost be seen to feel that she was
unworthy unreserving his adoration.

Although the distance was so short he had hired a fly from the Red Lion, & six or seven
women & children had gathered by the door when they came out. The
schoolmaster & Sue were unknown, though Jude was getting to be recognized

as a citizen; & ~~nobody supposed~~ the couple were judged to be some relations of his from a distance, nobody supposing Sue to have been a recent pupil at the Training School.

In the carriage Jude took ~~his little present~~ last from his pocket, which turned out to be two or three yards of white tulle, which he threw over her, ~~bonnet~~ bonnet & all. as a veil.

"It looks so odd over a bonnet", she said. "I'll take ~~it~~ the bonnet off."

"O no - let ~~the bonnet~~ it stay", said Phillotson. And it remained.

When they had passed up the church & were standing in their places Jude found that the antecedent visit had certainly taken off the edge of this performance, but by the time they were half way on with the service he wished from his heart that he had not undertaken the business ~~of to-night~~ of giving her away. How could Sue have had the temerity to ask him to do it - a cruelty possibly wherein as well as to him? Women were different from men in such matters: Was it that they were, instead of as reputed, more ealous, & less romantic; or were they more heroic? Or was Sue ~~a fiend~~ simply so perverse ~~& theoretic that she~~ that she wilfully gave herself & him ~~the other~~ odd and mournful luxury pain for the sake of practising ~~piety by being on them~~ longsuffering in her own person, & being touched with tender pity for his pain? at having made him practise it? He could perceive that her face was nervously ~~Phillotson seemed not to notice - to be surrounded by a mist which~~ flushed set, & when they reached the trying ordeal of Jude giving her to Phillotson she could hardly command herself; mainly, however, as it seemed from an accession of her knowledge of what her cousin must feel, whom she need not have had there at all, and ~~less~~ not self-regard. ~~for she need not have had him there at all~~. from her personal feelings. Possibly so, & possibly she would go on inflicting such pains again & again & again & again, in all her colossal inconsistency.

Phillotson seemed not to notice, to be surrounded by a mist which

prevented his seeing the emotions of others. As soon as they had signed names & come away, & the suspense was over. Jude felt relieved.

The meal at his lodging was a very simple affair, & at two o'clock they went away. In crossing the pavement to the fly she looked back; & there was a frightened light in her eyes. Could it be that Sue had acted with such unusual forlornness as to plunge into she knew not what for the sake of asserting her independence of him, of retaliating on him for his secrecy? Perhaps Sue was thus venturesome with men because she was childishly ignorant of that side of their natures which wore out women's hearts & lives.

~~Jude could not stay at home when they were gone; & fearing that he might go & stay [illegible] his misery & declared he went upstairs, changed his dark clothes for his white, his thin boots for his thick, & went to his usual work for the remaining afternoon.~~

When her foot was on the carriage-step she turned round, saying that she had forgotten something. Jude & the landlady offered to get it.

"No," she said running back. "It is my handkerchief. I know where I left it."

Jude followed her back. She had found it, & came holding it in her hand. She looked into his eyes with her own tearful ones, & her lips parted as if she were going to say something. But she went on, & whatever she had meant to say remained unspoken.

Mayor of Casterbridge

Chapter XXVI

Jude wondered if she had really left her handkerchief behind; or whether it were that she had merely wished to tell him what at the last moment she could not bring herself to express.

He could not stay in his silent lodging when they were gone, & fearing that he might be tempted to drown his misery in alcohol he went upstairs, changed his dark clothes for his white, his thin boots for his thick, & proceeded to his customary work for the afternoon.

But in the cathedral he seemed to hear a voice behind him, & he yearned with an idea that she would come back. She could not possibly go home with Phillotson, he fancied. The feeling grew & stirred. The moment that the clock struck the last of his working hours he threw down his tools & rushed homeward. "Has anybody been here for me?" he asked.

Nobody had been there.

As he could claim the downstairs sitting-room till twelve o'clock that night he sat in it all the evening; & even when the clock had struck eleven, & the family had retired, he could not shake off the feeling that she would come back & sleep in the little room adjoining his own, in which she had slept so many previous days. Gladly he would have compounded for the loss of her as a sweetheart & wife by having her live thus as a fellow-lodger & friend, even on the most distant terms. His supper still remained spread; & going to the front door, & softly setting it open, he returned to the room & sat as watchers sit on old midsummer eves expecting the phantom of the Beloved. But she did not come.

Having indulged in this idea he went upstairs, looked out of the window, & pictured her through the evening journey to London, whither she & Phillotson had gone for their holiday; their rattling along through the damp night to their hotel, under the same sky of ribbed cloud

as that he ~~saw~~ beheld,
through which the moon showed its position rather than its shape, & one or two of the larger stars made themselves visible as faint nebulæ only. It was a new beginning of Sue's history. He projected his mind into the future, & saw her with children, more or less in her own likeness, around her. But the consolation of regarding them as a ~~renewal of her existence~~ continuation of her identity was denied to him, as to all such dreamers, by the wilfulness of Nature in not allowing issue from one parent alone. Every desired renewal of existence is debased by being half alloy. "If at the estrangement or death of my love whom I did not marry, I could go & see her child, & hers solely, there would be comfort in it" said Jude. And then he again uneasily saw, as he had often latterly seen with more & more frequency, the scorn of Nature for mans finer subtler emotions, & her lack of interest in his aspirations ~~& the damage to his mind that this truth brought upon him~~ ~~& that~~ kindly ~~the~~ government of the universe.

~~He could not endure~~ The appalling strength of Jude's affection for Sue showed itself on the morrow & following days yet more clearly. He could no longer endure the ~~sunlight & moonlight~~ of the Melchester lamps; days: The sunshine was as drab paint, & the blue sky as zinc. When he received news that his old aunt was dangerously ill at Marygreen, which intelligence almost coincided with a letter from his former employer at Christminster, who offered him permanent work & good class if he would come back. The letters were almost a relief to him. He started to visit his aunt Drusilla, & resolved to go on to Christminster to see what worth there might be in the builder's offer.

Jude found his aunt even worse than the communication from the Widow Edlin had led him to expect. But There was every lit-

possibility of her lingering on for weeks or months, though little likelihood. He wrote to Sue informing her of the state of her aunt, & suggesting that she might like to see her aged relation elsewhere. He would meet her at Alfredston-Road station the following evening, Monday, on his way back from Christminster, if she could come by the up-train which crossed his down train at that station. Next morning accordingly, he went on to Christminster, intending to return to Alfredston soon enough to keep the suggested appointment with Sue.

~~Arrived there before~~ ~~He had had~~ ~~intent in~~ The city had ~~gone~~ of learning ~~were~~ an estranged look & ~~that~~ he had lost ~~all~~ all feeling for its associations. He came to the street in which he had first beheld Sue. The chair in she had occupied when, leaning over her ecclesiastical scrolls, her stylish figure had arrested the gaze of his inquiring eyes, stood precisely in its former spot, empty. It was as if she were dead, & nobody had been found capable of succeeding her in that artistic pursuit. Here was now the city phantom, ~~The city ghost, who had~~ ~~not~~, while those of the worthies who had once moved him to emotion were no longer able to assert their presence there.

However, here he was; & in fulfilment of his intention he went on to his former lodging in "Capernaum", near the ceremonial church of St Silas. The old landlady who opened the door seemed glad to see him again, & bringing some lunch informed him that a few weeks before this time a "sort of lady" had called, & inquired for him by name. Jude asked what the lady was like, but the housewife's notions were vague, & she could only describe the caller as good looking, & rather showily dressed. She had not seemed particularly anxious to see Jude, & had apparently only called from curiosity: his informant believed she was in some situation in Christminster.

Jude dismissed her with the thought that she might have been some acquaintance of Sue's, & went on to the stone yard where he had worked. But the old sheds & bankers were ~~made~~ ~~had~~ disused [illegible] to him; he felt it impossible to engage himself [illegible].

to remain & stay in this place of vanished dreams. He longed for the hour of the homeward train to Alfredston, where he might probably meet Sue. Then, for one ghastly half hour, of depression caused by these scenes, there returned upon him that feeling which had been his undoing more than once — that he was not worth the trouble of being taken care of either by himself or Mrs; & during this half hour he met Tinker Taylor, bankrupt ecclesiastical ~~the bankrupt~~ ironmonger, at Fourways ~~in Chief Street~~, who proposed that they should adjourn to a bar & drink together. They ~~entered the nearest~~ walked along the street till they stood before one of the great palpitating centres of Christminster life, the inn wherein he formally had responded to the challenge to rehearse the Creed in Latin — now a popular tavern with a spacious ~~entrance~~ admittance, which gave access to a bar that had been entirely renovated & refitted in modern style since Jude's residence here.

Tinker Taylor drank off his glass & departed, saying it was too stylish a place now for him to feel at home in unless he was drunker ~~at that time of the afternoon~~. Jude had money to pay for his, & stood abstractedly silent in the almost-empty place. The bar had been gutted & newly arranged throughout, mahogany fixtures having taken the place of the old painted ones, while at the back of the standing-space there were stuffed sofa benches. The room was divided into compartments in the approved manner, between which were screens of ground glass in mahogany framing, to prevent the topers in one compartment being put to the blush by the recognitions of those in the next. On the inside of the counter two barmaids leant over the white handled beer-engines, & the row of little silvered taps inside, dripping into a pewter trough.

Feeling tired, & having nothing more to do till the train left, Jude sat down on one of the sofas. At the back of the barmaids' rose bevel-edged mirrors, with glass shelves running across their front, on which stood precious liquids that Jude did not know the name of, in bottles of topaz sapphire, ruby, & amethist. The moment was enlivened by the

entrance of some customers into the next compartment, & the starting of the mechanical tell-tale of ~~money~~ monies received, which emitted a ting-ting every time a coin was put in.

The barmaid attending to this compartment was invisible to Jude's direct glance, though a reflection of her back in the glass behind her was occasionally caught by his eyes. He had not observed this listlessly when she turned her face for a moment to the glass to set her hair tidy. Then he was amazed to ~~before~~ discover that the face was Arabella's.

If she had come on to this compartment she would have seen him. But she did not, this being presided over by the maiden on the other side. She was in a ~~the~~ black gown, with white linen cuffs, & a broad white collar, & her figure, more developed than formerly, ~~naturally full figure~~ was accentuated by a bunch of daffodils that she wore on her left bosom. In the compartment she served stood an electroplated fountain of water over a spirit-lamp, whose blue flame sent a steam from the top, all this being visible to him only in the ~~glass~~ mirror behind her; which also reflected the faces of the men she was attending to – one of them a handsome, dissipated young fellow, who had been relating to her an experience of some humourous sort.

"O, Mr Cockman, now! How can you tell such a tale to me in my innocence!" she cried gaily. "Mr Cockman, what do you use to make your moustache curl so beautiful?" As the young man was clean shaven the retort provoked ~~here followed~~ a laugh at his expense. "Come!" said he. "I'll have a Curaçoa; & a light, please."

She served the liqueur from one of the lovely bottles, & striking a match held it to his cigarette while he whiffed. ~~"Now give me the change~~

"Well, have you heard from your husband lately my dear?" he asked.

"Not a sound!" said she.

"Where is he?"

"I left him in Australia; & I suppose he's there still."

¶ Jude's eyes grew rounder.

¶ "What made you part from him?"

"Don't you ask questions, & you won't hear lies."

"Come then, give me my change, which you've been keeping from me for the last quarter of an hour; & I'll romantically vanish up the street of this picturesque city."

She handed the change over the counter, in taking which he caught her fingers & held them. There was a slight struggle, & titter, & he made her good bye & left.

Jude had looked on with the eye of a dazed philosopher. It was extraordinary how far removed from his life Arabella now seemed to be. He could not realize their nominal closeness. And, this being the case ~~what was no less surprising~~, in his present frame of mind he was even indifferent to the fact that Arabella was his wife indeed. ~~Another thing was that her unexpected~~

The compartment that she entered emptied itself of visitors, & after a brief interval he thought he entered it, & went forward to the counter. Arabella did not recognize him for a moment. Then their glances met. She started; & a humorous impudence sparkled in her eyes, and she spoke.

"Well, I'm blest! I thought you were underground for years ago!"

"Oh?"

"I never heard anything of you, or I don't know that I should have come here. But never mind. What shall I treat you to this delightful afternoon? A sherry & soda? Come, anything that the house will afford, for old acquaintance sake!"

"Thanks Arabella," said Jude without a smile. "But I don't want anything more than I've had." The fact was that her unexpected presence there had at a stroke his momentary destroyed taste for liquor as completely as if it had whisked him back to his strong milk-fed infancy.

"That's a pity, now you could get it for nothing."

"How long have you been here?"

"About ~~three months~~ six weeks. I returned from Sydney three months ago. I always liked this business, ~~actually~~ you know."

"I wonder you came to this place."

"Well, as I say, I thought you were gone to glory, & being in London I saw ~~this place~~ the situation in an advertisement. Nobody ever likely to know me here, even if I had minded, for I was never in Christmaster in my growing up. "Why did you return from Australia?" ¶ "O, I had my reasons ~~Then you are~~ Then you are not a Don yet?"

"No."

"Not even a reverend?" ¶ "No." ¶ "Nor so much as a rather reverend dissenting gentleman?"

"I am as I was."

"True – you ~~appear to be~~ look so." She idly laid on by her right hand & the pull ~~the handle~~ of the beer-engine as she inspected him critically. He observed that her hands were smaller & whiter than when he had lived with her, & that on the hand which pulled the engine she wore an ornamental ring set with what seemed to be a real sapphire – which it was, indeed, & was much admired as such by the young men who frequented the bar.

"So you pass as married," he ~~said~~ continued.

"Yes. I thought it might be awkward if I called myself widow, as I should have liked."

"True. I am known here a little."

"I did not mean on that account – for as I said I ~~the reasons~~ did not expect you. It was for other reasons."

"What were they?"

"I don't care to go into them," she replied evasively. "I make a very good living, & I don't know that I want your company."

Here a chappie with no chin & a moustache like a lady's eyebrow came & asked for a curiously compounded drink, & Arabella was obliged to

go & attend to him." We can't talk here," she said stopping back a moment. "Can't you wait till nine? I can get off duty two hours sooner than usual, if I ask. I am not living in the house at present."

He reflected ("I'll come back," he said gloomily,) "I suppose we'd better arrange something."

"O, bother arranging! I'm not going to arrange anything."

"But I must know a thing or two; & as you say, we can't talk here. Very well; I'll call for you."

Depositing his unemptied glass he went out & walked up & down the street. Here was a rude flounce into the pellucid sentimentality of his sad attachment to Sue. Though Arabella's word was absolutely untrustworthy, he thought there might be some truth in her implication that she had not wished to distress him, & had really supposed him dead. However there was only one thing now to be done, & that was to play a straightforward part: the law being the law, & the woman between whom & himself there was no more unity than between east & west being in the age of the Church one person with him. It

Having to meet Arabella here it was impossible to meet Sue at Alfredston as he had promised. At every thought of this a pang had gone through him; but the conjuncture could not be helped. Arabella was perhaps an intended punishment to him for his unauthorized love for her. Passing the evening, therefore, in a desultory waiting about the town, wherein he avoided the precincts of every cloister & hall, because he could not bear to behold them, nine while the 101 strokes were resounding from the great bell of Cardinal College* he repaired just before eleven to the tavern bar, the inn which was now brilliantly lighted up, & the scene was altogether more brisk & gay. The faces of the barmaids had risen in colour, each having a pink flush on her cheek; their manners were still more vivacious than before — more abandoned, more excited, & they expressed their sentiments and

* a coincidence which seemed to him gratuitously ironic.

desires less euphemistically, & laughing in a lackadaisical tone, without reserve.

The bar had been crowded with men of all sorts & he had heard but they were shouting out from without a hubbub of voices during the previous hours, but the customers were fewer just now. He nodded to Arabella, & told her that she would find him just outside the door when she came out away.

"But you must have something with me first," she said with great good humour. "Just an early nightcap: I always do." She drew a couple of liqueur glasses of brandy; & though she had evidently, from her countenance, already taken in enough alcohol either by drinking or, more probably, from the atmosphere she had breathed for so many hours, she finished hers quickly. He also drank his, & went outside the house.

When you can go out & wait a minute, as it is best we should not be seen going together.

In a few minutes she came, in a thick jacket & dark hat. "I live quite near," she said, taking his arm, "and can let myself in by a latch-key at any time. What arrangement do you want to come to?"

"O – none in particular," he answered, thoroughly sick & tired, his thoughts again reverting to Alfredston, & the train he did not go by; & the probable disappointment of Sue that he was not there when she arrived, & the missed pleasure of her company on the long & lonely walk climb by starlight up the hills to Marygreen. "I ought to have gone back really. My aunt is on her deathbed, I fear."

"I'll go over with you to-morrow morning. I think I could get a day off."

There was something particularly unpleasant uncongenial in the idea of Arabella, who had no more sympathy than a tigress with his relations or him, coming to the bedside of his dying aunt, & meeting Sue. Yet he said, "Of course, if you'd like to, you can."

"Well, that we'll consider... Now / Until we have come to some agreement on it is awkward being together here — where you are

"Very well. But you said (~~when we were getting up this morning~~) that you had something you wished to tell me before I left?"

"So I had. But you would not promise to keep it a secret. I'll tell you now if you promise? I wish you to know.... It was what I began telling you ~~in the night~~ of about that gentleman who managed the Sydney ~~kept the~~ hotel." Arabella spoke somewhat hurriedly for her. "You'll keep it close ~~not say anything~~?"

"Yes, yes - I promise", said Jude impatiently. "Of course I don't want to reveal your secrets."

"He said, whenever I met him out for a walk, that he was much taken with me, & he kept pressing me to marry him. I never thought of coming back to England again; & being out there in Australia, with no home of my own after leaving my father, I at last agreed, & did."

"What - marry him?"

"Yes."

"Regularly - legally - in church?" (It was stupid, I know; but I did.)

"Yes. And lived with him till shortly before I left. There, now I've told you all. Don't round upon me! He's never coming back to England, poor old chap. And if he does, he won't be likely to find me."

Jude stood pale & fixed, ~~& said nothing~~. Why he devil didn't you tell me ~~last night~~ before! he said

Well - I did nit....

"Don't you make it up with me, then?"

"I have nothing more to say!" replied Jude with agitation. "I have nothing at all to say about me - crime - you've confessed to."

"Crime! Pooh. They don't think much of such as that over there!... Well, if you take it like that I shall go back to him! He was very fond of me, & we lived honorable enough, & as respectable as any married couple in the country! How did I know where you were?"

"I won't go blaming you. I could say a good deal, but perhaps it

was frightened about you - I thought that perhaps when you found yourself back in the old place you were upset at thinking I was - & not there as I used to be; and you had nobody to speak to, and you remembered, & had tried to drown your gloom. - ~~That was why you hadn't come back to meet me - home~~ as you did at that former time when you were disappointed about entering as a student, & had forgotten your promise to me that you never would again. And this, I thought, was why you hadn't come home to meet me."

"And you came to hunt me up, & deliver me, like a good angel!"

"I thought I would come by the morning train, & try to find you."

"I did think of my promise to you, dear, continually! I shall never break out again as I did, I am sure. I may have been doing nothing better, but I was not doing that - I loathe the thought of it. ~~I had da~~ ~~at that time~~ ~~given you the promise, as I have now.~~"

¶"I am glad your staying had nothing to do with that. But," she said, the faintest point entering into her tone, "you didn't come back last night & meet me, as you engaged to!"

"I didn't - I am sorry to say. I had an appointment at nine o'clock - ~~engagement~~, too late for me to catch the train that would have met yours, or to get home at all."

~~Much as he wished to be candid~~ with her, he could not bring himself to tell her what that ~~engagement~~ appointment was. Looking at her as she appeared to him now, the truest & most disinterested friend that he had ever had, so ethereal a creature that her spirit could be ~~almost~~ seen trembling through her limits, ~~he~~ he felt heartily ashamed of his earthliness in ~~having his eyes~~ spending the hours he had spent in Arabella's company. There was something rude & immoral in thrusting these recent facts of his life upon the mind of one who was ~~so transcendental as~~ so un-carnate as sometimes at times to seem impossible as a human wife to any average man. And yet she was Philotson's. How she had become such, how she lived as such, passed his comprehension as he regarded her ~~that~~ to-day.

"You'll go back with me?" he said. ~~A train goes before~~ There's a train just now. I wonder how aunt is by this time .... ~~Sue~~, and so, Sue, you really came on my account all this way! At what an early time you must have started, poor thing!"

Sitting up watching alone made me all nerves for you, & instead of going to bed I started for nothing

"Yes. And now you won't frighten me like this again about your morals?.."

~~She said playfully~~. ¶ He had avoided the temptation she refused to, ~~that~~ ~~he had determined~~ The ~~Heraldstone~~ released ~~he had entered the train~~ temptation; but it; he was not so sure. Here was no cause for condemning his morals all the same.)

(He released her hand till they had entered the train, where they sat down side by side, Sue between him & the window. He regarded the delicate lines of her profile, & the small, light apple-like curves of her figure, so different from Arabella's amplitudes. Though she knew he was looking at her she did not turn to him, but kept her eyes forward, as if afraid that by meeting his, some troublous discussion would be initiated

"Sue - you are married now, you know, like me; & yet we have been in such a hurry that we have not said a word about it."

"There's no necessity," she ~~said~~ quickly returned.

"O well - perhaps not... But I wish -" ¶ "Jude - don't ~~You shouldn't~~ talk about me - I wish you wouldn't!" she interjected. "It distresses me rather. Forgive my saying it!....

"Where did you stay last night?" ~~she asked, merely to change the topic.~~

She had asked the question in perfect innocence, to change the topic. He knew that, & said merely "At an inn," though it would have been a relief to tell her of his meeting with Arabella. But the latter's final announcement of her marriage in Australia bewildered him lest it might say should do his ignorant what he ~~should do to hinder the~~ wife an injury.

Their talk proceeded but awkwardly till they reached Alfredston. That Sue was not as she had been, but was labelled "Phillotson", paralyzed Jude whenever he wanted to commune with her as an individual.

There remained the five-mile extra journey into the country, which it was just as easy to walk as to drive, the greater part of it being up-hill. Jude had never before in his life gone that road with Sue, though he had with another. It was now as if he carried a bright light which temporarily banished the shady associations of the earlier time.

Sue talked; but Jude noticed that she still kept the conversation from herself. At length he inquired if her husband were well.

"O yes", she said. "He is obliged to be in the school all day, or he would have come with me. He is so good & kind that he would have dismissed the school for a day, even against his principles – for he is strongly opposed to giving casual holidays – only I would not let him. I felt it would be better to come alone. Aunt Drusilla, I knew, was so very eccentric; & his being a stranger to her would have made it irksome to both. Since it turns out that she is hardly conscious I am glad I did not ask him." ¶ Jude had walked mostly while this praise of Phillotson was being expressed.

"Mr Phillotson obliges you in everything, as he ought", he said.

"Of course."

"You ought to be a happy wife."

"I am."

"Bride, I might almost have said, as yet. It is not so many weeks since I gave you to him, and —"

"Yes I know, I know!" ✳ [see back]

"Well, you have my good wishes now as always, Mrs Phillotson".

"She reproached him by a look. ~~for his so entitling her.~~

"No – you are not Mrs Phillotson", murmured Jude. "You are dear, free Sue Bridehead, only you don't know it. Wisdom has not yet assimilated & digested you ~~as another atom~~ in its vast maw as an atom which has no further individuality."

⁂ There was something in her face which belied her assuring words, so strictly proper, & so lifelessly spoken that they might have been taken from a list of model speeches in "The Wife's Guide to Conduct": Jude knew every quality in the quality of voice in Sue's, could read every symptom of her mental condition; & he was convinced that she was unhappy, although she had not been a two months married. Let it be said however, that her rushing away thus from home, to see the last of a relative whom she had hardly known in her life, proved nothing; for Sue naturally did such things as these.

She put on a look of being offended. till she flipped out, "Nor has husbandage you, so far as I can see!"

"But it has," he said, shaking his head sadly.

When they reached the lone cottage under the firs, between the Brom House & Marygreen, in which Jude & Arabella had lived & quarrelled, he turned to look at it. A squalid family lived there now. He could not help saying to Sue: "That's ~~there is~~ the house my wife & I occupied the whole of the time we lived together. I brought her home to that house".

She looked at it. "That boy you was when the school-house at Shaston is to me."

"Yes; but I was not very happy there, as you are in yours."

She elsewhere lapsed in a pronounced silence, & they walked some way till she glanced at him to see how he was taking it. "Of course, I may have ~~affected~~ your happiness - one never knows," he continued.

even though you may have said it to sting me.

"Don't think that, Jude, for a moment. He's as good to me as a man and gives me perfect liberty - which elderly husbands don't in general. could be... If you think I am not happy because he's too old for me you are wrong."

"I don't think anything against him - to you, dear."

saying to

"And you won't dishear me, will you?"

"I will not."

He said no more, but he knew that from some cause or other that in taking Phillotson as a husband She felt that she had done what she ought not to have done.

They plunged into the concave field on the other side of which rose the village - the field wherein Jude had received a thrashing from the farmer many years earlier. On ascending to the village & ~~entering~~ approaching the house they found Mrs Edlin standing at the door, who at sight

of them lifted her hands deprecatingly. "She's downstairs, if you'll believe me!" cried the widow. "Out o' bed she got, & nothing could turn her. What will come o't I do not know!"

On entering, there indeed by the fireplace sat the old woman, wrapped in blankets, & turning upon them a countenance like that of Sebastiano's Lazarus. They must have looked their amazement, for she said in a hollow voice:

"Ah – frightened scared ye, have I! I was'nt going to bide up there no longer, to please nobody! 'Tis more than flesh & blood can bear, to be ordered to do this & that by a feller that don't know help so well as you do yourself! ..... Ah – you'll rue this marrying ~~So you see a reason~~, as well as he!" she added turning to Sue. All our family do, & nearly all everybody else's. You should have done as I did, you simpleton! And Phillotson the schoolmaster of all men! What made ée marry him?"

"What makes most women marry, aunt."

"Ah. You mean to say you loved the man!

"I don't mean to say anything definite."

"Do ye love un?"

"Don't ask me, aunt."

"I can mind the man very well. A very civil, honourable liver man; but Lord! – I don't want to wound your feelings, but there be certain men here & there that no woman of any ~~natural taste~~ nileness can stomach. I should have said he was one. I don't say so now, since you must have known better than I; but that's what I should have said."

Sue jumped up & went out. Jude followed her, & found her in the outhouse, crying.

"Don't cry, dear!" said Jude in distress. "She means well, but is very crusty & queer now, you know."

"O no – it is not that," said Sue, trying to dry her eyes. "I don't mind her roughness one bit. It is that what she says is – is true!"

"What – that you don't like him?" asked Jude simply.

"I don't mean that!" she said hastily. "That I ought – perhaps I ought not to have married!"

He wondered if she had really been going to say that at first. They went back, & the subject was smoothed over, & her aunt took rather kindly to Sue, telling her that not many young women newly married would have come so far to see a sick old crone like her. In the afternoon Sue prepared to depart, Jude hiring a neighbour to drive her to Alfredston.

"I'll go with you to the station, if you'd like?" he said

She would not let him. The man came round with the trap, & Jude helped her into it, perhaps with unnecessary attention, for she looked at him prohibitively

"I suppose – I may come to see you some day, when I am back again at Melchester?" he half crossly observed. ¶ She bent down & said softly: "No – you are not to come yet. I don't think you are in a good mood." ¶ "Good bye!" She waved her hand, & was gone.

"Very well," said Jude. "Good bye!" ¶

"She's right. I won't go," he murmured.

He passed the evening & following days in mortifying this wish to see her by every possible means. He read sermons on discipline, & heard stirred himself in attempts to extinguish by fasting his passionate tendency to love his cousin. He hunted up passages in church history that treated of the Ascetics of the second & following centuries, and ¶ Before he had returned from Marygreen to Melchester there arrived a letter from Arabella. The sight of it revived even a stronger feeling of self-condemnation for his brief return to her society than for his attachment to Sue.

The letter, he perceived, bore a London post-mark instead of the Christminster one. Arabella informed him that ~~she had just seen~~ a few days after their parting in the morning at Christminster, she had been surprised by an affectionate letter from her Australian husband, formerly manager of the hotel in Sydney. He had come to England on purpose to find her; & had taken a free fully-licensed corner public-house in Lambeth, where he wished her to join him in conducting the business, which was likely to be a very thriving one, the house being situated in an excellent, densely populated, gin-drinking neighbourhood, & already doing a trade of £200 a month, which could be easily doubled.

As he had said that he loved her very much still, & they had only parted in a slight tiff, & (implored her to tell him where she was, & as) & her engagement in Christminster was only temporary, she had just gone to join him as he urged. She could not help feeling that she belonged to him more than to Jude, since she had properly married him, & had lived with him much longer than with her first husband. In thus wishing Jude good-bye she bore him no ill-will, & trusted he would not turn upon her, a weak woman, & inform against her, & bring her to ruin now that she had a chance of improving her circumstances & leading a genteel life.

Chapter XXVIII.

Jude returned to Melchester, which had the doubtful recommendation of being only a dozen & half miles from his cousin's now permanent residence. At first he felt that this nearness was a distinct reason for not going southward at all; but Christminster was too sad a place to bear, while the proximity of Shaston to Melchester might afford him the glory of worsting the Enemy in a closer engagement, such as was deliberately sought by the priests & virgins of the early church, who disdaining an ignominious flight from temptation, even becoming domiciliary partners with impunity. Jude did not pause to remember that, in the laconic words of the historian, "insulted Nature sometimes vindicated her rights," in such circumstances.

~~As an auxiliary hobby~~ to his study for the priesthood — to which he now returned with feverish desperation — in the recognition that the singlemindedness of his aims, & his fidelity to the cause, had been more manly than questionable of late. His passion for Sue troubled his soul; yet his abandonment to the society of Arabella for twelve hours seemed instinctively a worse thing — even though she had not told him of her Sydney husband till afterwards. ~~Despair~~ He had, he verily believed, overcome all tendency to fly to liquor — which, indeed, he had never done from taste, but merely as an escape from intolerable misery of mind. Yet he perceived altogether, with despondency that, taken all round, he was a man of too many passions to make a good clergyman; & he utmost he could hope for was that in a life of constant internal warfare between flesh & spirit the former might not always be victorious.

As an auxiliary hobby to his readings in Divinity he developed his slight skill in church music & thorough bass, till he could join in part-singing with some accuracy from notation. A mile or two from Melchester there was a restored village church, to which Jude had originally gone to fix the new columns & capitals. By this means he had become acquainted with the organist, & the ultimate result was that he joined the choir as a bass voice.

He walked out to this parish twice every Sunday, & sometimes in the week. One evening about Easter the choir met for practice, & a new hymn which Jude had heard to be by a Welsh composer, was to be tried & prepared for the following Sunday week. ~~As soon as the harmonies fell on Jude's ear~~ It turned out to be a strangely emotional composition, & as they all sang it over & over again its harmonies grew upon Jude, ~~till he was moved~~ & moved him exceedingly.

When they had finished he went round to the organist to make inquiries. The score was in manuscript, the name of the composer being at the head, together with the title of the hymn:- "The Foot of the Cross".

"Yes", said the organist. "He is almost a local man. He is a professional musician at Kennetbridge - between here & Christminster. The vicar knows him. He was brought up & educated in Christminster traditions, which accounts for the quality of the piece. I think he plays in the large church there, & has a surpliced choir. He comes to Melchester sometimes, & once tried to get the Cathedral organ when the post was vacant. The hymn is getting about everywhere this Easter."

Jude fell to musing on his way home as he walked, humming the air, on his way home. Jude fell to musing on its composer, & the reasons why he composed it. What a man of sympathies he must be! How he should like to know him! Perplexed & harassed as he himself was about Sue, & Arabella, & troubled as was his conscience with by the complications of his position, how he would like to know that man! "He of all men would understand my difficulties", said the impulsive Jude. If there were any person in the world to choose as a confidant, this composer would be the one, for he must have suffered, & toiled, & mobbed, & yearned!"

In brief, ill as he could afford the time & money for the journey, Jude Fawley resolved, like the child that he was, to go to Kennetbridge the very next Sunday. He started early in the morning, for it was only by a series of crooked railways that he could get to the town. About mid-day he reached it, & crossing the bridge into the quaint old borough he inquired for the house of the composer.

They told him it was a red brick building some little way further on. Also the gentleman himself had just passed along the street not five minutes before.

"Which way?" asked Jude with alacrity.

"Straight along homewards from church."

Jude hastened on, & soon had the pleasure of observing a man in a black coat & a black stiffened felt hat no considerable distance ahead. Stretching out his legs yet more widely he stalked after. "A hungry soul in pursuit of a full soul!" he said. "I must speak to that man."

He could not, however, overtake the musician before he had entered his own house, & then arose the question if this were an expedient time to call. Whether or not he decided to do so there & then, now that he had got here, & the distance home being too great for him was so long that he could not afford to wait till late in the afternoon. This man of soul would understand a scant ceremony, & might be quite a perfect adviser in a case in which an earthly & illegitimate passion had cunningly obtained entrance into his heart through the opening afforded for religion.

Jude accordingly rang the bell, & was admitted.

The musician came to him in a moment, & being respectably dressed, good looking, & frank in manner Jude obtained a favourable reception. He was nevertheless conscious that there would be a certain awkwardness in explaining his errand.

"I have been singing in the choir of a little church near Melchester," he said. "And we have this week practised "The Foot of the Cross", which I understand, Sir, that you composed?"

"I did – a year or so ago."

"I – like it. I think it supremely beautiful."

"Ah well – other people have said so too. Yes, there's money in it, if I could only see about getting it published. I have other compositions to go with it, too; I wish I could bring them out; for I haven't made

a five-pound note out of any of them yet. These publishing people – they want the copyright of an obscene composer's work, such as mine is, for almost less than I should have to pay a person for making a manuscript copy of the score. The one you speak of I have lent to various friends about here & Melchester, & they say they like it. So it has got to be sung a little. But music is a poor staff to lean on – I am giving it up entirely. You must go into trade if you want to make money nowadays. The wine business is what I am thinking of. This is my forthcoming list – it is not issued yet – but you can take one."

He handed Jude an advertisement list of several pages in booklet shape, ornamentally margined with a red line, in which were set forth the various clarets, champagnes, ports, sherries, & other wines with which he purposed to initiate his new venture. Perhaps there was nothing unnatural in this turn of events; but it took Jude rather by surprise that the man with the soul was thus & thus. His visitor felt that he could not open up his confidences.

They talked a little longer, but constrainedly, for when the musician found that Fawley was a poor man his manner changed from what it had been while Jude's address had deceived him as to his station position & pursuits. Jude stammered out something about his feelings in wishing to congratulate him on such an exalted composition, & took an undignified embarrassed leave.

He was depressed enough at his simplicity all the way home by the slow Sunday train, & sitting in the fireless waiting room on this cold spring day in taking such a journey. But no sooner did he reach home than his Melchester lodging-man he found awaiting him a letter which, in the hurry of his

departure that morning, had not been given to him. It was a contrite little note from Sue, in which she said, with sweet humility that she felt she had been horrid in telling him he was not to come & see her, that she despised herself for having been so conventional, & that he was to be sure to come by the eleven-forty-five train that very Sunday, & to have dinner with them at half-past one.

Jude did not greatly tear his hair at having missed this letter till it was too late to act upon its contents, for really did seem to have been another special intervention of Providence to keep him away he had chastened himself considerably of late, & at first his chimerical expedition to Kennetbridge from temptation. But impatience of faith a growing rebelliousness which he had noticed in himself more than once of late made him that God sent people on fool's errands to tempt and scruple the idea & He longed to see her; he was angry at having missed her: & he wrote instantly telling her what had happened, & saying he had not enough patience to wait till the following Sunday, but would come any day in the week that she liked to name.

Since he wrote a little over: and Sue, as her manner was, delayed her reply till Thursday, when before Good Friday, she said he might come that afternoon if he wished. This being the earliest day on which she could welcome him, for she was now assistant-teacher in her husband's school & the next afternoon therefore Jude got leave from the Cathedral works at the triple chime of a stoppage of pay, & went. He ascended from the nearest station to the table about four, & entering on the summit of the peak after a toilsome climb passed the first houses of the aërial town, & drew towards the school-house. It was too early; the scholars were still in school, humming like a swarm of gnats; & he withdrew to a distance along the Abbey Walk, whence he regarded the spot which fate had made the home of all the loved best in the world. In front of the schools, which were extensive & stone-built, & buttressed, grew two enormous beeches with smooth mouse-coloured trunks, as such trees only will grow on chalk uplands. Within the

muslined & transomed windows he could see the black, brown & flaxen crowns of the ~~girls~~ scholars over the sills, & ~~not wishing to be observed as yet~~ to pass the time away he walked down to the level terrace where the Abbey gardens once had spread, his heart throbbing in spite of him. ~~three centuries before~~

Unwilling to enter till the children were dismissed he remained here till young voices overhead in the open air, & girls in white pinafores over red & blue frocks appeared dancing along the paths which the abbess, prioress, sub-prioress, & fifty nuns had paced three centuries earlier. Retracing his steps he found that he had waited too long, & that Sue had gone out into the town at the heels of the last scholar, Mr Phillotson having been absent all the afternoon at the teachers' meeting at Shottsford.

Jude went into the empty schoolroom & sat down, the girl who was sweeping the floor having informed him that Mrs Phillotson would be back again in a few minutes. A piano — actually the old piano that Phillotson had possessed at Marygreen — stood near, & though the dark afternoon almost prevented him seeing the notes he touched them in his humble way, & could not help modulating into the hymn which had so affected him in the previous week

A figure moved behind him, & thinking it was still the girl with the broom Jude took no notice, till the person came close & laid her fingers lightly upon his bass hand. The imposed hand was a little more than he seemed to know, & he turned ~~he saw~~ Sue beside him

"Don't stop," Sue said. "I like it. I learnt it before I left Melchester. They used to play it in the training school."

"I can't play or strum before you! Play it for me.

"O well — I don't mind."

Sue sat down, & her rendering of the piece seemed divine as compared with his own. She was evidently touched — to her own surprise; & when she had finished, she moved his hand towards hers, it met his own half-way. Jude grasped it — just as he had done before her marriage.

"It is odd," she said, in a voice quite changed, "that I should care about that; because —"

"Because what?"

"I am not that sort — quite."

"Not easily moved?"

"I didn't quite mean that."

"O but ~~it is not odd~~ you are of that sort, for you are just like me at heart ~~bottom~~

¶ "But not at head."

She played on, suddenly turned round; by an unpremeditated instinct each clasped the other's hand again.

She uttered a forced little laugh as she released his quickly. "How funny!" she said. "I wonder what *we both did that for!"

"I suppose because we are both alike, as I said before."

"Not in our thoughts. Perhaps a little in our feelings."

"And they rule thoughts.... Isn't it enough to make ~~a man~~ one blaspheme that the composer of that hymn is one of the most commonplace men I ever met!"

"What — you know him?"

"I went to see him."

"O you goose — to do just what I should have done! Why did you?"

"Because we are not alike" ~~because~~ he said daily.

"Now we'll have some tea" said She. "Shall we have it here instead of in my house? It is no trouble to get the kettle & things brought in. We don't live at the school, you know, but in that ancient dwelling across the way called ~~Old Grove~~ Old-Grove's Place. It is so antique & dismal that it depresses me dreadfully. Such ~~place~~ houses are very well to visit, but not to live in — I feel crushed into the earth by the weight of so many previous lives there spent. In a new place like here schools ~~are~~ there is only your own life to support. Sit down, & I'll tell Ada to bring the tea-things across."

He waited in the light of the stove, the door of which she flung open before going out; & when she returned followed by the maid with tea they sat down by the same light, assisted by the blue rays of a spirit-lamp under the brass kettle on the stand.

"This is one of your wedding presents" she said, sipping the tea.

"Yes." said Jude.

The kettle of his gift sang with some satire in its note, to his mind; and to change the subject he said, "Do you know of any good readable edition of the uncanonical books of the New Testament? You don't read them in the school, I suppose."

"O dear no! — 'twould drive the Bishops mad....

"Yes, there is one. I am not familiar with it now, though I was interested in it when my former friend was alive. Cowper's Apocryphal Gospels."

"That sounds like what I want." His thoughts, however, reverted with a twinge to the "former friend" — by whom she meant, as he knew, the University comrade of her earlier days. He wondered if she talked of him to Phillotson.

"The Gospel of Nicodemus is very nice," she went on, to keep him from his jealous thoughts, which she read clearly, as she always did. Indeed when they talked on an indifferent subject, as now, there was ever a second silent conversation passing between their minds emotions, so perfect was the reciprocity between them. "It is quite like the genuine article. All cut up into verses, too; so that it is like one of the other evangelists read in a dream, when things are the same, yet not the same. But Jude, do you take an interest in more questions still? Are you getting up Apologetica?"

"Yes. I am reading divinity harder than ever."

She regarded him curiously.

"Why do you look at me like that?" said Jude.

"Oh — why do you want to know?"

"I am sure you can tell me anything I may be ignorant of in that

subject. You must have learnt a lot of everything from your dear dead friend."

"We won't get on to that now. Will you be coming out at that church again next week, where you learnt me pretty hymn?"

"Yes, perhaps."

"That will be very nice. Shall I come & see you there? It is in this direction," & I could come any afternoon by train for tea with you."

"No. Don't come"... "Sue I sometimes think you are a flirt." said he. There was a momentary pause, till she suddenly Jude, he said jumped up; & by this sudden surprise he saw by the kettle-flame that her face had flushed. "I can't talk to you any longer Jude, she said. It is getting too dark to stay together like this, after playing morbid Good Friday tunes that make one feel what one shouldn't!... ~~I wish I were dead~~ We must not sit together & talk in this way any more!"

"What – are we not to be friends then, any longer as we used to be?"

"No."

"I didn't know that. I thought you were always going to be – kind to me."

"No I am not."

"What have I done, then? I am sure I know of no one thing –" The tremor in her voice caused her to break off.

"Yes – you must go away, for you mistake me! I am very much the reverse of what you say so cruelly – & Jude, it was cruel of you that! but I give way to yet I can't tell you the truth – I should shock you if I told you how I have my impulses & how much I feel that I ought to have been provided with a woman's heart instead of the contrary that there is no harm in a person rectifying a mistake in marriage, when it is found. Some in making the best of a bad bargain & wretched & man so ill-matched as this in love as we are, & that a woman made in ignorance, or carelessness or temptousness, by taking another man, loving him best in the last case they may find that the second gift is continuously to the character of the person married by the state to receive it. But you are so straightlaced, Jude, that you can't understand me. You must do the same. I don't like to say it, for I feel I am shocking your faith in the Venerable ceremony of Christian & other nations & perhaps I ought not to do that much. I had better one not put in its place. Now

you must go." ¶"Are you?" I am sorry my husband is not at home." ¶"I perceive I have said that in mere convention. Honestly, I don't think I am sorry. It does not matter, either way, sad to say!"

As they had ~~stood~~ one done he ~~[illegible]~~ grasp of hands sometime sooner, she touched his fingers but lightly when he met ~~out~~ now. He had hardly gone from the door when, with a dissatisfied look, she jumped on a form & opened the iron casement of a window beneath which he was passing in the path without. ~~looked down upon him~~. "When do you leave here to catch your train, Jude?" she asked.

He looked up in some surprise. "The coach that runs to meet it goes in ~~half~~ three quarters of an hour or so."

"What will you do with yourself for the time?

"O – wander about, I suppose. Perhaps I shall go & sit in the old church."

"It does seem hard of me to pack you off so! You have thought ~~seen~~ enough of churches, heaven knows, without going into one in the dark. Stay there."

"Where?"

"Where you are. I can talk to you better like this than when you were inside... It was so kind & tender of you to give up half a day's work to come to see me..... You are Joseph the dreamer of dreams, dear Jude. And a tragic Don Quixote. And sometimes you are St. Stephen, who, while they were stoning him, could see Heaven opened. O my poor friend & comrade, you'll suffer yet!"

Now that the high window-sill was between them, so that he could not get at her, she seemed not to mind indulging in a frankness she had feared at close quarters. "I have been thinking", she continued, still in the tone of one brimfull of feeling, "that the social moulds ~~that~~ that civilization puts us into have no more relation to our actual shapes than the conventional shapes of the constellations have to the real star=

patterns. I am called Mrs Richard Phillotson, living a calm
wedded life with my ~~double~~ counterpart of that name. But I am not really
Mrs Richard Phillotson, but a woman tossed about, all alone,
with ~~natural~~ aberrant passions, & unaccountable antipathies ..... Now you
must not wait longer, or you will lose the coach. ~~Good bye!~~ Come &
see me again. "You must come to the house then."
~~"It was dark when you ~~left~~ ~~Good bye – good bye!"~~~~

~~It was impossible~~ she stretched ~~down~~ out her hand & ~~patted~~ stroked his forehead =
~~light as a beggar~~ pitifully – just once. Jude said Good bye, & went on
"Yes!" said Jude. "When shall it be?" away into the darkness.
"To-day ~~morrow~~ next. Good-bye – good-bye!

Passing along Bimport Street he thought he heard the wheels of the
coach – & ~~turning~~ departing truly enough when he reached the Duke's Arms in the Market
Place the coach had gone. It was impossible for him to get to the station
on foot in time for this train, & he ~~was~~ settled himself perforce to wait
for ~~a later one~~ the next – the last to Melchester that night.

He ~~obtained something~~ wandered about awhile, & ~~ate~~ something to
eat; & then, ~~his feet~~ having another half-hour on his hands, his feet
involuntarily took him ~~in~~ through the venerable graveyard of Trinity Church, with its avenues of limes,
in the direction of the schools, – they were entirely again
in darkness. She had said she lived over the way at Old-Grove's-
Place, a house which he soon discovered from her description of its
antiquity.

A glimmering candlelight shone from a front window, ~~and~~ the shutters
being yet unclosed. ~~The~~ he could see the interior clearly – the floor being sinking
a couple of steps ~~lower~~ below than the road without, which had become raised
during the centuries since the house was built. She, ~~who had~~ evidently
just come in [see back] ¶ She had opened a
~~had opened~~ rosewood work-box, & was looking at a photo-
graph. ~~contemplated~~ Having contemplated it a little while she pressed it against
her bosom, & put it again in its place.

* was standing ~~in the room~~ with her hat on in this front parlour or sitting-room, ~~that~~ whose walls were lined with wainscoting of panelled oak reaching from floor to ceiling, the latter being caused by huge moulded beams only a little way above her head. The mantelpiece was of the same heavy description, carved with Jacobean pilasters & scroll-work. The centuries did, indeed, ponderously overhang a young wife who passed her time here.

When becoming aware that she had not observed the windows she came forward to do so, ~~He had~~ candle in hand. It was too dark for her to see Jude without, but he could see her face distinctly, & there was an unmistakable tearfulness about the dark, long-lashed eyes.

She closed the shutters. & Jude turned away to pursue his solitary journey home. "Whose photograph was she looking at?" he said.

He knew he should go to see her ~~as she had invited him~~ again, according to her invitation. Those earnest men the readers, the saints, ~~always~~ whom Sue, with such painful irreverence, called his demi-gods ~~(~~ ~~were there in these occasions~~ (would have shunned such encounters) ~~)~~ if they doubted their ~~strength~~ own strength. But he could not ~~be~~. He might fast & pray during the whole interval, but the human was more powerful in him than the Divine.

Chapter XXIX

However, if God ~~of woman~~ disposed not, woman did. The next morning but one brought him this note from her:

[white line]

"Don't come next week. On your own account don't! We were too free, under the influence of that morbid hymn & the twilight. Think no more of them than you can help of

"Susan Florence Mary."

[white line]

The disappointment was keen: he knew her mood, the look of her face, when she subscribed herself thus at length. But whatever her mood he could not say she was wrong in her view. He replied:

[white line]

"I acquiesce. You are right. ~~God knows~~ It is a lesson in renunciation which I suppose I ought to learn at this season.

"Jude."

[white line]

He despatched the note on Easter Eve, & there seemed a finality in their decisions. But other forces & laws, than theirs, were in operation on the matter. ~~It~~ On Easter Monday morning he received a telegram message from

the widow Edlin, whom he had directed to telegraph him if anything serious happened:

"Your aunt is sinking. Come at once".

He threw down his tools & went. Three & half hours later he was crossing the downs above Marygreen, & presently plunged into the concave field across which the short cut was made to the village. As he ascended on the other side a laboring man, who had been watching his approach from a gate across the path, moved uneasily, & prepared to speak. "I can see in his face that she's dead," said Jude. "Poor aunt Drusilla!"

It was as he had supposed, & Mrs Edlin had sent out the man to break the news to him.

"She would'nt have knowed 'ee. She lay like a doll wi' glass eyes; so it did'nt matter that you was'nt here," said he.

Jude went on to the house, & in the afternoon, when everything was done, & the layers-out had finished their task & gone, he sat down alone in the silent place. It was absolutely necessary to communicate with Sue, whom two or three days earlier they had agreed to mutual severance. He wrote in the briefest terms:

[white lines] "Aunt Drusilla is dead, having been taken almost suddenly. The funeral is on Friday afternoon."

[white lines] He remained in Marygreen through the intervening days, went out on Friday morning to see that the grave was finished, & wondered if Sue would come. She had not written, & that seemed to signify rather that she would come than that she would not. Having timed her by her only possible train, he locked the door about midday, & crossed the hollow field to the verge of the upland by the Brown House, where he stood & looked over the vast prospect northwards, & over the nearer land-scape in which Alfredston stood. Two miles behind it a jet of

white steam was travelling from left to right of the picture.

There was a long time to wait, even now, till he would know if she had arrived. He did wait however, & at last a small hired vehicle pulled up at the bottom of the hill, & a person alighted, the conveyance going back, while the passenger began ascending the hill. He knew her: & she looked so slim to day that it seemed as if she might be crushed in the intensity of a too passionate embrace, such as it was not for him to give. Two-thirds of the way up her head suddenly took a solicitous poise, & he knew that she had at that moment recognized him. Her face soon began a pensive smile, which lasted till, having descended a little way, he met her.

"I thought," she began with nervous quickness, "that it would be so sad to let you attend the funeral alone! And so – at the last moment – I came."

"Dear faithful Sue!" murmured Jude with tearful eyes.

With her natural elusiveness, however, Sue did not stand still for any further greeting, & kept up her pace, though it wanted some time to the burial. A pathos so curiously compounded as that which attached to this hour was unlikely to repeat itself, & Jude would have paused, & meditated, & conversed. But Sue either saw it not at all, or, seeing it more than he, would not allow herself to feel it.

The sad & simple ceremony was soon over, their progress to the church being almost at a trot, the bustling undertaker having a more important funeral an hour later, three miles off. Drusilla was put into the new ground, quite away from her ancestors. Sue & Jude sat down to tea in the familiar house; they had gone side by side to the grave, & now their lives united at least in their attention to the dead, yet in all other concerns divided.

"She was opposed to marriage, from first to last, you say?" murmured Sue

"Yes. Particularly for members of one's family."

Her eyes met his, & pensively remained on him a while. "We are rather a sad family, don't you think, Jude?"

"She said we made bad husbands & wives. Certainly we make unhappy ones. At all events I do for one."

~~Now~~ Sue was silent, ~~& reflected rather~~ long. "Is it wrong, Jude?" she said, ~~uneasily~~ with a tentative tremor "for a husband or wife to tell a kind person that they are unhappy in their marriage? If a marriage ceremony is a religious thing, it is possibly wrong; but if it is only a sordid contract, based on material convenience in householding, rating & taxing, & the inheritance of land & money by children ~~of fixed parentage~~ for the, making it necessary that the male parent shd be known, which it seems to be, why such a person may say, even proclaim upon the housetops, that it hurts & grieves him or her?"

"I have said so, anyhow, to you."

"And I think I must be equally honest with you. Perhaps you have seen what it is I want to say, that though I like Mr Phillotson as a friend I don't like him – it is a torture to me to live with him as a husband. There – now I have let it out – I could not help it – & you'll despise me for ever, I suppose!" She hid her face in her hands as they lay on the table, & silently sobbed ~~in silence~~ with little jerks that made the fragile table quiver.

"I have only been – married a month or two," she went on ~~to the same~~ when a little recovered, but still remaining ~~her~~ the table & talking with her hands. "& it is said that what a woman shrinks from in the early days ~~of~~ her marriage she shakes down to with comfortable indifference in half a dozen years. But that is much like saying that the amputation of a limb is no affliction, since a person gets completely accustomed to the use of a wooden leg or arm in the course of time!"

Presently she went on: —

Jude could hardly speak; but he said, "I thought there was something wrong, Sue! O, I thought there was!"

"But it is not as you think! – there is nothing wrong except – my own wickedness I suppose it is! – an aversion on my part, for no reason that would be admitted as one by the world in general..... Are there many do you think, where one couples, dislikes the other for no definite fault?"

"Yes, I suppose. Of either cases for another person, for instance."

"But even apart from that? Would it be wrong, for example, be very bad natured if she did not like to live with her husband; merely –" (her voice undulated, she guessed things) – "merely because she had a personal feeling – I mean a physical objection – fastidiousness, or whatever it may be called – against it; although she might respect & be grateful to him? I am merely putting a case. Ought she to try to overcome her pruderies?" (look at her)

Jude knew a troubled He looked perplexed, & said: "It would be just one of those cases in which my experiences go contrary to my dogmas. Speaking as an order loving man – which I hope I am, though I fear I am not – I should say yes. Speaking from experience & unbiassed nature, I should say no.... Sue, I believe you are not happy!"

"Yes I am!" said she excitedly. "How can a woman be unhappy who has only been married eight six weeks to a man she chose freely?"

"'Chose freely.'" Why do you repeat it?....

"I have to go back by the six o'clock train. You will be staying on here I suppose?"

"For a few days, to wind up aunt's affairs. This house is gone now. Shall I go to the train with you?"

A little tinge of objection came from Sue. "I think not. You may

come part of the way."

"But, stop— you can't go to-night! That train won't take you to Shaston. You must stay & go back to-morrow. Mrs Edlin has plenty of room, if you don't like to stay here?"

"Very well", she said dubiously. "I did tell him ~~stay~~ I would come for certain".

Jude went to the widow's house adjoining, to let her know; & returning in a few minutes sat down again.

"It is horrible how we are circumstanced, Sue — horrible!" he said abruptly, with his eyes bent to the floor.

"No! Why?"

"I can't tell you all my part of the gloom. Your part is that you ought not to have married him. I saw it before you had done it, but I thought I must not interfere. I was wrong. I ought to have!"

"But what makes you assume all this, dear?"

"Because — I can read you through your feathers ~~through the bones~~, my poor little bird!"

Her hand lay on the table, & Jude put his upon it. Sue drew hers away.

"That's absurd, Sue;" cried her cousin, "after what we've been talking about! I am more strict & formal than you, if it comes to that; & that you should object to such an innocent action shows that you are ridiculously inconsistent ~~very silly~~."

"Perhaps it was too prudish;" she said repentantly. "Only I have fancied it was a sort of trick of ours — too frequent perhaps. There, you may hold it as much as you like. Is that good of me?"

"Yes; very."

"But I must tell him."

"Who?"

"Richard."

"Oh — of course, if you think it necessary. But as it meant nothing it may be bothering him needlessly."

"Well — are you sure you mean it only as my cousin?"

"Absolutely sure. I have no feelings of love left in me."

"That's news. How has it come to be?"

"I've seen Arabella."

She winced: then said curiously "When did you see her?"

"When I was at Christminster."

"So she's come back; & you never told me! I suppose you will live with her now."

"Of course – just as you live with your husband."

She looked at the window-pots with the geraniums & cactuses, withered for want of water, & through them at the outer distance, till her eyes began to grow moist. "What is it?" said Jude, in a softened tone.

"Why should you be so glad to go back to her if – if – what you used to say to me is still true – I mean if it were true then! Of course it is not now! How could you bear to go back to Arabella so soon?"

"A special Providence, I suppose, helped it on its way."

"Ah – it is not true!" she said with gentle resentment ~~in stopped tones~~. "You are teasing me – that's all – because you think I am not happy!"

~~Tom dear~~ "I don't know. I don't wish to know."

"If I were unhappy it would be my fault, my wickedness; not that I should have a right to dislike him! He is considerate to me in everything; & he's very interesting, from the amount of general knowledge he has acquired by reading everything that comes in his way .... Do you think, Jude, that a man ought to marry a woman his own age, or one younger than himself – twenty-two years – as I am than he?"

"It depends upon what they feel for each other."

He gave her no opportunity of ~~sensitiveness~~ self-satisfaction, & she had to go on unaided, which she did in a vanquished tone; verging on tears:

"I – I think I must be equally honest with you as you have been with me. Perhaps you have been what it is I want to say? – that though I like Mr Phillotson as a friend, I don't like him – it is a torture to me to live with him as a husband! – There, now I have let it out – I could not help it, although I have been pretending I am happy. Now you'll have a contempt for me for ever, I suppose!" She bent down her face upon her hands as they lay upon the ~~table~~ cloth, & silently sobbed in little jerks that made the fragile three-legged table quiver.

"I have only been – married a month or two", she went on, when calmer ~~recovered~~, but still remaining bent upon ~~the table~~, & talking with her hands. "And it is said that what a woman shrinks from in the early days of her marriage she shakes down to with comfortable indifference in half a dozen years. But that is much like saying that the amputation of a limb is no affliction, since a person gets comfortably accustomed to the use of a wooden leg or arm in the course of time!"

Jude could hardly speak; but he said, "I thought there was something wrong, Sue! O I thought there was!"

"But it is not as you think! – There is nothing wrong except my own wickedness I suppose you'd call it – ~~an aversion~~ a repugnance on my part, for a reason I cannot ~~talk about~~ disclose, & which would not be admitted as one by the world in general.... I wish he would ~~do~~ beat me, or ~~be~~ be faithless to me, or do some open thing that I could talk about as a justification for feeling as I do! But he does nothing, except that he has grown a little cold since he has found out how I feel. That's why he didn't come to the funeral.... O, I am very miserable – I don't know what to do!.... Don't come near me, Jude, because you mustn't!"

But he had jumped up & put his face against hers – or rather

What tortures me so much is the ~~horrible~~ constant necessity of being faithful to this man, good as he is morally! – the dreadful legal contract, in a matter whose essence is its voluntariness!

against her ear, her face being inaccessible.

"I told you not to do that!" came from underneath.

"I know you did – I only came to – console you! It all arose through my being married before we met, didn't it? You would have been my wife, Sue, wouldn't you, if it hadn't been for that?"

Instead of replying she rose quickly & saying she was going to walk to her aunt's grave in the churchyard to recover herself, went out of the house. Jude did not follow her. Twenty minutes later he saw her cross the village green towards Mrs Edlin's, & soon she sent a little girl to fetch her bag, & told him she was too tired to see him again that night.

In the lonely room of his aunt's house cottage Jude sat watching the cottage of the widow Edlin as it disappeared behind the night shade. He knew that She was sitting within its walls equally lonely & disheartened; & again questioned his devotional motto that all was for the best.

He retired to rest early, but his sleep was fitful & from the sense that She was so near at hand. At some time near two o'clock, when he was beginning to sleep more soundly, he was aroused by a shrill squeak that had been familiar enough to him when he lived reposing at Marygreen. It was the cry of a rabbit caught in a gin. As was the little creature's habit, it did not repeat its cry; but would not more than once or twice; & would remain in torment bearing its torture in silence till the morrow, when the trapper would come & knock it on the head.

He who in his childhood had saved the lives of the earthworms now began to picture the agonies of the rabbit from its lacerated hind leg. If it were a "bad catch" by the hind-leg, the animal would lay during the ensuing six hours till it had the iron teeth of the trap had stripped the leg-bone bare of its flesh, when, should a weak springed instrument enable it to escape, it would die in the fields from the mortification of the limb. If it were a "good

catch"; named, by the fore-leg, the bone must be broken, & the little beast torn in two in attempts at an impossible escape.

Almost half an hour passed, & the rabbit repeated its cry. Jude could rest no longer till he had put it out of its pain, so dressing himself quickly he descended downstairs, & by the light of the moon went across the green in the direction of the sound. He reached the hedge bordering the widow's garden, when he stood still. The faint clink of the trap as dragged about by the writhing animal guided him now, & reaching the spot he struck the rabbit on the back of the neck with the side of his palm, & it stretched itself out dead.

looking out of the open casement of a window on the ground floor of the adjacent cottage.

He was turning away when he saw a woman ~~close by him~~. "Jude!" said a voice - timidly Sue's voice. "Is you - is it not?"

"Yes dear!"

"I haven't been able to sleep at all, & when I heard the rabbit, & could n't help thinking of what it suffered, till I felt I must come down & kill it. ~~I have thought this thing to do it with~~ #. But I am so glad you got there first... ~~what a fine night it is, is n't it~~. They ought not to be allowed to set these steel traps, ought they!"

Jude had reached ~~her side, & her~~ the window, which was quite a low one, so that she was visible down to her waist. She let go the casement-stay, & moonlit face regarding him wistfully. ~~& put her hand upon his~~. ¶ Did it keep you awake?" he said tenderly.

"No - I was awake."

"How was that?"

"O, you know - now! I know you, will you religious doctrines seem, think that a married woman in trouble, of a kind like mine, commits a horrible mortal sin in making a man the confidant of it, as I did you. I wish I had n't, now!"

"Don't wish it, dear," he said, ~~distressed~~. "That may have been

my ~~doctrine~~ view; but my doctrines & I begin to part company."

"I knew it – I knew it! And that's why I vowed I would'nt disturb your beliefs. But – I am so glad to see you! – and, O, I didn't mean to see you again; now the last tie between us, Aunt Drusilla, is dead!"

Jude seized her hand & kissed it. "There is a stronger one left!" he said. ~~& her tears fell upon his arm.~~

"I'll never care about my doctrines or my religion any more! ~~He cried.~~ Let me help you, even if I do love you, & even if you...."

"'Love me', you were going to say; but don't say it! I can't – admit so much as that! There! Guess what you like, but don't press me to answer questions!"

"I wish you were happy, whatever I may be!"

"I cannot be! So few could enter into my feeling – they would say 'twas my ~~silly~~ principal fastidiousness about my husband, or something of that sort, & condemn me.... It is none of the natural tragedies ~~appertaining to~~ of love that's in love's usual tragedy in civilized life, but an ~~artificial~~ tragedy, manufactured ~~gratuitously~~ by chaining people together who in a natural state would find relief in parting! .... It would have been easy, perhaps, for me to tell my distress to you, if I had been able to tell it to anybody else. But I have nobody. And I must tell somebody! Jude, before I married him I had never thought what marriage meant. It was ~~silly~~ childish of me – there is no excuse. I was old enough, & I thought I was very experienced. So I rushed on, when I had got into that Training School scrape, with all the cocksureness of the fool that I was!..... I am certain one ought to be allowed to undo what one has done so ignorantly. I daresay it happens to lots of women; only they submit, & I am Kicking.... When men of a later age look back upon the barbarous customs & superstitions

of the times ~~in which~~ that we have the unhappiness to live in, what will they say ~~of this insight~~!"

"You are very very bitter, darling Sue! How I wish – I wish –"

"You must go in now!" In a moment of impulse she bent over the sill, & laid her face upon his hair, weeping, & then imprinting a scarcely perceptible little kiss upon the top of his head, withdrawing quickly, so that he could not put his arms round her & return the kiss with interest, as he would unquestionably have otherwise done. She shut the casement, & he returned to his cottage.

Chapter XXX.

She disliked her husband; that was the obvious fact, & it re-
~~seemed with~~ curred to. Jude all the night as being a very serious fact
indeed.

The morning after, when it was time for Sue to go, the neighbours saw her cousin & heavily disappear on foot down the hill-path which led into the lonely road to Alfredston. He ~~[illegible]~~ an hour passed before he returned along the same route, & in his face there was a look of exaltation not unmixed with recklessness ~~without traces of rebelliousness~~.

He had kissed her, & she had returned the kiss.

First, as they stood parting in the silent ~~road~~ highway, ~~they~~ there had been an argument between them on the ~~matter~~ subject, how far their intimacy as cousins ought to go, till they had almost quarrelled, ~~as they had made up the matter, as they always did~~, & she had said lightly that it was hardly proper of him as a parson in embryo to think of such a thing as kissing her at all. Then she had conceded that the fact of the kiss would be nothing; all would depend upon the spirit of it. If given in the spirit of a cousin & friend she saw no objection: if in the spirit of a lover she could not permit it. "Will you swear that it will not be in that spirit?" she had said.

No: he would not. And then they had turned from each other; in estrangement, & gone their several ways, till at a distance of twenty or thirty yards both had looked back simultaneously. That looking behind them was fatal to their reserve. They had quickly run back, & met, & most unpremeditatedly clasped each other. When they parted for good it was with a flushed cheek on her side, & not much less on his.

To a great extent the kiss was a turning point in Jude's career. When back again in the lonely cottage, & left to reflection, he saw one thing clearly; that it was glaringly inconsistent for him to pursue any longer the idea of becoming a clergyman of the Church of England. What Sue had said in jest was really the cold truth. His natural feelings & tendency were to defend his affection to the last, with head strong force in impassioned & persistent relations with her. This being his mood he was ipso facto as a professor of the accepted school of morals. He was unfit, obviously, by nature, as he had been by social position, to fill the post of dogmatic propounder.

It was strange that his first aspiration towards academical proficiency had been checked by a woman, & that his second aspiration towards apostleship had also been checked by a woman. Was it, he said, that the women were to blame; or was it the artificial system of things, under which the normal sexual impulses were turned into devilish social gins & springes, to catch & hold back those who would progress? It was not for him to consider: he had only to confront the obvious, which was that his devotion to Sue, that brought with it no consciousness of inherent guilt, made him quite an impostor as a law-abiding religious teacher.

It had been his standing desire to become, however humble, a prophet, to his struggling fellow-creatures, without any thought of personal gain. Yet with a wife, a careless woman, living away from him with another husband, & himself in love erratically, as it would be called; the woman possibly on his account unhappy, with her husband — he had grown to be barely respectable according to regulation views; & all things no definite actions of his own. Some people might have consoled him by saying that to be barely respectable was not altogether foreign to a prophet's character.

At dusk that evening he went into the garden & dug a shallow hole, to which he brought out all the Theological & ethical works that he possessed. He knew that most of them were not saleable at much: a higher price than waste-paper value, & preferred to get rid of them in his own way even if he should sacrifice a little money by the sentiment of thus destroying them. To begin with, he cut the volumes into pieces as well as he could, & with a three-pronged fork shook them over the flames. They kindled, lighted up the back of the house, the pigsty, his own face, till they & were more or less consumed.

Though he was almost a stranger there now, passing cottagers talked to him over the garden hedge.

"Burning up your auld aunts' rubbidge I suppose? Ay; a lot gets heaped up in nooks & corners when you've lived eighty years in one house."

It was nearly one o'clock in the morning before the leaves, & binding of Jeremy Taylor, Doddridge, Butler, Paley, Pusey, Newman & the rest had gone to ashes; but the night was calm, & the sense of being no longer a hypocrite to himself afforded a relief to his mind which enabled him to be patient. He might go on believing as before, but he professed nothing, & no longer planted owned & exhibited engines of faith which, as their propeller, he might naturally be supposed to exercise on himself first of all. In his passion for Sue He could now stand as an ordinary sinner, & not as a whited sepulchre a monstrous one.

Meanwhile Sue, after parting from him earlier in the day, had gone along to the station with tears in her eyes for having run back & let him kiss her. Jude ought not to have pretended that he was not a lover, & made her give way to an impulse to act unconventionally, if not wrongly. She was inclined to call it the latter;

for Sue's logic was extraordinarily compounded, & seemed to maintain that before a thing was done it might be right to do it, but that being done, it became wrong; or, in other words, that things which were right in theory were wrong in practice.

"I have been too weak, I think!" she jerked out as she pranced on, shaking down a tear-drop now & then. "And I won't write to him "It was burning, like a lovers - O it was! I am sure, or at least for a long time, to impress him with my dignity. And I hope it will hurt him very much - expecty a letter to-morrow morning, & the next, & the next, & no letter coming. He'll suffer then with suspense - won't he, that's all! - & I am very glad of it!" Tears of pity for Jude's approaching suffering mingled with those which surged up in pity for herself.

When the slim little wife of a man whose person was disagreeable to her, the two ethereal, fine-nerved, sensitive girl, quite unfitted by temperament & instinct to fulfil the conditions of the matrimonial relation with Phillotson, parting with any man, walked fitfully along, & panted, & brought weariness into her eyes by gazing & worrying hopelessly.

Phillotson met her at the arrival station, & seeing that she was troubled, thought it must be owing to the depressing effects of her aunt's death & funeral. He began telling her of his days doings, & how his friend Gillingham, a neighbouring schoolmaster whom he had not seen for years, had called upon him. While ascending to the town, seated on the top of the omnibus beside him, she said suddenly & with an air of self-chastisement, & regarding the white road & its bordering bushes of hazel:

"Richard - I let my cousin hold my hand. I don't know whether you think it wrong?"

He, waking apparently from thoughts of par different mould, said vaguely, "O, did you? What did you do that for?"

"I don't know. He wanted to, & I let him."

"I hope it pleased him. I should think it was hardly a novelty."

They lapsed into silence. Had this been a case in the court of an omniscient judge he might have entered on his notes the fact that Sue had placed the minor for the major indiscretion, & had not said a word about the kiss.

After tea that evening Philotson sat balancing the school registers. Sue remained in an unusually silent, & restless, condition, & at last, saying she was tired, went to bed early. When Philotson arrived upstairs, weary with the drudgery of the attendance-numbers, it was a quarter past eleven o'clock. Entering his chamber, which by day commanded a view of some thirty or forty miles over the Vale of Blackmore into Outer Wessex, he went to the window, & pressing his face against the pane, gazed into the mysterious darkness which now covered the far-reaching scene. He was musing. "I think", he said at last, without turning his head, "that I must get the committee to change the school-stationer. All the copybooks are sent wrong this time."

There was no reply. Thinking Sue was dozing he went on:

"And there must be a re-arrangement of that ventilator in the class-room. The wind blows down upon my head unmercifully, & gives me the ear-ache."

As the silence seemed more absolute than ordinarily he turned round. The heavy, gloomy oak wainscot panelling, which extended over the walls upstairs & down in "Old Grove's House", & the massive chimney-piece reaching

the ceiling, stood in odd contrast to the new & shining brass bedstead, & the new suite of birch furniture that he had bought for her, the two styles seeming to nod each other across three centuries upon the shaking floor. "Soo Soo!" he said (this being the way in which he pronounced her name).

She was not in the bed, though she had apparently been there — the clothes on her side being flung back. Thinking she might have forgotten some kitchen detail and gone downstairs for a moment to see to it, he pulled off his coat & idled quietly enough for a few minutes, when, finding that she did not come, he went out upon the landing, candle in hand, & said again "Soo Soo!"

"Yes!" came back to him in her voice, from the distant kitchen quarter.

"What are you doing down there — trying yourself out for nothing?"

"I am not sleepy; I am reading; if there is a larger fire here."

He went to bed. Sometime in the night he awoke. She was not there, even now. Lighting a candle he hastily stepped out upon the landing, & again called her name.

She answered "Yes!" as before; but the tones were small & confined, & whence they came he could not at first understand. Under the stairs was a large clothes-closet without a window; they seemed to come from it. The door was shut, but there was no lock or other fastening. Philliston, alarmed, went towards it, wondering if she had suddenly become deranged.

"What are you doing in there?" he asked.

"Not to disturb you I came here, as it was so late."

"But there's no bed, is there? And no ventilation! Why you'll be suffocated if you stay all night!"

"No, it is very snug. I think not. Don't trouble about me!"

"But —". Philliston seized the knob & pulled at the door. She

had fastened it inside with a piece of string, which broke at his pull. There being no bedstead she had flung down some rugs & made a little nest for herself in the very cramped quarters the closet afforded.

When he looked in upon her she sprang out of her lair, trembling.

"You ought not to have pulled open the door!" she cried, excitedly. "It is not becoming in you! O, will you go away? please, I tell you!"

She looked so pitiful & pleading in her white nightgown against the shadowy lumber-hole that he was quite worried. She continued to beseech him not to disturb her.

He said: "I've been kind to you, & given you every liberty; & it is monstrous that you should feel in this way!"

"Yes," said she weeping. "I know that! It is very dreadful of me, I suppose. I am very sorry. But it is not altogether my fault or blame!"

"Who is then? Am I?"

"No – I don't know! The Universe, I suppose – things in general, because they are so horrid & cruel!"

"Well, it is no use talking like that. Making a mais house so miserable at this time o' night! Eliza will hear, if she don't mind". ("She meant the servant) either of "Just think of the parsons in this town was to see us now! I hate such eccentricities, Sue. There's no order or regularity in you." But I won't intrude any further; only I would advise you not to shut the door too tight, or I shall find you stifled to-morrow."

The next morning on rising he looked immediately into the closet, but she had already gone downstairs. There was a little nest where she had lain, & spiders' webs hung overhead. "What must a woman's aversion be to when it is stronger than her fear of spiders!" he said, bitterly.

He found her sitting at the breakfast-table, & the meal began almost in silence, the burghers walking past upon the pavement — or rather roadway, ~~for~~ pavements being scarce here — which was two or three feet above the level of the parlour floor. They nodded down & the happy couple their morning greetings as they went on,

"Richard," she said all at once; "would you mind my living ~~to myself?~~ away from you?"

"~~Away from me?~~" Why that's what you were doing when I married you. What then was the meaning of ~~it~~ marrying at all?"

"You wouldn't like me any the better for telling you."

"I don't object to know."

"Because I thought I could do nothing else. You had got my promise a long time before that, remember; then, as time went on, I regretted I had promised you, & was trying to ~~find~~ see an honorable way to break it off. But as I could do it I became rather reckless & careless about the conventions. When you know what was said, & how I was turned out of the training-school you had taken such time & trouble to prepare me for & get me into; & this frightened me, & it seemed then that the one thing I could do would be to let the engagement stand. Of course I, of all people, ought not to have cared what was said, for it was just what I fancied I never did care for. But I was a coward — as so many women are — & my theoretic unconventionality broke down. If that had not entered into the case it would have been better to have hurt your feelings once for all, then, than to marry you & hurt them all my life.

after..... And you were so generous in never giving credit for a moment to the rumour."

"I am bound in honesty to tell you that I weighed its probability, & inquired of your cousin about it."

"Ah!" she said with pained surprise.

"I did not doubt you."

"But you inquired!"

"I took his word."

Her eyes had filled. "He would not have inquired!" she said. "But you have not answered me. Will you let me go away? I know how irregular it is of me to ask it. ¶"It is irregular" ¶"But domestic laws should be made according to temperament, which should be classified, each class having its special laws in all matters of emotion & affection, differing from the laws of other classes! If people are at all peculiar in character they have to suffer from the very regulations that produce comfort in others!... ~~& Richard, my friend, have pity! We shall both be dead in a few years, & then what will it matter to anybody that you allowed me to be happy for a little while? I dare say you think me eccentric, & supersensitive, & something absurd. Well, why should I suffer for being what I was born to be, if it does not hurt other people?~~ What is the use of thinking of laws & ordinances if they make you miserable when you know you are committing no sin? There is only one law on this subject in Nature, or in God's eye – whichever expression you like best for the same thing – & that is, that for a man & woman who do not love each other to live on intimate terms is ~~sordid~~ wrong-doing in any circumstances."

"And for two who do love each other!"

"It is not ~~sinning~~ wrong-doing."

"Good Heavens, ~~Good God~~! Susan.

"Why can't we agree to free each other? We made the compact, & surely we can cancel it – not legally, of course; but we can morally, especially as no new interests, in the shape of children, have arisen to be looked after. Then we might be friends, & meet without pain to either. O Richard, be my friend & have pity! We shall both be dead in a few years, & then what will it matter to anybody that you relieved me from constraint ~~allowed me to be happy~~ for a little while? I daresay you think me eccentric, or super-sensitive, or something absurd. Well – why should I suffer for being what I was born to be, if it does not hurt other people?

"But it does – it hurts me. And you vowed to love me."

"Yes – that's it! I am in the wrong. I always am! It is as culpable to bind yourself to love always as to believe a creed always, & as silly as to vow always to like a particular food or drink."

~~But~~ "And do you mean, by living away from me, living by yourself?"

~~"No. Living with Jude."~~ "Well, if you insisted, yes. But I meant living with Jude." ¶ "As his wife?" ¶ "As I choose."

Good-an! Do you mind my saying that – I have guessed what never once occurred to me before our marriage – that you were in love, & are in love, with Jude Fawley?"

"You may go on guessing that I am, since you have begun. But do you suppose that – if I had been I should have asked you to let me go & live with him?"

~~"Well you have prepared me to expect anything—"~~

The ringing of the school-bell saved Phillotson from the necessity of ~~requesting further explanations then~~ replying at present to what apparently did not strike him as being such a convincing argumentum ad verecundiam as she meant it to appear. Sue ~~She~~ was beginning to be so puzzling & unpredicable ~~to him~~ that he was ready to throw in the extremest request a wife could make, little ~~peculiarity~~ with her other peculiarities.

They proceeded to the schools that morning as usual, Sue entering the class-room, where he could see the back of her head through the glass partition whenever he turned his eyes that way. As he went on giving & hearing lessons his forehead & eyebrows twitched with from agitated concentration of thought; till at length he tore a scrap from a sheet of scribbling-paper & wrote: —

"Your request prevents my attending to work at all. I don't know what I am doing! Was it seriously made?"

He folded the piece of paper very small, & gave it to a little boy to take to Sue. The child ~~disappeared~~ toddled off into the class-room. Phillotson saw his wife turn & take the note, & the bend of her pretty ~~head~~ head as she read it. her lips slightly crisped, to prevent undue expression under fire of so many young eyes. He could not see her hands, but she changed her position, & soon the child returned, bringing nothing in reply. In a few minutes, however, one of Sue's class appeared, with a little note similar to his own. These words only were pencilled therein:

"I am sincerely sorry to say that it was seriously made."

Phillotson looked more disturbed than before, & the meeting-place of his brows twitched again. In ten minutes he called up the child he had just sent to her, & dispatched another missive:

"God knows I don't want to threaten you in any reasonable way. My

whole thought is to make you comfortable & happy. But I cannot expect to such a preposterous notion. You would lose everybody's respect & regard; & so should I!"

After an interval ~~the pause~~ a similar part was enacted in the class-room, & an answer came:

"I know you mean my good. But I don't want to be respectable. No doubt my tastes are low - hopelessly low! If you will let me go, will you grant me this one request - allow me to ~~occupy a separate room~~? ~~live in your house in my own way?~~"

To this he returned no answer.

She wrote again:

"I know what you think. ~~I heartily wish~~ No woman has ever wished more than I that Eve had not fallen. ~~But as I don't believe with the primitive~~ that (as the primitive Christians believed) some harmless mode of vegetation might have peopled paradise. But I want to tell you: But cannot you have pity on me? I beg you to: I implore you to be merciful! I would not ask it if I were not almost compelled by what I can't bear! Be kind to me - even though I have not been kind to you!" I will go away, go abroad, anywhere, & never trouble you."

Nearly an hour passed, & then he returned an answer:

"I do not wish to pain you. How well you know I don't! Give me a little time. I am disposed to agree to your last request."

One line more then: "Thank you from my heart, Richard. I do not deserve your kindness."

All day Phillotson bent a dazed regard upon her form through the glazed partition; & he felt as lonely as when he had not known her.

But he was as good as his word, & consented to her living as she desired. At first, when they met at meals, she had seemed more composed under the new arrangement; but the irksomeness of

their position worked on her temperament, & the fibres of her nature seemed strained like harp-strings. She talked vaguely & indiscriminately to prevent him talking pertinently.

Chapter XXXI

Phillotson was sitting up late, as was often his custom, trying to get together the materials for his long neglected study of Roman antiquities. For the first time since ~~he had retired~~ reviving the subject he felt a return of his old interest in it. He forgot time & place; & when he remembered himself & ascended to rest it was nearly two o'clock.

His preoccupation was such that he mechanically went to the room ~~that~~ he had occupied when he first became a tenant of Old Grove's Place ~~which since he had separation from~~ Sue ~~had~~ had ~~also once entered~~ been made over to him. ~~Though he now slept in one or the other side of the house, he had not once entered it. It being late, he had arrived softly, & musingly began to undress.~~

There was a cry from the bed, & a quick movement. Before the schoolmaster had realized where he was he perceived Sue, half asleep, staring wildly, & springing out upon the floor on the side away from him, which was towards the window. This was somewhat hidden by the canopy of the bedstead, & in a moment he heard Sue ~~the~~ flinging up the sash. Before he had thought that she meant to do more than get air she had mounted upon the sill & leapt out. She disappeared in the darkness, & he heard her fall below.

Phillotson, horrified, ran downstairs, striking himself sharply against the newel in his haste at the ~~foot~~. Opening the heavy door he ~~ascended~~ descended the two or three steps to the level of the ground, & there on the gravel before him lay a white heap. Phillotson seized it in his arms, & bringing Sue into the hall seated her on a chair, where he gazed

by the flapping light of the candle which ~~stood~~ he had set down in the draught on the bottom stair.

She had certainly not broken her neck. She looked at him with eyes that seemed not to take him in; ~~they were distended~~, & though not particularly large in general they appeared so now. She ~~rubbed~~ pressed her side as if conscious of pain; & rubbed her arm, & then stood up, averting her face, in evident distress at his gaze. (though it's not for want of trying)

"Thank God – you are not killed! nor ~~not~~ much hurt I hope?"

Her fall had, in fact, not been a serious one, partly owing to the lowness of the old-fashioned rooms to the high level of the ground outside. Beyond a scraped elbow ~~arm~~ & a blow in the side she had apparently incurred little harm.

"I was asleep, I think," she began, her pale face still turned away from him. "And something frightened me – I know not what I saw – " The actual circumstances seemed to come back to her, & she was silent.

Her cloak was hanging at the back of the door, & Phillotson the wretched flung it round her. "Shall I help you upstairs?" he asked drearily; for the significance of all this sickened him of himself & everything.

"No thank you, Richard. I am very little hurt. I can walk."

"You ought to lock your door," he mechanically said, as if lecturing in school. "Then nobody could intrude even by accident."

"I have tried – it won't lock. All the doors are out of order."

The aspect of things was not improved by her admission. She ascended the staircase slowly, the waving light of the candle shining on her. Phillotson did not approach her, or attempt to ascend himself till he heard her enter her room. Then he fastened up the

front door, & returning sat down on the lower stairs, holding the newel with one hand, & bowing his face into the other. Thus he remained for a long long time (a pitiable object enough to one who had seen him; till ~~when~~, raising his head and sighing a sigh which ~~seemed to say~~ seemed to say that the business of his life must be carried on, whether he had a wife or no, he took the candle & went upstairs to his lonely room on the other side of the landing.

No ~~further~~ further incident touching the matter ~~seemed~~, between them occurred till the following evening, when, immediately school was over, Phillotson walked out of Shaston, saying he required no tea, and not informing Sue where he was going. He descended from the town level by a steep road in a north-westerly direction, & continued to move downwards till the soil changed from its white dryness to a tough brown clay. He was now on the low alluvial beds

"Where Duncliffe is the traveller's mark,
And cloty Stour's a-rolling, dark;"

More than once he looked back. In the increasing obscurity of evening. ~~High~~ against the sky was Shaston, ~~ancient Palladour, the~~ The new-lit lights from its windows burnt with a steady shine as if watching him, one of which windows was his own, Above it he could just discern the pinnacled tower of Trinity Church. The air down here, tempered by the thick damp bed of tenacious clay, was not as it had been above, but soft & relaxing, so that when he had walked a mile or two he was obliged to wipe his face with his handkerchief.

Leaving Duncliffe Hill on the left he proceeded without hesitation through the shade, as a man goes on, night or day, in a district over which he has played as a boy. He had walked altogether

π "On the grey-topp'd height
Of Paladore, as pale day wore
Away....."

he crossed a tributary of the Stour, Leddenton
about four & half miles when and reached ~~Slaughtergate~~ - a
little town of three or four thousand inhabitants - where he went on
to the boys school, & knocked at the door of the masters residence.

A boy pupil-teacher opened it, & Mr Phillotson's inquiring if Mr
Gillingham was at home replied that he was, going at once off to his
house, & leaving Phillotson to find his way in as he could. He dis-
covered his friend putting away some books from which he had been giving
evening lessons. The light of the paraffin lamp fell on Phillotson's
face, pale & wretched by contrast with his friend's, who
had a cool, practical look. They had been school mates in boyhood,
& fellow-students at Wintoncester training college, many years before this time..

"Glad to zee'ee Dick! But you don't look well? Nothing the
matter?"

Phillotson sat down without replying, & Gillingham closed the
cupboard & pulled up beside his visitor. (Though well-trained & even proficient
masters, they occasionally used a dialect word of their boyhood to each other in private.)

"Why you haint be'n here - let me see - since you were married."

"I called, you know, but you were out; & upon my word it is such a
distance ways, & such a climb after dark, that I have been waiting
till the days are longer before trying again. I am glad you didn't,
anyhow."

"I've come, George, to explain to'ee my reasons for taking a step
that I am about to take, so that you, at least, will understand
my motives if other people question'em anywhen - as they may,
indeed certainly will:..... But anything is better than the pre-
sent condition of things. God forbid that you should ever have such
an experience as mine!"

"You don't mean - anything wrong between you & Mrs Phillotson?"

¶"I do.... My wretched state is that I've a wife I love, who not only does not love me, but – but –. Well, I won't say. I know her feeling. I should prefer hatred from her!"

"Ssh!"

"~~The~~ And the sad part o't is that she is not so much to blame as I. She was a pupil-teacher under me, as you know, & I took advantage of her inexperience, & toled her out for walks, & got her to agree to a long engagement before she well knew her own mind. Afterwards she same took somebody else, but she blindly fulfilled her engagement."

"Loving the other?"

"I am not sure that the word loving expresses it. Her exact feeling for him is a riddle to me – & to him too, I think – possibly to herself. She is one of the oddest creatures I ever met. However, I have been struck with these two facts: the extraordinary sympathy, or similarity, between the pair. (He is her cousin, which perhaps accounts for some of it. They seem to be one person split in two!) And with her unconquerable aversion to myself as a husband, even though she may like me as a friend, it 'tis too much to bear longer. She has conscientiously struggled against it, but to no purpose. I cannot bear it – I cannot!"

"She'll get over it, good-now?"

"Never! It is – but I won't go into it – there are physical reasons why she never will. At last she calmly & primly asked if she might leave me. The climax came last night, when, owing to my entering her room by accident, she jumped out of window – so strong was her dread of me! Now when a woman jumps out of window away from her husband, without caring whether she breaks her neck or no, she's not to be mistaken; & this being the case I have come to a conclusion: that it is wrong to

so torture a fellow-creature any longer; & I wish he the inhuman ~~monster~~ wretch
would do it, cost what it may!"

"What – you'll let her go? And with her lover?"

"Whom with is her matter. I shall let her go; with him, certainly,
if she wishes. I know I may be wrong – I know ~~It is true that~~ I can't logically, or religiously, defend my
concession to such a wish of hers; or harmonize it with the doctrines
I was brought up in. Only I know one thing: something within me
– the voice of God speaking through Nature I will call it – tells me I
am doing wrong in refusing her. I, like other men, profess to hold ~~I also know~~ that what is a husband gets
such a so-called preposterous request from his wife, the only connexion that can possibly be re-
garded as right & proper & honourable in him is to refuse it, & put
her virtuously under lock & key, & murder her lover; perhaps! But is that essentially right & proper,
& honourable? or is it contemptibly mean & selfish? I don't profess to
decide. I simply am going to act by instinct, & let principles take
care of themselves." If a person who has blindly walked into a quag-
mire cries for help, I am inclined to give it, if possible."

"But – you see, here's the question of neighbours & society – what will happen if everybody –"

"O I am not going to be a philosopher any longer. I only see what's
under my eyes."

"Well – I don't agree with your instinct, Dick," said Gillingham gravely.
"I am quite amazed, to tell the truth, that such a sedate, plodding fellow
as you should have entertained such a craze for a moment. You said
when I called that she was she is / smuggling & peculiar. I think you are!"

"Have you ever stood before a woman whom you know to be intrinsically
a good woman, while she has pleaded for release – been the man she has
knelt to & implored ~~kindness~~ indulgence of?"

"I am thankful today I haven't."

"Then I don't think you are in a position to give an opinion. I have

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"Now", said Gillingham, "let us take it quietly, & have something to drink over it." He went under the stairs, & produced a bottle of cider-wine, of which they drank a rummer each. "I think you are rafted, & not-yourself," he continued. "Do go back, & make up your mind to put up with a few whims. But keep her. I hear on all sides that she's a charming young thing."

"Ah yes. That's the bitterness of it! Well, I won't stay. I have a long walk before me."

Gillingham accompanied his friend a mile on his way, & at parting expressed his hope that this consultation, singular as its ~~had been~~ subject was, would be the renewal of their old comradeship. "Stick to her!" were his last words, flung into the darkness after Phillotson; from which his friend answered "Ay. Ay!"

But when Phillotson was alone under the clouds of night, & no sound was audible but that of the purling tributaries of the Stour, he said, "So Gillingham, my friend, you have no stronger arguments against it than those!"

this or that enjoyment, whether wills were paid, or whether not.

"I am a bachelor by nature, as you know, Sue," he said, in a heroic attempt to put her at her ease. "So that being without a wife ~~that would~~ will not really be irksome to me, as it might be to other men who have had one a little while. I have, too, this grand scheme in my head of writing 'The Roman Antiquities of Wessex'; which will occupy all my spare hours."

"If you will send me some of the manuscript to copy at any time, as you used to," she said with amenable gentleness, "I will do it with

The next morning came, & at breakfast he told her.

"You may go. I absolutely & unconditionally agree."

Having one come to this conclusion it seemed to Phillotson more & more indubitably the true one. His mild serenity at the sense that he was doing his duty by a woman who was at his mercy almost overpowered his grief at relinquishing her. (— a cloudy windy evening with wind — which indeed was very seldom absent in this elevated place.

Some days passed, & the evening of their last meal together was come. How permanently it was imprinted upon his mind-sight; that look of her as she glided into the parlour to tea; the slim, flexible figure; the face, strained from its roundness, & marked by the pallors of restless, anxious days & nights, suggesting the possibilities of tragic issues ~~that contradicted~~ quite at variance with inferences ~~from the present antecedent probabilities~~ from her times of buoyancy. The nervous, uncertain manner, begotten of a restless fear lest he should be injured by her course, might have been interpreted by a stranger as displeasure that Phillotson intruded his presence on her for the few brief minutes that remained. (; the trying of this morsel & that, & the inability to eat of either.

"You had better have a slice of ham, or an egg, or something with your tea? You can't travel on a mouthful of bread & butter."

She took the slice he helped her to; & they discussed as they sat practical questions of housekeeping, such as where he would find the key of this or that cupboard, what little bills were paid, & what not.

"I am a bachelor by nature, as you know, Sue," he said, in a heroic attempt to put her at her ease. "So that being without a wife ~~& yet maybe~~ will not really be irksome to me, as it might be to other men who have had one a little while. I have, too, this grand scheme in my head of writing 'The Roman Antiquities of Wessex'; which will occupy all my spare hours."

"If you will send me some of the manuscript to copy at any time, as you used to," she said with amenable gentleness, "I will do it with

so much pleasure. "I should much like to be some help to you still."

Phillotson mused, & said: "no. I think we ought to be really separate, if we are to be at all. And for this reason, that I don't wish to ask you any questions, & particularly wish you not to give me information as to your movements, or even your address.... Now, what money do you want? You must have some, you know."

"O, of course, Richard I couldn't think of having any of your money to go away from you with! I don't want any, either. I have enough of my own to last me for a long while, & Jude would let me have —"

"I would rather not know anything about him, if you don't mind. You are free, absolutely; & your course is your own."

"Very well. But I'll just say that I have packed only my own personal clothing, & one or two little things besides that are my very own. a change or two of

I wish you would look into my trunk before it is closed."

"Of course I shall do no such thing. I wish you would take three-quarters of the household furniture. I don't want to be bothered with it. I have a sort of affection for a little of it that belonged to my poor mother and father. But the rest you are welcome to whenever you like to send for it."

"That I shall never do."

"You go by the 6 six-thirty train, don't you? It is now a quarter to six."

"Yes.... You don't seem very sorry I am going, Richard!"

"O no — perhaps not."

"I like you much for how you have behaved. It is a curious thing that directly I have begun to regard you as not my husband, but as my old teacher, I like you. I won't be so affected as to say I love you, because you know I don't, except as a friend. But you do seem that to me."

Sue was for a few minutes a little tearful at these reflections,

station-
When the omnibus came round to take her up. Phillotson saw her things put on the top, handed her in, & was obliged to make an appearance of kissing her as he wished her good-bye. Hoping she shrank even from that. From the cheerful manner in which they started the omnibus-man had no other idea than that she was going for a short visit.

When Phillotson got back into the house he went upstairs & opened the window in the direction the omnibus had taken. Soon the noise of its wheels died away. He came down then, his face compressed like that of one bearing pain; he put on his hat & went out, following by the same route for nearly a mile. Suddenly turning round he came home.

He had no sooner entered than the voice of his friend Gillingham greeted him from the front room.

"I could make nobody hear; so finding your door open I walked in, & made myself comfortable. I said I would call, you remember."

"Yes. I am much obliged to you, Gillingham, particularly for choosing to-night."

"How is Mrs —"

"She is quite well. She is gone – just gone. That's her tea-cup, that she drank out of only half an hour ago. And that's the plate she —" Phillotson's throat got choked up, & he could not go on. He turned & pushed the teathings aside.

"Have you had any tea, by the by?" he asked presently in a renewed voice.

"No – yes – never mind," said Gillingham, preoccupied. "Gone, you say she is?"

"Yes... I would have died for her; but I would not be cruel to her. She is, as I understand, gone to meet her cousin. What they are going to do in the name of the law.

I cannot say. But whatever it may be she has my full consent to."

There was a sterility, a ballast, in Phillotson's manner which restrained his friend's further comment. "Shall I leave you?" he asked.

"No, no. It is a mercy to me that you have come. I have some articles to arrange & clear away. Would you help me?"

Gillingham assented; & having gone to the upper rooms the schoolmaster opened drawers, & began taking out all Sue's things that she had left behind, & packing them in a large box. "She would not take all I wanted her to," he continued. "But when I made up my mind to her going to Jude ~~to her away with her lover~~ I did make up my mind."

"Some men would have stopped at an agreement for a separation."

"I've gone into all that, & don't wish to argue it. I was, & am, the most old fashioned man in the world on the question of marriage — in fact I had never thought critically about its ethics at all. But certain facts as to natural right & natural wrong stared me in the face, & I could not go against them."

They went on with the packing silently. When it was done Phillotson closed the box & turned the key.

"There", he said. "To adorn her in somebody's eyes: never again in mine. ~~For whomsoever may become them: not for me~~."

Chapter XXXII.

Four & twenty hours before this time Sue had written the following note to Jude:

"It is as I told you; & I am leaving to-morrow evening. Richard & I thought it could be done with less disturbance after dark. I feel rather frightened, & therefore ask you to be sure you are on the platform to meet me by the train arriving at a quarter to nine. I know you will help me in this affair if you can, dear Jude; but I feel so timid that I could not help hoping you will be punctual. It has been

X "She'll come back again all right," said Gillingham. "I think it is only a skittish girl's freak. There's nothing between her and that cousin!"

Phillpotts made no answer. There was de

so very kind through it all.

"How to our meeting!"

"S."

As she was carried by the omnibus further & further down from the mountain town — the single passenger that evening — she regarded the receding road with a sad face. But no hesitation was apparent in it. ~~She was the solitary passenger,~~

The up-train by which she was departing stopped by signal only. To Sue it seemed strange that such a powerful organization as a railway-train should be brought to a standstill on purpose for her — a fugitive from her lawful home.

The twenty minutes journey drew towards its close, & Sue began gathering her things together to alight. At the moment that the train came to a standstill by the Melchester platform a hand was laid on the door, & she beheld Jude. He entered the compartment promptly. He had a black bag in his hand, was dressed in the dark suit he wore on Sundays & in the every-day work.

"O Jude!" She clasped his hand with both hers, & her tense state caused her to simmer over in a little succession of dry sobs. "I — I am so glad! I get out here?"

"No. I get in, dear one. I've packed. Besides this bag I have only a big box, which is labelled."

"But don't I get out? Are we not going to stay here, as we did before I was married?"

"We could not possibly, don't you see. We are known here — I, at any rate, am well known. I've booked for Aldbrickham; & here's your ticket for the same place, as you have only one to here."

"I thought we should have stayed here," she repeated.

"It would have done at all.

"~~I suppose~~ ah – Perhaps not."

"There was not time for me to write & say the place I had decided on. Aldbrickham is a much bigger town – fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants – and nobody knows anything about us there."

"And you have given up your Cathedral work here?"

"Yes. It was rather sudden – your message coming unexpectedly. Strictly, I might have been made to finish out the week. But I pleaded urgency & I was let off. I would have deserted any ~~day~~ day at your command, dear Sue. I have deserted more than that for you!"

"I fear I am doing you a lot of harm. Ruining your prospects of the Church; ruining your progress in your trade; everything! I seem so bad – upsetting men's courses like this!"

But she recovered her equanimity by the time they had travelled a dozen miles. ("And here's a note I found on my dressing-table, addressed to you.")

"He has been so good in letting me go," she resumed. (said Jude, glancing at the note.)

"Yes. He's a generous, worthy fellow." "And I am ashamed of myself for hating him because he married you."

"According to the rule of women's whims I suppose I ought to suddenly love him, because he has let me go so easily & unexpectedly." she answered smiling. "But I am so cold, or devoid of gratitude, or so something, that even this generosity has not made me love him, or repent & want to stay with him as his wife; although I do feel I like his large-mindedness, & respect him more than ever."

"It may not work so well for us as if he had been less kind, ~~murmured~~ Jude; "and you had run away against his will." murmured Jude.

"Not I never would have done", she said firmly.

Jude's eyes rested musingly on her face. Then he suddenly kissed her;

(253–260 missing)

Chapter XXXIII

In returning to his native town of ~~Shaston~~ Shaston as schoolmaster Phillotson had won the interest & ~~regard~~ sympathy of the inhabitants, who, (awakened the memories) though they did not honour him for his ~~multifarious~~ miscellaneous acquirements as he would have been honoured elsewhere, retained for him a sincere regard. When, shortly after his arrival, he brought home a pretty wife – ~~too~~ awkwardly pretty for him, if he did not take-care, they said, they were glad to have her settle among them.

After her flight from that home,

For some time, Sue's absence ~~from home~~ did not excite comment. Her place as monitor in the school was ~~filled~~ taken within a few days of her vacating it by another young woman, which substitution also passed without remark, Sue's services having been of a provisional nature only. When, however, a month had passed, & Phillotson ~~began to be~~ casually admitted to acquaintance that he did not know where his wife was staying, curiosity began to be aroused; & then, till jumping to conclusions, people ventured to affirm that Sue had played him false & run away from him. The schoolmaster's growing languor & listlessness over his work gave countenance to the idea.

Though Phillotson had held his tongue as long as he could, except to his friend Gillingham, his honesty & directness would not allow him to do so when misapprehensions as to Sue's conduct spread abroad. On a Monday morning the chairman of the school committee called, & after attending to the business of the school drew Phillotson aside out of earshot of the children.

"You'll excuse my asking, Phillotson, since everybody is talking of it: is this true as to your domestic affairs – that your wife's going away was on no visit, but a secret elopement with a lover? If so, I condole with you."

"No," said Phillotson.

"And she has gone to visit friends?"

¶What has she done then?

No. ¶She has gone away with ~~a lover~~. But there was no secrecy about it. I gave my consent."

N.B. Blue alterations are for serial issue only – Not for volume form.

The chairman looked as if he had not apprehended the remark.

"What I say.

"It's quite true," Phillotson continued, lastly, not caring to shelter himself behind the conventionalities. "She asked leave to go; & I let her. I can't explain any further. I don't wish to be questioned."

The children observed that much seriousness marked the faces of the two men, & went home & told their parents that something new had happened about Mrs Phillotson. The Phillotsons's little maid-servant, who was a school-girl just out of her standards, said that Mr Phillotson had helped in his wife's packing, & had offered her what money she required, & had written a friendly letter to her young man, telling him to take care of her. Exaggerations were not wanting.

The chairman of committee thought the matter over, & talked to the other managers of the school, till a request came to Phillotson to meet them privately. The meeting lasted a long time, & at the end the schoolmaster came home, looking as usual pale & worn. Gillingham was sitting in his house awaiting him.

"Well; it is as you said," observed Phillotson, flinging himself wearily in a chair. "They have requested me to send in my resignation on account of my scandalous conduct in ~~condoning the adultery~~ being kind to my wife. But I shan't resign."

"I think I would."

"I won't. It is no business of theirs. It does not affect me in my public capacity at all. They may expel me if they like."

"If you make a fuss it will get into the papers, & you'll never get appointed to another school. You see, they have to consider the effects upon the morals of the town of certain possible misapprehensions; & to ordinary opinion, your position is indefensible".

To this good advice, however, Phillotson would not listen.

"I don't care". he said / "I don't go unless I am turned out." ~~he said~~. and
for this reason; that by resigning I acknowledge I have acted
wrongly by her; when I am more & more convinced every day
that in the sight of Heaven & by all natural, ~~moral~~ straightforward humanity, I have
acted rightly."

Gillingham saw that his friend rather headstrong would not be able to maintain
such a position as this; but he said nothing further, & in due time —
indeed, in a quarter of an hour — the letter of dismissal arrived,
the managers having remained behind to write it after Phillotson's
withdrawal. The letter replied that he should not accept formal dismissed; and
called a public meeting, which he attended, although he looked so
weak & ill that his friend implored him to stay at home. When
he stood up to give his reasons for contesting the decision of
the managers he advanced them firmly, ~~contending~~ as he had done
this friend, & contended, moreover, that the matter was a domestic theory one
which did not concern them. This they over-ruled, insisting that
the private ~~life~~ eccentricities of a teacher had a good deal to do with their, as
it touched the morals of those he taught. Phillotson replied that
he did not see how an act of ~~kindness~~ Christian charity could injure morals.

All the respectable inhabitants & well-to-do fellow-natives of the town
were against Phillotson to a man. But, somewhat to his surprise,
seven some dozen champions rose up in his defence as from the ground.

It has been stated that Sharston was the anchorage of a curious
interesting ~~set~~ group of itinerants, who frequented the numerous fairs & markets held
during the summer & autumn months, up & down Wessex. Although Phillotson had never spoken to one of these
gentlemen they now nobly led the forlorn hope in his defence. The body included
~~consisted~~ of two cheap-jacks, a shooting-gallery proprietor, a pair of boxing-masters, a steam-round-
about manager, ~~a dealer in ma~~ ~~one stores, a "test your strength"~~ a gingerbread-stall keeper, a swing-
boat owner, & a "test-your-strength" man.

of a few others of independent judgment (where our domestic experiences had been not without vicissitude)

These came up & shook hands (warmly) with Phillotson; after which they expressed their thoughts so strongly to the meeting that issue was joined. The result being a general scuffle, wherein three panes of the hall-windows were broken, & some black eyes ~~& bleeding noses~~ & ~~bled~~ ..... & degrading (almost in groans) up noses given. Phillotson deplored the untoward circumstances, repeated that he had not resigned when called upon, & went home so ill that next morning he could not leave his bed.

The farcical yet melancholy event.

~~It was the beginning of~~ a serious illness for him; & he lay in his lonely bed in that pathetic state of mind of a middle-aged man who perceives at length that his life, intellectual & domestic, is tending to failure & gloom. Gillingham came to see him in the evenings, & on one occasion mentioned Sue's name.

, one of which, to everybody's horror, was the vicarage (venerable), owing to the zeal of a reforming chimney-sweep, who took the side of Phillotson's party.

"She doesn't care anything about me!" said Phillotson. "Why should she?"

"She doesn't know you are ill."

"So much the better for both of us."

"Where was ~~his cousin~~ or grandfather's ..... living?"

"At Melchester - some time ago."

When Gillingham reached home he sat & reflected, & at last wrote an anonymous line to Sue, on the bare chance of its reaching her, the letter being enclosed in an envelope addressed to Jude at ~~Gt~~ Shaston the diocesan capital. ~~After reaching~~ Arriving at that place it was forwarded to Marygreen in ~~Wessex~~ North Wessex, & thence to Aldbrickham by the only person who knew his present address - the widow who had nursed his aunt.

Three days later, in the evening, when the sun was going down & making the Shaston windows like tongues of fire & ~~the~~ nature beneath in splendour over the lowlands of Blackmore, the sick man fancied

(eyes of the rustics in that Vale,

that he heard somebody come to the ~~door~~ house, & a few minutes after there was a tap at the bedroom door. Phillotson did not speak; the door was hesitatingly opened, & there entered — Sue.

She was in light spring clothing, & her advent seemed ghostly — like the fluttering in of a moth. He turned his eyes upon her, & flushed; but ~~did not speak~~ appeared to check his primary impulse to speak.

"I have no business here," she said, turning her frightened face & him. "But I heard you were ill — very ill; & as I know that you recognize other & equally natural feelings between man & woman than (physical ~~passion~~ love,) I have come."

"I am not very ill, my dear friend. Only unwell."

"I did not know that; & I am afraid that only a severe illness would have justified my coming."

"Yes ... yes. And I almost wish you had not come! It is a little too soon — that is all I mean. Still let us make the best of it. You have not heard about the School, I suppose?"

"No — what about it?"

"Only that I am going away from here to another place. The managers & I don't agree, & we are going to part — that's all."

Sue did not for a moment, either now or later, suspect what Troubles had ~~befallen~~ & she had received no news whatever from Shaston. had ~~happened~~; it never once seemed to cross her mind. They talked on slight & ephemeral subjects, & when his tea was brought up he told the amazed little servant that a cup was to be set for Sue. While they sipped Sue went to the window thoughtfully & said, "It is such a beautiful sunset, Richard."

"They are worth beautiful from here. But I lose them all, as they don't shine into this gloomy corner where I lie."

"Would not you like to see this particular one? It is like Heaven opened."

But I can't.

"Ah yes!"

She went to where a swing glass stood, & taking it in her hands carried it to a spot by the window where it could catch the sunshine, moving the glass till the beams were reflected into Phillotson's face.

"There – you can see the great red sun now!" she said. "And I am sure it will cheer you – I do so hope it will!" She spoke with a childlike, repentant kindness, as if she could not do too much for him.

Phillotson smiled sadly. "You are an odd creature!" he murmured. as the sun glowed in his eyes.
"The idea of your coming to see me, after what has passed!"

"Don't let us go back upon that!" she said quickly. "I have to catch the omnibus for the train, ~~so I shall~~ as Jude does not know I have come; he was out when I started; so I must return ~~go back~~ home almost ~~the sons of you when I reached me. quickly~~. directly.
Richard, I am so very glad you are better. You don't hate me, do you? You have been such a kind friend to me."

"I am glad to know you think so", said Phillotson huskily. "No. I don't hate you!"

During their intermittent chat, ~~When~~ It grew dusk quickly in the gloomy room, & when candles were brought & it was time to leave she ~~gave him~~ put her hand in his – or rather allowed it to flit through his; ~~forgot~~; for she was significantly light in touch. She had nearly closed the door when he said, "Sue!" He had noticed that, in turning away from him, tears were on her face & a quiver in her lip.

It was bad policy to recall her – he knew it while he pursued it. But he could not help it. She came back.

"Sue," he murmured, "Do with you make it up, & stay? I'll forgive you, & condone everything!"

"O you can't, you can't!" she said hastily. "You can't condone it now."

"He is ~~united to your life~~ ~~your husband~~ now, in effect, you mean, of course."

"You may assume it. He is obtaining a divorce from his wife Arabella."

"His wife! ~~How~~ It is altogether news to me that he has a wife."

¶ Like yours ¶ Like mine

"It was a bad marriage. He is not doing it so much on his own account as on hers. She wrote & told him it would be a kindness to her, since then she could marry & live respectably. And Jude has agreed."

"A wife.... A kindness to her. Ah, yes; a kindness to her to release her altogether..... But I don't like the sound of it. I can forgive, Sue."

"No, no. You can't have me back now I have been so wicked." There had arisen in Sue's face that incipient fear which showed itself whenever he changed from friend to husband, & which made her adopt any line of defence against marital feeling in him. "I must go now. I'll come again – may I?"

"I don't ask you to go, even now. I ask you to stay."

"I thank you, Richard; but I must. As you are not so ill as I thought, I cannot stay!"

"She's his – body & soul!" said Phillotson; but in the shape of a change of views so faintly that in closing the door she did not hear it. A dread of possible results had prevented her telling him of the actual state of things by, coupled perhaps with a faint shamefacedness at letting him know how much was still unconquered in her transfer of allegiance. Mr Phillotson lay writing like a man in hell as he pictured the nullity pleader maternal averseness & cruelty who bore his name, & returning gladly to the home of her cousin to the embraces of her lover.

[White line]

Gillingham was so interested in Phillotson's affairs, & so seriously concerned about him, that he walked up the hill side to Shaston

two or three times a week, although it was a ~~fag~~ walk of nine miles there & back, which had to be performed between tea & supper, after a hard day's work in school. When he called on the next occasion after Sue's visit his ~~friend~~ friend was downstairs, & Gillingham noticed that his restless mood had been supplanted by a more fixed & composed one.

"She's been here since you called last," said Phillotson.

"Not Miss Phillotson?"

"Yes."

"Ah! You have ~~made~~ made it up?" with her little hand,

"No. She just came, patted my pillow, played the thoughtful nurse for half an hour, & went away."

"Well – I'm hanged!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what a curious, capricious little woman. If she were not your wife–"

"She is not; ~~but as the world~~, except in name. And I have been thinking – it was suggested to me by a conversation I had with her – that in kindness to her I ought to ~~divorce her~~ dissolve the legal tie altogether; which, singularly enough, I think I can do, now she has been back, & refused my request to stay after I said I had got another. I believe that fact would afford me opportunity of doing it, though I did not see it at the moment. What's the use of keeping her chained on to me if she doesn't belong to me? I know – I feel absolutely certain – that she would welcome my taking such a step as the greatest charity to her. She would get to like me much better & as she once did though as a fellow-creature she sympathizes & pities me, as a husband she cannot endure ~~loathes~~ me – there's no use in mincing words. She cannot endure ~~loathes~~ me, & my only manly & dignified & merciful course is to complete what I have begun..... And for worldly reasons, too, it will be better for her to be independent. I have ruined my prospects by my decision as to what was best for us, became of her, though she does not know it; & I don't want her to suffer poverty with me. I may as well tell you

what has suggested this; he says that Farley is getting rid of his wife at her request, in order that she may lead a respectable life".

"O - he had a spouse, too! A queer couple - these cousins!"

"Yes. Well then, if I see her, they can marry, if they want to, & live in an ordinary way. or perhaps only ~~live~~ excessively natural.

~~life~~. He is sure to marry her ~~if he can, therefore~~ my divorcing her can do her no possible harm, for if she loves him & wishes it. Being his own cousin he watches over her with a curious jealousy for her ~~self~~ welfare, in addition to his love for her. I know he will jump at the opportunity of having her belong to him ~~of giving her a legal title to that I know she is virtually~~."

Gillingham did not hurry to reply. "I may disagree with your motive", he said. "But I think you are right in your determination - if you can carry it out. I doubt, however, if you can."

Chapter XXXIV

When the unpractical man turns away from his unpracticalness he often does surprising things. How Gillingham's doubts were disposed of will most quickly appear by passing over the series of unpleasant months & unpleasant incidents that followed the events of the last chapter, & coming on to a Sunday in the February of the year following.

Sue & Jude were living in precisely the same friendly relations that they had established between themselves when she left Shaston to join him the year before. The proceedings in the Law-courts had reached their conclusion but as a distant sound, & an occasional missive, which they hardly understood. ~~& caused them not at all.~~

They had met, as usual, to breakfast together in the little house that Jude had taken at fifteen pounds a year, with three pounds ten added for rates & ~~tax~~ taxes, & furnished with his aunt's ancient & lumbering goods, which had cost him almost their full value to bring all the way from Marygreen. As he entered the room Sue held up a letter she had just received.

~~Well it is over at last~~

"Well; and what is it about?" he said after shaking hands with her.

"That the decree nisi in the case of Phillotson versus Phillotson & Fawley pronounced six months ago, has just been made absolute."

"Ah"; said Jude, as he sat down.

The same concluding incident in Jude's suit against Arabella had occurred a month or two earlier. The cases had both been tried insignificantly & not reported in the papers -

"Now then, Sue, at any rate, you can do what you like!" He looked at his cousin curiously ~~fixed his eyes round her & listlessly ceased~~.

"Are we - you and I - just as free now as if we had never married at all?"

"Just as free - except, I believe, that a clergyman may object personally to re-marry you, & hand you on to somebody else."

But I wonder - do you think it is really so with us? I know it is generally. But I have an uncomfortable feeling that my freedom has been obtained under false pretences."

"How?"

"Well - if the truth about us had been known, the decree would not have been pronounced. It is only because is it, because we have made no defence, & have let them into a false supposition? - ~~not because I have done what is asserted~~. Therefore is ~~it~~ my freedom lawful, however proper it may be?"

"O yes - I think so. We were not obliged to prove anything - that was their business. I don't know that you would have been free if we had."

"That's what I mean. So that is why it rather a ruse?"

"I don't see it as such. One thing is certain, that however brought about, a marriage is dissolved when it is dissolved. There is this advantage in being poor obscure people like us - that these things are done for us in a rough & ready way fashion. It was the same with me & Arabella. I was afraid her criminal second marriage would

have been discovered if she permitted; but nobody took any interest in her - nobody inquired, nobody suspected it. If we'd been patent nobilities patented nobilities we should have had infinite trouble, & days & weeks would have been spent in investigations".

By degrees Sue acquired her cousinly cheerfulness, & proposed that they should take a walk in the fields, even if they had to put up with a cold dinner on account of it. Jude agreed, & Sue went upstairs & prepared to start, putting on a joyful colored gown in observance of her freedom; seeing which Jude put on a lighter tie.

"Now we'll strut arm in arm", he said, like any other engaged couple. We've a legal right to."

They rambled out of the town, & along a path over the low-lying lands that bordered it, though these were soggy now, & the extensive seed-fields were bare of colour & produce. The pair, however, were so absorbed in their own situation that their surroundings were little in their consciousness.

"Well, my dear companion, the result of all this is that we can marry, after a decent interval."

"Yes; I suppose we can", said She, without enthusiasm.

"And aren't we going to?"

"I don't like to say no, dear Jude. But I feel just the same about it now as I have done all along. I have the same dread lest an iron contract should extinguish your tenderness for me, & mine for you, just as it did between our unfortunate parents."

"Still, what can we do? I do love you, as you know, Sue."

"I know it abundantly. But I think I would much rather go on living always as lovers, as we are living now, & only meeting every day. It is so much sweeter - for the woman, at least, & when she is sure of the man. And

hencefoward we needn't be so particular as we have been about appearances."

"Our experiences of matrimony with others have not been encouraging, I own," said he with some gloom; "Either owing to our dissatisfied, unpractical natures, or to our misfortune. But we two —"

"Should be two ~~bads~~ dissatisfied ones, linked together, which would be twice as bad as before .... I think I should begin to be afraid of you, Jude, the moment you had contracted to love me under a Government ~~stamp~~ — ugh, how horrible & sordid! — ~~I was licensed to be loved on the premises by you.~~ Although, as you are, free, I trust you more than any other man in the world."

"No, no — don't say I should change!" he expostulated; yet there was misgiving in his own voice also.

"Apart from ourselves, & our unhappy peculiarities, it is precipe to a man's nature to go on loving a person when he is told that he must & shall be that person's lover. There would be a much likelier chance of his doing it if he were told not to love her. If the marriage ceremony consisted in an oath & stamped ~~covenant~~ contract between the parties to cease loving from that day forward, ~~in consideration because it~~ being given, of personal possession, & to avoid each other's society as much as possible in public, there would be more loving couples than there are now. Fancy the secret meetings between the perjuring husband & wife, the denials of having seen each other, the clambering in at bedroom windows, & the hiding in closets! There'd be ~~too~~ little cooling then."

"Yes; but admitting this or something like it to be true, you are not the only one in the world to see it, ~~& to be the people~~ dear little Sue. People go on marrying because they can't resist natural forces, although many of them may know perfectly well that they are buying a month's pleasure with a life's discomfort. ~~with a month's pleasure~~. No doubt my father & mother, & your father & mother, saw it, if they at all resembled us. But then they went & married just the same,

because they had ordinary passions. But you, Sue, are such a phantasmal, bodiless ethereal creature, one who - if you'll allow me to say it - has so little of the animal woman in you, that you can act upon reason in the matter, when we poor unfortunate of grosser substance wretches can't."

"Well", she sighed, "you've warned that it would probably end in misery for us. And I am not so exceptional a woman as you think. Few women like marriage than you suppose, only they enter into it for the dignity it is assumed to confer, the social advantages it gains them sometimes - a dignity & an advantage that I am quite willing to do without".

Jude fell back upon his old complaint - that, intimate as they were, he had never once had from her an honest candid declaration that she passionately loved him. "I really feel sometimes that you do not", he said, with a restiveness approaching anger. "You are so reticent. I know that women are taught by other women that they must never admit the full truth to a man. But the highest form of affection is based on full sincerity on both sides. Not being men, these women don't know that in looking back on those he has had tender relations with, a man's heart returns closest to her who was the soul of truth in her conduct. The better class of man, even if caught by airy affectations of dodging & parrying, is not retained by them. A nemesis attends the woman who plays the game of elusiveness too often, in the utter contempt for her that, sooner or later, her old admirers feel; underwhich they allow her to go unlamented to her grave."

Sue, whose regarding had acquired a guilty look: & she, the distance, suddenly replied in a tragic voice: "I don't think I like you to-day so well as I did, Jude!"

"Don't you? why?"

"O, well - You are not nice - too sermony. Though I suppose I

am so bad & worthless that I deserve the utmost rigour of lecturing!"

"No, you are not bad. You are a dear. But ~~you are a~~ ~~just a lantern~~ slippery as an eel when I want to get a confession from you."

& obstinate, & all sorts!

"O yes I am bad, & it is worse your pretending I am not! People who are good don't want scolding as I do..... But now that I have nobody but you, & nobody to defend me, it is very hard that I must not have my own way in deciding whether I'll be married or no!"

"~~Of course~~ Sue, my own comrade & sweetheart, I don't want to force you to marry — of course I don't! It is too wicked of you to be so pettish. Now we won't say any more about it, & go on just the same as we have done; & during the rest of our walk we'll talk of the meadows only, & the floods, & the prospect of the farmers this coming year."

After this the subject was not mentioned between them for several days, though living as they were with only a landing between them it was constantly in their minds. Sue was assisting Jude very materially now: he had latterly occupied himself on his own account in working & lettering headstones, which he kept in a little yard at the back of his little house, & where in the intervals of domestic duties she marked out the letters full size for him, & checked them in after the lad cut them. It was a lower class of handicraft than his former performances as a cathedral mason, & his only patrons were the poor people who lived in his own neighbourhood, & knew what a cheap man to employ for the simple memorials they required for their dead, was this "Jude Fawley: Monumental Mason" (as he called himself on his front door). But he seemed more independent than before, & it was the only arrangement under which Sue, who particularly wished not to be a burden on him, could render any assistance.

Chapter ~~XXXV~~.

It was an evening at the end of the month. & Jude had just returned home from a lecture on ancient history in the public hall not far off. When he entered the house Sue came down from her quarters & laid out supper for him. Contrary to custom she did not speak. Jude had taken up some illustrated paper which he perused, till, raising his eyes, he saw that her face was ~~puffed~~ troubled.

"Are you depressed, Sue?" he said.

She paused a moment. "I have a message for you": she answered.

"Somebody has called?"

"Yes. A woman." Sue's voice quavered as she spoke, & she suddenly sat down from her preparations, laid her hands in her lap, & looked into the fire. "I don't know whether I did right or not-!" she continued. "I said you were not at home, & when she said she would wait I said I thought you might not be able to see her."

"Why did you say that, dear? I suppose she wanted a headstone. Was she in mourning?"

"No. She was not in mourning, & she did not want a headstone, & I thought you would not see her." She looked critically & imploringly at him.

"But who was she? Did not she say?"

"No. She would not give her name. But I know who she was - I think I do! It was Arabella!"

"Heaven! (save us) What should Arabella come for? What made you think it was she?"

O I can hardly tell: But I know it was! I feel perfectly certain it was - by the light in her eyes as she looked at me. She was a fleshy, coarse woman."

"Well - I should not have called Arabella coarse exactly, (except in speech,) though she may

be getting so by this time under the influence of the public-house. She
duties
was rather handsome when I knew her."

"Handsome. ~~Had~~ A big thing!"

"Well, waiving that, as she is virtuously married, nothing done, & another man,
why should she come troubling us?"

"Are you sure she's married? Have you definite news of it?"

"No - not definite news. But that was why she asked me to release her.
She & he mean both wanted to lead a proper life, as I understood."

"O Jude - it was, it was Arabella!" cried Sue, covering her face with her
hands. "And I am so miserable! It seems such an ill-omen, whatever she
may have come for. You could not possibly see her, could you?"

"I don't really think I could. It would be so very painful to talk to
her now - to her as much as to me. However, she's gone. Did she say she
would come again?"

"No. But she went away very reluctantly."

Sue, ~~could not~~ whom the least thing upset, could not eat any supper, & by
when Jude had finished his he prepared to go to bed. He had no sooner
fastened the door & reached the top of the stairs than there came a knock.
Sue instantly emerged from her room, where she had but just entered.

"There she is again!" she whispered in appalled accents

"How do you know?"

"She knocked like that last time."

They listened, & the knocking came again. No servant was kept in the
house, & if he summons was to be responded to one of them would have to
do it
~~go~~ in person. "I'll open the window", said Jude. "whoever it is can-
not be expected to be let in at this time". He accordingly went into his
room & lifted the sash. The obscure street of early retiring working people was empty
from end to end save of one figure, that of a woman walking up & down by
the lamp ~~below~~ a few yards off.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"Is that Mr Fawley?" came up from the woman below, in a voice which was unmistakably Arabella's.

Jude replied that it was.

"Is it she?" asked Sue from the door, with lips apart.

"Yes, dear," said Jude. "What do you want, Arabella?" he inquired.

"I beg your pardon, Jude, for disturbing you," said Arabella humbly. "But I called earlier – I wanted particularly to see you to-night, if I could. I am in trouble, & have nobody to help me". ¶ "In trouble, are you?" ¶ "Yes."

Jude seemed to feel an inconvenient sympathy seemed to be rising in Jude's heart at the appeal. "But are you married?" he said.

Arabella hesitated. "No, I am not," she returned. "He would do it, after all. And I am in great difficulty. I hope to get another situation as barmaid soon. But it takes time, & I really am in great distress, & became of a sudden responsibility that has been sprung upon me, & from Australia: or I wouldn't trouble you. But I want to tell you something about it."

She remained in a painful tension of gaze, hearing every word, but speaking none.

"You are not really in want of money, Arabella?" he asked in a distinctly softened tone.

"I have enough to pay for the night's lodging I have obtained, but barely enough to take me back again.

"Where are you living?"

In London still. She was about to give the address, but she said, "I am afraid somebody may somebody would hear, so I don't like to call out particulars of myself so loud. If you could come down stairs with me to the Prince Inn, where I am staying, to night, I would explain all. You may as well, for old time's sake, as you did when we met at Christminster."

"Poor thing – I must do her the kindness of hearing what's the matter, I suppose," said Jude in much perplexity. "As she's gone back to marry

if it can't make much difference."

"But you can't go to-morrow, Jude! Don't go now, Jude!" came in plaintive accents from the doorway. O it is only to entice you, I know it is, as she did before! Don't, don't go, dear! She is such a low-passioned woman — I can see it in her shape, & hear it in her voice!"

"But I shall go," said Jude." Don't attempt to detain me, Sue dear. God knows I love her little enough now, but I don't want to be cruel to her." He turned to the stairs.

"But she is not your wife!" cried Sue, distractedly." And I —"

"And you are not either, dear, legally or morally," said Jude.

"O, but are you going to her? Don't, don't, don't! Stay with me. Please, please stay with me, dear, & not go to her, now she is not your wife any more than I!"

"Well, she is, rather more than you, come to that," he said buttoning his coat & determinedly "I've wanted you to be, & I've waited with the patience of Job, & I don't see that I've got anything by my self-denial. I shall certainly learn what it is she is so anxious to tell me." (no man cried back.) (Sue her something, and)

There was that something in his manner which she knew it would be futile to oppose. Sue said no more, but, turning to her room as meekly as a martyr, heard him go downstairs, unbolt the door, & close it behind him. With a woman's disregard of her dignity when in her own presence & no other's, she trotted down, sobbing articulately & repentantly & listened. She knew exactly how far it was to the inn that Arabella had named as her lodging. It would occupy about seven minutes to get there at an ordinary walking pace; seven to come back again. If he did not return in fourteen minutes he would have lingered. She looked at the clock. It was twenty five minutes to eleven: he might enter the inn with Arabella, as they would reach it before closing time; & (she might get him to drink with her,) then any known kind of disasters would befall him there.

In a still suspense tense emotion she waited on. It seemed as if the whole time had nearly elapsed when the door was opened again & Jude appeared. She gave a little ecstatic scream: "O, I knew I could trust you — how good you are —" she began.

"I can't find her anywhere in this street, & I went out in my slippers only. She has walked on, thinking I've been so hard-hearted as to refuse her entreaty requests, poor woman. I've come back for my boots, as it is beginning to rain."

"O but why should you take such trouble for a woman who has served you so badly!" said Sue in a burst of disappointment, jealous misery, her face now excited to the strongest degree.

"But she, Sue, is a woman, & one can't be a brute in such circumstances."

"She is not your wife any longer!" exclaimed Sue, more passionately than ever before. "You must not go out to find her! It is not right! You can't join her, now she's a stranger to you. How can you forget such a thing, my dear, dear one!"

"She seems much the same as ever — an erring, careless, unreflecting fellow-creature", he said, continuing to pull on his boots. "What those legal fellows have been playing at in London makes no difference in my real relations to her. If she was my wife when she left me away in Australia with another husband she's my wife now."

— There's the absurdity! Well —

"But she was not! That's just what I hold. You'll come straight back, won't you dear? after a few minutes, She is too low, too coarse for you, Jude, & was always."

Perhaps I am coarse too. I have the germs of every human impurity in me, I verily believe — that was why I saw it was so preposterous of me to think of being a curate. I have cured myself of drunkenness I think; but I never know in what new form a suppressed vice will break out in me. I do love you, Sue, though I have danced attendance on you so long for such poor returns. All that is best & noblest in

mood; & this ~~plan~~ going to see all sorts of ~~ex~~extraordinary ~~people~~ persons whose relations to her ~~was~~ was precisely of a kind that would have made other people shun them, was an instinct with her, so that the request did not surprise him.

"And when you come back," he added, "I'll be ready to go about the banns. You'll come with me?"

She agreed, & went off under cloak & umbrella, letting Jude kiss her freely, & returning his kiss in a way she had never done before. Times had decidedly changed. "The bird is caught at last!" she said, a little sadness ~~running in the words~~ showing in her smile.

"No – only nested," he ~~corr~~ assured her.

She walked along the muddy street till she reached the public-house mentioned by Arabella, which was not so very far off. She was informed ~~a minute later~~ that Arabella had not yet left, and ~~she would have missed seeing her predecessor in Jude's affections, & who~~ ~~while appearing in the passage door~~ in doubt how to announce herself in so that her predecessor in Jude's affections would recognize her, she sent up word that a friend from Spring Street had called, naming the place of Jude's residence. She was asked to come upstairs, & on being shown into a room found, that it was (bedroom, & that the latter) Arabella had not yet risen. She halted on the turn of her toe till Arabella cried from the bed, "Come in & shut the door," which she accordingly did. ¶ Arabella ~~She~~ stay facing the window.* & Sue was wicked enough despite her penitence, to wished for a moment that Jude could behold her forerunner with the daylight full upon her. She may have seemed handsome enough in profile under the lamps, but a frowsiness was apparent this morning; & the sight of her own fresh charms in the looking-glass made Sue's manner bright. till she reflected what a meanly sexual emotion this was in her, & hated herself for it.

"I've just looked in to see if you got back comfortably last night, that's all," she said gently. "I was afraid afterwards that you might have met with any mishaps."

"O. How stupid this is!

"Not at all, I thought my visitor was – your friend – your husband –

*& did not at once turn her head;

"Mrs Fawley, as I suppose you call yourself," said Arabella, flinging her head back upon the pillows with a disappointed loss, & ceasing to retain the dimple she had just taken the trouble to produce.

"Indeed I don't" said Sue.

"O I thought you might have, even if he's not legally yours. Decency is decency, any hour of the twenty four."

"I don't know what you mean," said Sue stiffly. "He is mine, in promise, if you come to that! We have fixed the day, & everything."

"It was fixed yesterday."

["How do you know?" Sue coloured scarlet, & said)

"From your manner when you talked to me at the door. Well my dear, you've been quick about it, & I expect my visit last night helped it on—ha-ha! But I don't want to get him away from you."

Sue looked out at the rain, & at the tail of Arabella's hair hanging detached & untidily under the toilet cover on the looking glass, just as it had done in Jude's time; & wished she had not come. In the hall there was a knock at the door, & the chambermaid with much delight brought in a telegram for "Mrs Bartlett."

Arabella opened it as she lay, & then ruffled look disappeared.

"I am much obliged to you for your anxiety about me," she said when the maid had gone, but it is not necessary you should feel it. My man finds he can't do without me after all, & agrees to stand by the promise to marry that he has made me all along. See here. This is in answer to one from me", & she held out the telegram for Sue to read, but Sue did not take it. "He asks me to come back. His little corner public business in Lambeth would go to pieces without me, he says. But he is not going to knock me about when he has had a drop, any more after we are spliced by law than before... As for you, I should coax Jude to take me before the parson & have done with it, if I were in your place. I say it

Richard, who ~~assumed we had planned to marry, not for a night to his divorce~~. I felt we were deceiving him before."

"Sue, you seem when you are like this to be one of the women of an old civilization, whom I used to read about in my bygone, wasted, classical days, rather than a denizen of a Christian country. I almost expect you to say at these times that you have just been talking to some friend whom you met in the Via Sacra about the latest news of Octavia or Livia, or have been listening to Aspasia's eloquence, or have been watching Praxiteles chiselling away at his latest Venus while Phryne made complaint that she was tired of posing."

They had now reached the house of the parish-clerk. Sue stood back while her lover went up to the door. His hand was raised to knock when she said, "Jude."

He looked round.

"Wait a minute, will you mind?"

He came back to her. "Just let us think," she said timidly. "I had such a horrid dream last night... And Arabella..."

"What did Arabella say to you?" he asked.

"O, she said that when people were tied up you could get no law of a man better — and how when couples quarrelled apparently... Jude, do you think that when you must have me with you by law, we shall be so happy as we are now? The men and women of our family are very generous when everything depends upon their good-will, but they always kick against compulsion. Don't you dread the attitude that inevitably arises out of legal obligation? Don't you think it is destructive to a passion whose essence is its gratuitousness?"

"Upon my word, Love, you are beginning to frighten me, too, with all this foreboding! Well, let us go back & think it over."

"Her face brightened. "Yes — so we will!" said she. And they

turned from the clerk's door, Sue murmuring as they walked on homeward:

"Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ring dove's neck from changing?
No. Nor fetter'd love from dying
In the knot there's no untying."

They thought it over, or postponed thinking. Certainly they postponed action, & seemed to live on in a dreamy paradise. At the end of a fortnight or three weeks matters remained unadvanced, & no banns were announced to the ears of any Aldbrickham congregation.

While they were postponing & postponing thus a letter & a newspaper arrived one morning from Arabella. She opened the newspaper first, & found the letter. After glancing at the paper she held across the first page to him with her finger on a paragraph; but he was so absorbed in his letter that he did not turn awhile.

"Look!" said she.

He looked & read. The paper was one that circulates in South London only, & the marked paragraph was simply the announcement of a marriage at St. Johns Church, Waterloo Road, under the names, "Cartlett – Donn," the united pair being Arabella & the innkeeper.

"Well, it is satisfactory," said Sue complacently. "She is provided for now, in a way, I suppose, whatever her faults, poor thing. It is nicer that we are able to think that than to be uneasy about her. I must write to Richard & ask him how he is getting on. Too, poor man."

But Jude's attention was still absorbed. Having merely glanced at the announcement he said in a disturbed voice: "Listen to this letter. What shall I say or do?"

"The Three horns, Lambeth.

"Dear ~~Mr~~ Jude: (I won't be so distant as to call you Mr.

Yawley.) I send to-day a newspaper, from which you will learn that useful document
I was married over again to Catlett last Tuesday. So that business is settled
right & tight at last. But what I write about more particular is that
private affair I wanted to speak about to you on when I come down to
Aldbrickham. I couldn't very well tell it to you lady friend, & (much should)
have liked to let you know it by word of mouth, as I could have explain-
ed better than by letter. The fact is that, though I have never informed
you before, there was a boy born of you marriage, eight months after
I left you, when I was at Sydney, living (All that is easily provable
with my father & mother.) As
I had separated from you before I thought such a thing was going to
happen, & as I was over there, (& our channel had been sharp,) I did not think it convenient
to write about it. The birth I was then looking out for a good situation, so
my parents took the child, & he has been with them ever since.
That was why I did not mention it when I met you in Christminster,
nor at the law proceedings. He is now about six years old, of
course, & my mother & father have lately written to say that, as
they have rather a hard struggle over there, & I am settled comfort-
ably here, they don't see why they should be encumbered with the
child any longer, his parents being alive. I could have him with
me here in a moment, but he is not old enough to be of any use in
the bar, nor will he be for years & years (& naturally Catlett might think him in the way.)
& they have however packed
him off to me in charge of some friends who happened to be coming home,
& I must ask you to take him when he arrives for I don't know
what to do with him. He is lawfully yours, that I solemnly swear,
If anybody says he is not, call them liars, for my sake. Whatever
(Brimstone)
I may have done afterwards, I dealt honestly by you (from the time we were married)
till I went
away, & I remain, "Yours, &c.
"Arabella Catlett.

Sue's look was one of dismay. "What will you do, dear? she asked faintly.

Jude did not reply, & Sue watched him anxiously, with heavy breaths.

~~"I wonder if it is true!" she continued,~~

~~"I don't know.~~ It hits me hard!" said he, in an under voice. "It may be true! I can't make it out. Certainly if his eye is exactly what she says —. I cannot think why she did not tell me when I met her at Christminster & came on here with her.... Ah — I do remember now that she said something about having a thing on her mind that she would like me to know, if ever we lived together again."

"The poor child seems to be wanted by nobody!" Sue replied, and then her eyes filled. Jude had by this time come to himself.

"What a view of life he must have, mine or not mine!" he said. "I must say that, if I were better off, I should not stop to think for a moment whose he might be. I would take him, or bring him up. The Beesarly ~~what fools~~ question of parentage — what is it, after all? What does it matter, when you come to think of it, whether a child is yours by blood or not? All the little ones of our time are collectively the children of us adults of the time, & entitled to our general care. That excessive regard of parents for their own children, & their dislike of other people's, is, like class-feeling, save-your-own-soul-ism patriotism, & other virtues, a mean exclusiveness at bottom."

Sue jumped up & kissed Jude with passionate devotion. "Yes — so it is dearest! And we'll have him here. And if he is not yours it makes it all the better. I do hope he is not! — though perhaps I ought not to feel that? If he is not I should like for us so much to have him as an adopted child."

"Well, you must assume about him what is most pleasing to you, my curious little love!" he said. "I feel that, anyhow, I don't like to leave the unfortunate little fellow to neglect. Just think of his life in a Lambeth pot-house, & all its evil influences, with a parent who does not want

him, & has, indeed, hardly ever seen him, & a step-father who doesn't know him. 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, & the night in which it was said, There is a man child conceived.' That's what the boy will perhaps – will find himself saying before long!"

"O no!"

"As I was the petitioner, I am really entitled to his custody, I suppose."

"Whether or no we must have him. I see that. I'll do the best I can to be a mother to him, & we can afford to keep him somehow. I'll work harder. I wonder when he'll arrive?"

"In the course of a few weeks, I suppose."

"I wish –. When shall we have courage to marry, Jude?"

"Whenever you have it I think I shall. It remains with you entirely, dear. Only say the word, & it's done."

"Before the boy comes?"

"Certainly."

"It would make a more natural home for him perhaps", she murmured.

Jude thereupon wrote in purely formal terms to request that the boy should be sent over to them as soon as he arrived, making no remark whatever on the surprising nature of Arabella's information, nor vouchsafing a single word of opinion on the boy's paternity, & on whether, had he known all this, his conduct towards her would have been quite the same.

[white line]

In the down-train that was timed to reach Aldbrickham station about ten o'clock the next evening, a small pale child's face could be seen in the gloom of a third class carriage. He had large frightened eyes, & wore a white woollen cravat, over which a key was suspended round his neck by a piece of common string, & attracted attention by its occasional shine in the lamp-light. His eyes remained mostly fixed on the back of the seat opposite, & never turned to the window even when a station was reached and called. On the other seat were two or three passengers, one of them

a working woman who held a basket on her lap, in which was a tabby kitten. The woman opened the cover now & then, whereupon the kitten would put out its head, & indulge in playful antics: ~~at~~ At these the fellow passengers laughed, Except the solitary boy bearing the key who, regarding the kitten with his saucer eyes, seemed mutely to say: "All laughter comes from misapprehension. Rightly looked at there is no single laughable thing under the sun."

Occasionally at a stoppage the guard would look into the compartment & say to the boy, "All right, my man. Your box is safe in the van." The boy would say "Yes", without animation, would try to smile, & fail.

He was Age masquerading as Juvenility, & doing it so badly that his real self showed through crevices. A ground swell from ancient years of night seemed now & then to lift the child in this morning life, when his face took a back view over some great Atlantic of time, & appeared not to care for what it saw.

When the other travellers closed their eyes, which they did one by one — even the kitten curling itself up in the basket, weary of its too circumscribed play — the boy remained just as before. He then seemed to be doubly awake, like a dwarf Divinity, sitting passive, & regarding his companions as if he saw them as a rounded whole lives rather than their immediate frames.

This was Arabella's boy. With her usual carelessness she had postponed writing to Jude about him till the eve of his landing, when she could absolutely postpone no longer, though she had known for weeks of his approaching arrival, & had, indeed, visited Aldbrickham mainly to reveal the boy's existence & his coming near home to Jude. This very day on which she had received her former husband's answer at some time in the afternoon the child reached the London Docks, & the family in whose charge he had come having put him into a cab

& directed the cab-man to his mother's house.

for Lambeth & bade him good-bye & went their way. On his arrival at the Three Horns, Arabella had looked him over with an expression that was as good as saying, "You are very much what I expected you to be", & given him a good meal, & dispatched him to Aldbrickham (late as it was getting) by the next train, wishing her husband, who was out, not to see him.

~~Late at night~~ The boy train reached Aldbrickham, & the boy was deposited on the lonely platform beside his box. The man who took his ticket, with a meditative sense of the fitness of things, asked him where he was going by himself at that time of night?

"Going to Spring Street," said the little one impassively.

"Why, that's a long way from here; & the folks will be gone to bed."

"I've got to go there." ¶ "You must have a fly for your box". ¶ "No. I must walk".

"There's a bus goes half-way, but you'll have to walk the rest."

"I am not afraid."

"Why didn't your friends come to meet 'ee?"

"I suppose they didn't know I was coming."

"O, well: you'd better leave your box here & send for it." & he thought,

"Who be your friends?"

"Mother didn't wish me to say".

"All I can do, then, is to take charge of this. Now walk as fast as ya can".

Saying nothing further the boy came out into the street, looking round to see that nobody followed or observed him. When he had walked some little distance he asked for the street of his destination. He was told to go straight on ~~almost~~ quite into the country & out of the place.

The child fell into a steady mechanical creep which had in it an impersonal quality - ~~that~~ the movement of the wave, or of the breeze, or of the cloud. He followed his directions literally, without an inquiring gaze at anything. It could have been seen that the boy's ideas of life were different from

Chapter XXXVII.

Their next & third attempt at wedlock was more deliberately made, though it was begun on the morning following the singular child's arrival at their home.

Him they found to be in the habit of sitting silent, his gaunt & weird face set, & his eyes resting on things he did not see in the substantial world.

"His face is like the tragic mask of Melpomene", said Sue. "What is your dear name? Did you tell us?"

"Father Time is what they always called me. It is a nickname; because I look so aged they say." ¶ "and you talk so, too"; said Sue tenderly. "It is strange that these preternaturally old boys almost always come from new countries. — But what were you christened, dear?"

"I never was."

"Why was that?"

"Because in damnation. if I died it would save the expense of a Christian funeral."

"O — your name is not Jude, then?" said his father with some disappointment.

The boy shook his head. "never heerd on it."

"Of course not", said Sue quickly; "since she was taking you all the time!"

"We'll have him christened," said Jude; and privately to Sue: "the day we are married". Yet the advent of the child disturbed him.

Their position lent them shyness, & having an impression that a marriage at a superintendent registrar's office was more private than an ecclesiastical one, they decided to avoid a church this time. Both Sue & Jude together went to the office of the district to give notice: they had become such companions that they could hardly do anything of importance except in each other's company.

Jude Fawley signed the form of notice, Sue looking over his shoulder & watching his hand as it traced the words. As she read

the four-square undertaking, never before seen by her, into which her own & Jude's names were inserted, only which that very volatile essence, their love for each other, supposed were to be encaged & make permanent, her face seemed to grow painfully apprehensive. "Names & surnames of the Parties"—(they were parties, not lovers:) "Condition"—[illegible] (a horrid idea?). "Rank or Occupation".—"Age".—"Dwelling at—".—"Length of Residence".—"Church or Building in which the marriage is to be solemnized".—"District and County in which the Parties respectively dwell."

"It spoils the sentiment, doesn't it?" she said on their way home. "It seems making a more sordid business of it even than signing the contract in a vestry. But we'll try to get through with it, dearest, now."

"For what man is he that hath betrothed a wife & hath not taken her? Let him go & return unto his house, lest he die in the battle, & another man take her': So said the Jewish lawgiver".

How you know Scripture, Jude! You really ought to have been a parson. I can only quote profane writers."

During the interval before the issuing of the certificate Sue, in her housekeeping errands, sometimes walked past the office, & furtively glancing in saw the notice of their intended union affixed to the wall. She could not bear its aspect. All the romance of their attachment seemed to be stained away. Coming after her previous experience of matrimony, by placing her present case in the same category. She was usually leading the little Ancient Father Time by the hand, & fancied that people thought him hers, & regarded the intended ceremony as the patching up of an old error.

Meanwhile Jude decided to link his present with his past in some slight degree by inviting to the wedding the only person remaining

on earth who was associated with his early life at Marygreen — the aged widow Mrs Edlin who had been his grand-aunt's friend & nurse in her last illness. He hardly expected that she would come; but she did, bringing singular presents, in the form of apples, jam, brass snuffers, an ancient pewter dish, & a warming pan, & goose feathers towards a bed. She was allotted the spare room in Sue's ~~Jude's~~ — that is to say Jude's ~~Sue's~~ — home, whither she retired early, & where they could hear her through the ceiling below saying the Lord's prayer in a loud voice.

As, however, she could not sleep, & discovered that Sue & Jude were still sitting up — it being in fact only ten o'clock — she dressed herself again & came down; & they all sat by the fire till a late hour — the Ancient Father Time included; though, as he never spoke, they were hardly conscious of him.

"Well, I don't set against marrying as your great-aunt was", said the widow. "I shall be a jocund wedding for ye in all respects And I hope this time. ~~said the widow.~~ Nobody can hope it more, knowing what I do of your families which is more, I suppose, than anybody else now living. For they have been unlucky that way, God knows."

Sue breathed uneasily.

"They was always good-hearted people, too — would not kill a fly if they knowed it," continued the wedding guest. "But things happened athwart 'em, & if everything was n't pitty they were upset. No doubt, that's how the fact the tale is told of came to do what 'a did — if he were one of your family."

"What was that?" said Jude.

"Well — that tale, ye know: he that was gibbetted just on the brow of the hill by the Brown House — not far from the milestone between Marygreen & Alfredston, where the other road branches off.

But Lord, 'twas in my grandfather's time; & it meddn' have been one of your folk at all."

"I know where the gibbet is said to have stood, very well", murmured Jude. "But I never heard of this. What – did this man – my ancestor & hers – kill his wife?"

"I'ver not that exactly. She ran away from him, with their child, to her friends; & while she was there the child died. He wanted the body, to bury it where his people lay, but she would not give it up. Her husband then came in the night with a cart, & broke into the house to steal the coffin away; but he was catched, & being fortunate, wouldn't tell what he broke in for. They brought it in burglary, & that's why he was hanged & gibbetted on Brownhouse Hill. His wife went mad after he was dead. But it meddn' be true that he belonged to ye more than to me."

A small slow voice rose from the shade of the fire-side, as if out of the earth: "If I was you, mother, I wouldn't marry father." It came from the little Time, & they started, for they had forgotten him.

"O, it is only a Tale", said Sue cheerily.

After this exhilirating tradition from the window on the eve of their wedding, they rose, & wishing each other good-night retired – Jude crossing the street to his room "for the last time," as he said tenderly to Sue.

The next morning the latter, whose nervousness intensified with the hours, took Jude privately into the sitting room before starting. "Jude, I want you to kiss me as a lover, incorporeally," she said, tremulously nestling up to him. "It won't be ever like this any more, will it! I wish we had not begun the business. But I suppose we must go on. How horrid that story was last night! It spoilt my thoughts of to-day. It makes

me feel
seems as if a tragic doom overhung our family, as it did the
House of Atreus". ¶"Or the house of Jeroboam?" said the theologian. ¶"Yes. and
It seems awful temerity in us two to go marrying!
I am going to vow to you in the same words I vowed in to my other
husband, & you to me in those you used to your other wife; regardless
of the stultifying lesson we were taught by those experiences!"

"If you are uneasy I am unhappy," said he. "I had hoped
you would feel quite joyful. But if you doubt you doubt. It is no use
pretending. It is a dismal business to you, & that makes it so to me."

"It is unpleasantly like that other morning – that's all": she murmured.
"Let us go on now."

They started arm in arm for the office aforesaid, no witness ac-
companying them except the inner Edlin. The day was chilly & dull,
& a clammy fog blew round the town from "royal-towered Thame". On
the steps of the office there were the muddy footmarks of people who had
entered, & in the entry were damp umbrellas. Within the office several
persons were gathered, & our couple perceived that a marriage between a
soldier & a young woman was just in progress. Sue, Jude, & the widow stood
in the background while this was going on, Sue reading the notices of marriage
on the wall. The room was a dreary place enough to two of their temperament,
though to its usual frequenters it doubtless seemed ordinary enough. Law-
books in musty calf covered one wall, & elsewhere were Post-Office Directories,
& other books of reference. Papers in packets tied with red-tape were
pigeon-holed around, & some iron safes filled a recess, while the bare
wood floor was, like the door-step, mud-stained by previous visitors.

The soldier was sullen & reluctant: the bride sad & timid; ~~she~~
~~was evidently by the second a mother~~; & she had a black eye. Their
little business was soon done, & the twain & their friends straggled out;
one of the witnesses saying casually to Jude & Sue in passing, as if he had

known them before: "See the couple just come in? Ha-ha! That fellow is just out of gaol this morning. She met him at the gaol gates, & brought him straight here. She's paying for everything."

She turned her head & saw an ill-favoured man, closely cropped, with a broad faced, pock-marked woman on his arm, ruddy with drink & the satisfaction of being on the brink of an accomplished desire. They jocosely saluted the outgoing couple, & went forward in front of Jude & Sue, whose diffidence was increasing. The latter drew back & turned to her lover, her mouth shaping itself like that of a child about to ~~burst into tears~~ give way to grief:

"Jude – I don't like it here! I wish we had not come! The place gives me the horrors: it seems so unnatural as the climax of our love! I wish it had been at church, if it had to be at all. It is not so vulgar there."

"Dearone," said Jude. "How troubled & pale you look!"

"It must be performed here now, I suppose?"

"No – perhaps not necessarily."

He spoke to the clerk, & came back. "No – we need not marry here, or anywhere, unless we like, even now," he said. "We can be married in a church, if not with the same certificate with one he'll give us, I think. Anyhow, let us go out till you are calmer, dear, & I too, & talk it over."

They went out stealthily & guiltily, as if they had committed a misdemeanour, closing the door without noise, & telling the widow, who had ~~waited~~ remained in the entry, to go home & await them; that they would call in again & found any casual witnesses, if necessary. When in the street they turned into an unfrequented side alley, where they walked up & down as they had done long ago in the Market-house at Melchester.

"Now, darling, what shall we do? Anything that pleases you will please me."

"But Jude, dearest, I am worrying you! You wanted it to be here, didn't you?

"Well, to tell the truth, when I got inside I felt as if I didn't care much about it. The place depressed me almost as much as it did you – it was ugly. And then I thought of what you had said this morning as to whether we ought."

She pulled on vaguely, till she paused. "It seems so weak, too, to vacillate like this! And yet how much better than to act rashly a second time".... How terrible that scene was to me! The expression in that flabby woman's face, as she was going to deliver herself up to that gaol-bird, not for one day, as she would, but for a lifetime, as she must. And the utter loss of her soul – to escape a possible shame which was owing to the intrinsic meanness of her character, degrading herself to the real shame of voluntary bondage to a tyrant who scorned her – a man whom to avoid for ever was her only chance of salvation.... This is our parish church is it not? This is where it would have to be, if we did it in the usual way? A service or something seems to be going on."

Jude went up & looked in at the door. "Why – it is a wedding here, too," he said. "Everybody seems to be on our track to-day." ¶ She said she supposed it was because Lent was just over, when there was always a crowd of marriages – ~~It is a day or two before Lent – that's why they are now it happens, I suppose~~. "Let us listen," she said, & find how it feels to us when performed in a church."

They stepped in, & entered a back seat, & watched the proceedings at the altar. The contracting couple appeared to belong to the well-to-do middle class, & the wedding altogether was one of ordinary prettiness & interest. They could see the flowers tremble in the bride's hand, even at that distance, & could hear her mechanical murmur of the words – whose meaning her brain gathered not at all ~~she took not the least cognition~~ under pressure of her self-

consciousness. Sue & Jude listened, & severally saw themselves in time past going through the same form of self-committal.

"It is not the same to her, poor thing, as it would be to me doing it over again with my present knowledge," Sue whispered. "You see, they are fresh to it, & take the proceedings as a matter of course. But having been awakened as we have, or at least as I have, by experience, to my own culpably particular feelings in the matter, it really does seem immoral in me to go & undertake the same thing again with open eyes. ± Coming in here & seeing this has frightened me from a church wedding as much as the other did from a registry one. We are a weak, tremulous pair, Jude, & what others may feel confident in I feel doubts of – that is, my being proof against vulgarizing conditions." too thin-skinned.

"We are, We ought never to have been born – much less come together for the most preposterous of all joint-ventures for us – matrimony."

She shuddered. "Then you feel too, dear Jude, that we ought not to go in cold blood & sign this life-undertaking again? You think that we not knowing this are proposing to have found ourselves strong enough for it, & have in ignorance pledged ourselves?"

"Yes – since you ask me. Remember I'll do as you wish, our darling, but I must say that, though I think we ought to be able to do it, I feel checked by the dread of incompetency just as you do – from our peculiarities, perhaps, because we are unlike other people. We are horribly sensitive: that's really what's the matter with us, Sue."

"I fancy more are like us than we think".

"Well, I don't know. I hold that the intention of the contract is commendable, & good for many, no doubt; but that in our case it may defeat its own ends because we are – those in whom domestic relations of a forced queer kind are destructive to ardour & spontaneity." ¶ Sue still held that there was nothing queer or exceptional in it: that all were so. ✕ [see back] she said At any rate, however different our reasons, we come to the same con-

⁂ Everybody is getting to feel as we do", she said." We are a little beforehand, that's all. In fifty, say, twenty years, the descendants of those two will act & feel & react as we do. What we see to some extent now when we walk in a crowd, ~~they~~ will ~~see~~ see still more vividly then:

'Shapes like our own selves, hideously multiplied.' and will be afraid to reproduce them."

¶"What a terrible line of poetry! I have felt it myself, too, about my fellow-creatures, at morbid times". ~~We are horribly sensitive~~ that's really what's the matter with us. Sue

election, that for us particular two, marriage is bad. Then Jude, let us go home without killing our dream! How good you are, my comrade: you give way to all my whims!"

"They accord very much with my own."

He gave her a little kiss behind a pillar while the attention of everybody present was taken up in observing the bridal procession entering the vestry; & then they came outside the building. By the door they waited till two or three carriages, which had gone away for a while, returned, & the new husband & wife came into the open daylight.

"The flowers in the bride's hand are sadly like the garland which decked the heifers of sacrifice in old times."

"Still, Sue, it is worse for the woman than for the man. That's what some women fail to see, & instead of protesting against the conditions they protest against the man, the other victim; just as a woman in a crowd will abuse the man who (crushes against) her, when he is only the helpless transmitter of the pressure exercised upon him from the people behind."

Yes - some are like that, instead of uniting with the man against the common enemy, coercion." The bride & bridegroom had by this time driven off, & the two moved away with the rest of the idlers. "No - we won't do it," she continued. "At least just now."

They reached home, & passing the window arm in arm saw the widow looking out at them. "Well!" cried their guest when they entered, "I said to myself when I seed ye coming so loving up to the door, 'They've made up their minds at last, then.'"

They briefly hinted that they had not.

"What - & ha'n't ye really done it? Chok'it all, that I should have lived to see a good old saying like 'marry in haste & repent at leisure' spoiled like this by you two! 'Tis time I got back again to Marygreen -

sakes if tidden — if this is what the new notions be leading us to! Nobody thought o' being afeard o' matrimony in my time, nor of much else but a cannon ball or an empty cupboard. Why when I & my poor man were married we thought no more o't than of a game of dibs."

"Don't tell me child when he comes in," whispered Sue nervously. "He'll think it has all gone on right, & it will be better that he should not be surprised & puzzled. Of course it is only put off for reconsideration. If we are happy as we are, what does it matter to anybody?"

Chapter XXXVIII.

X. ~~The more happy, undoubtedly~~ — between their times of sadness. And when the unexpected appearance of Jude's child in the house had shown itself to be no such disturbing event as it had looked, but one that brought into their lives a new & tender interest of an ennobling & unselfish kind, it rather helped than injured their happiness.

To be sure, the boy coming brought with it much thought for the future & such with such anxious beings as they were, particularly as he seemed at present to be singularly deficient in all the usual hopes of childhood. But he & tried to dismiss, for a while at least, a too strenuously forward view.

There is in Upper Wessex an old town of ~~eight~~ nine or ten thousand souls: the town may be called Stoke-Barehills. It stands, with its gaunt unattractive ancient church, & its new red brick suburb, amid the open, chalk-soiled cornlands, near the middle of an imaginary triangle which has for its three corners the towns of Aldbrickham & Wintoncester, & the great military station of Quartershot. The great western highway from London passes through it, near a point where the road branches into two, merely to unite again some twenty-five miles further westward.

⁂ The purpose of a chronicler of words & deeds does not require him to express his personal views upon the delicate controversy above given. It was possibly true that they were happy

Out of this bifurcation & reunion there used to arise among wheeled travellers, before railway days, endless questions of choice between the respective ways. But the question is now as dead as the scot-&-lot freeholder, the road waggoner, & the mail coachman who disputed it, & probably not a single inhabitant of Stoke-Barehills is now even aware that the two roads which part in his town ever meet again; for nobody now drives up & down the great western highway daily.

The most familiar object in Stoke-Barehills nowadays is its cemetery, standing (beside the railway) among some picturesque mediæval ruins); the modern chapels, modern tombs, & modern shrubs, having a look of intrusiveness amid the crumbling & ivy-covered decay of the ancient walls.

On a certain day, however, in the early June, of the year now reached, the features of the town acquired little interest, though many visitors arrived by the trains, some down-trains, in particular, nearly emptying themselves here. It is the week of the Great Wessex Agricultural Show, which has erected its vast encampment spreads over the open outskirts of the town like the tents of an investing army. Rows of marquees, huts, booths, pavilions, arcades, porticoes — every kind of structure short of a permanent one, cover the green field for a space of a square half-mile, & the crowds of arrivals walk through the town in a mass, & make straight for the exhibition-ground. The way thereto is lined with shows, stalls, & hawkers on foot, who make a market-place of the whole roadway to the show proper, & lead some of the improvident to lighten their pockets appreciably before they reach the gates of the exhibition they came especially to see.

It is the popular day, the shilling day, & the fast-arriving excursion trains two from different directions enter the two contiguous

railway-stations at almost the same minute. One, like several which have preceded it, comes from London: the other by a cross-line from Aldbrickham; & from the former train alight a couple, a short, rather bloated man, with a globular stomach & small legs, resembling a top on two pegs, accompanied by a woman of rather fine figure & rather red face, dressed in black material, & covered with beads from bonnet to skirt, that made her glisten crisply clad in chain-mail.

They cast their eyes around. The man was about to hire a fly as some others had done, when the woman said, "Don't be in such a hurry, Cartlett. It's not so very far to the show yard. Let us walk down the street into the place. Perhaps I can pick up a cheap bit of furniture or old china. It's years since I was here – never since I lived as a girl at Aldbrickham, & used to come across for a trip sometimes with my young man."

"You can't carry home furniture by excursion-train," said, in a thick voice, her husband the landlord of The Three Horns, Lambeth; for they had both come down from the tavern in "that excellent & densely populated gin-drinking neighbourhood"; which they had occupied ever since the advertisement in those words had attracted them thither: & the configuration of the landlord showed that he, too, like his customers, was becoming affected by the liquors he retailed.

"Then I'll get it sent, if I see any worth having," said his wife.

They sauntered on, but had barely entered the town when her attention was attracted by a young couple leading a child, who had come out from the second platform, into which the train from Aldbrickham had steamed. They were walking just in front of the innkeepers.

"Sakes alive!" said Arabella.

"What's that?" said Cartlett.

"Who do you think that couple is? Don't you recognize the man?"

"No."

"Not from the photos I have shown you?"

"Is it Fawley?"

"Yes – of course."

"O well. I suppose he was inclined for a little sight-seeing like the rest of us." Cartlett's interest in Jude, whatever it might have been when Arabella was new to him, had plainly flagged since her charms & her idiosyncrasies, & her supernumerary hair-curls, & her optional dimples, were becoming as a tale that is told.

Arabella so regulated her pace & her husband's as to keep just in the rear of the other three, which it was easy to do without notice in such a stream of pedestrians. Her answers to Cartlett's remarks were vague & slight, for more & more interested her more than all the rest of the spectacle.

"They are rather fond of one another – of their child, seemingly," continued the publican.

"Their child! 'Tis not their child," said Arabella with a curious sudden fierceness. "They haven't been married long enough for it to be theirs."

But although the smouldering maternal instinct was strong enough in her to lead her to quash her husband's conjecture, she was not disposed on second thoughts to be more candid than necessary; Mr Cartlett having no other idea than that his & wife's child by her first husband was with his grandparents at the antipodes

"O I suppose not. She looks quite a girl."

"They are only lovers, or lately married, & have the child in charge, as anybody can see."

They all continued to move ahead. The meeting next Jude, the couple in question, had determined to make this exhibition agricultural

within twenty miles of their own town the occasion of 2 days excursion which should combine exercise & amusement with instruction, at small expense. Not regardful of themselves alone, they had taken care to bring the Father Time Ancient, to try every means of making him kindle & laugh like other boys, though he was to some extent a hindrance to the delightfully unreserved intercourse in their pilgrimages which they so much enjoyed. But they soon ceased to consider him as observer, & went along with that tender sentiment attention to each other which the shyest can scarcely dispense, & which these, among entire strangers as they imagined, took less trouble to dispense than they might have done at home. Sue, in her new summer clothes, flexible & light as a bird, her little thumb stuck up by the stem of her white cotton sunshade, went along as if she hardly touched ground, & as if a moderately strong puff of wind would float her over the hedge into the next field. Jude, in his light grey holiday suit, was really proud of her companionship, not more for her external attractiveness than for her sympathetic words & ways. That complete mutual understanding, in which every glance & movement was as effectual as speech for conveying intelligence between them, made them almost the two parts of a single whole.

The pair with their charge passed through the turnstiles, Arabella & her husband not far behind them. When inside the enclosure the publican's wife could see that the two ahead began to take trouble with the youngster, pointing out & explaining the many objects of interest, alive & dead; & a passing sadness would touch their faces at their every failure to distract his indifference.

"How she sticks to him!" said Arabella. "O no – they are not married, or they would not be so much to one another as that." ~~Before~~

"But I thought you said he did marry her?"

"I heard he was going to – that's all .... As far as they themselves are concerned they are the only two in the show. I should be ashamed of making myself so silly if I were he!"

"I don't see as how there's anything remarkable in their behaviour. I should never have noticed their being in love, if you hadn't said so."

"You never see anything," she rejoined. Nevertheless Cartlett's view of the lovers' conduct was undoubtedly that of the general crowd, ~~in which Cartlett~~ Arabella's sharpened vision whose attention seemed to be in no way attracted by what ~~seemed so obvious to~~ discerned.

"He's charmed by her as if she were some pairy!" continued Arabella. "See how he looks round at her, & lets his eyes rest on her. I am inclined to think that she don't care for him quite so much as he does for her. She's a particular warm-hearted creature to my thinking, though she cares for him pretty nigh as much – as much as she's able to; & she could make her heart ache a bit if he liked to try – which he's too simple to do. But. There – now they are going across to the cart-horse sheds. Come along."

"I don't want to see the cart-horses. It is no business of ours to follow them too. If we have come to see the show let us see it in our own way, as they do in theirs."

"Well – suppose we agree to meet somewhere in an hour's time – say at that refreshment tent over there, & go about independent? Then you can look at what you choose to, & so can I."

Cartlett was not loth to agree to this, & they parted – he proceeding to the shed where melting processes were being exhibited, & Arabella in the direction taken by Jude & Sue. Before, however, she had regained their wake a laughing face met her own, & she was confronted by Anny, the friend of her girlhood.

Anny had burst out in hearty laughter at the mere fact of the chance rencounter. "I be still living down there," she said, as soon as she was

composed. "I am soon going to be married, but my intended could not come up here to-day. ~~He's Deacon of a Ch~~ But there's lots of us come by excursion, though I've lost the rest of them for the present."

"Have you met Jude this young woman, or wife, or whatever she is. I saw 'em by now."

"No. Not a glimpse of ~~him~~ her for years."

"Well, they are close by here somewhere. Yes - there they are - by that grey horse!"

"O, that's his present young woman - wife did you say? Has he married again?"

"I don't know."

"She's pretty, is not she."

"Yes - nothing to complain of; or jump at. Not much to depend on, though; a slim, fidgety little thing like that."

"He's a nice looking chap, too. You ought to ha' stuck to un, Arabella."

"~~I've indeed believed myself by now, Otherwise, though~~" I don't know but I ought," she murmured. "As for that body with him - she don't know what love is - at least what I call love. I can see in her face she don't."

"And perhaps, ~~Arabella~~ you don't know what she calls love."

"I am sure I don't wish to. ..... Ah - they are making for the Art

¶ Arry laughed. "That's you, Arabella. Always wanting another man than your own."

"Well, & what woman don't, I should like to know?

Department. I should like to see some pictures myself. Suppose we go that way? - Why, if all Wessex is not here, I really believe! There's Dr Vilbert. Haven't seen him for years, & he's not look a day older than when I used to know him. How do you do, Physician? I was just saying that you don't look a day older than when ~~you~~ I knew ~~me~~ as a girl."

"Simply the result of taking my own pills, ma'am. Only two & threepence

a box - warranted efficacious by the Government stamp. Now let me advise you to purchase the same immunity from the ravages of Time by following my example? Only two and three."

The Physician had produced a box from his waistcoat pocket, & Arabella was induced to make the purchase.

"At the same time", continued he, when the pills were paid for, "you have the advantage of me. Mrs —. Surely not Mrs Fawley, once Miss Dunn, of Nervicity of Mangreen?"

"Yes. Mrs Carlett now."

"Ah - you lost him, then? Promising young fellow! A pupil of mine, you know. I taught him the dead languages. And, believe me, he soon knew nearly as much as I."

"I lost him; but not as you think", said Arabella drily. "The lawyers untied us. There he is, look, alive & lusty; along with that young woman, entering the Art exhibition."

"Oh — dear me! Fond of her, apparently"

"They are cousins."

"Cousinship is a great convenience to them sometimes, I should say."

"Yes. So her husband thought, no doubt when he divorced her. ... Shall we look at the pictures too? ¶ The trio followed across the green & entered. Jude & Sue, with the child, unaware of the interest they were exciting, & had gone up to a model at one end of the building, which they regarded with considerable attention for a long while before they went on. Arabella & her friends came to it in due course, & the inscription it bore was: "Model of Cardinal College, Christminster; by J. Fawley & S. F. M. Bridehead."

"Admiring their own work", said Arabella. "How like Jude - always thinking of Colleges & Christminster, instead of attending to his business."

They glanced cursorily at the pictures, & proceeded to the band-stand.

When they had stood a little while listening to the military music of the band, Jude, Sue, & the child came up on the other side. Arabella did not care if they should recognize her; but they were too deeply absorbed in their own lives, as kindled & intensified by the military band, to perceive her under her hooded veil. She walked round the outside of the listening throng, passing behind the lovers, whose movements had an unexpected fascination for her to-day. Scanning them narrowly from the rear she perceived noticed that Jude's hand swept Sue's as they stood, the two standing close together so as to conceal, as they supposed, this tacit expression of their mutual emotion responsiveness.

"Silly fools – like two children!" Arabella whispered bitterly, scornfully, as she rejoined her companions, with whom she preserved a preoccupied silence.

Anny meanwhile had jokingly remarked to Vilbert on Arabella's hankering interest in her first husband.

"Now," said the Physician to Arabella, apart, "do you want anything such as this, Mrs Cartlett? It is not compounded out of my regular pharmacopoeia, but I am sometimes asked for such a thing." He produced a small phial of clear liquid. "A love-philter, such as was used by the ancients with great effect. I found it out by study of their writings, & have never known it to fail."

"What is it made of?" asked Arabella curiously

"Well – a distillation of the juices of doves' hearts – of common pigeons' – is one of the ingredients. It took nearly a hundred hearts to produce that small bottle full."

"How do you get pigeons enough?"

"To tell a secret, I get a piece of rock-salt, of which pigeons are inordinately fond, & place it in a dovecote on my roof. In a few hours the birds come to it from all points of the compass – east, west, north, & south –

& thus I secure as many as I require. You are delighted by
entering that the ~~two spoon~~ desired man shall take ~~a little~~ about ten drops in his drink.
of it. But remember,
all this is told you because I gather from your questions that you
mean to be a purchaser. You must keep faith with me?"

"Very well – I don't mind a bottle – if to give some friend or other to
try it on her ~~sweetthe~~ young man." She produced five shillings, the price
asked, & slipped the phial in her ~~pocket~~ capacious bosom. Saying presently that
she was due at an appointment with her husband she sauntered away
towards the refreshment-bar, Jude, Sue & the child having gone on to the
horticultural tent, where she caught a glimpse of them standing before a group of roses in bloom.
She ~~entered to~~ waited a few minutes observing them, & then proceeded to join
her spouse with no very friendly sentiments. She found
him seated on a stool by the bar, talking to one of the gaily dressed maids
who had served him with spirits. ¶ "I should think you had enough of
this business at home!" Arabella remarked gloomily "Surely you didn't
come fifty miles from your own bar ~~to~~ just to go into another. Come,
take me round the show, as other men do their wives! Dammy; one
would think you were a young bachelor, with nobody to look after but
yourself!"

"But – we agreed to meet here; & what could I do but wait?."

"Well, now we have met, come along," she returned, ready-equipped
with the sun for shining on her. And they left – the tent together, this pot-
bellied man & florid woman, in the ~~typical~~ mutually bored, recriminating mood of the
~~mutually bored~~ typical husband & wife of Christendom

In the meantime Sue, Jude, & the boy still lingered in the pavilion of
flowers – ~~exhibits~~ an enchanted palace to their appreciative taste – Sue's usually
pale cheeks reflecting the pink of the tinted roses at which she gazed, for
the gay sights, the air, the music, & the excitement of a few days outing with
Jude, had quickened her blood & made her eyes sparkle with vivacity.
She adored roses, & ~~was~~ what Arabella had witnessed was Sue detaining Jude almost against his will while she learnt

the names of this variety of that, & put her face within an inch of their blooms to smell them.

"I should like to push my face quite into them – the dears!" she had said. "But I suppose it is against the rules to touch them, isn't it, Jude?"

"Yes, you baby," he said; & playfully gave her a little push, so that her nose went among the petals.

"The policeman will be down upon me, & I shall say it was your fault!" Then she looked up archly at him, & smiled in a way that told so much to Arabella.

"Happy?" he murmured smiling.

She nodded.

"Why? Because you have come to the great Wessex Agricultural Show – or because we have come?"

"You are always trying to make me confess to all sorts of absurdities. Because I am improving my mind, of course, by seeing all these steam-ploughs, & thrashing machines, & chaff-cutters, & cows, & pigs, & sheep."

Jude was quite content with a baffle from this ever evasive cousin. But when he had forgotten that he had put the question, & because he no longer waited for an answer, she went on: "I feel that we have returned to Greek joyousness, & have blinded ourselves to sickness & sorrow, & have forgotten what twenty five centuries have taught the race since their time, as one of your Christminster luminaries says..... There is one immediate shadow however – only one." And she looked at the aged child, whom, though they had taken him to everything likely to attract a young intelligence, they had utterly failed to interest.

"I should like these flowers ~~to stay~~ ~~He said~~ very much, if I did not keep on thinking they'd be all withered in a few days!"

He knew what they were saying & thinking. "I am very, very sorry, father & mother," he said. "But please don't mind! – I can't help it.

Chapter XXXIX.

The unnoticed lives that the cousins had hitherto led began, from the day of the suspended wedding onwards, to be observed & discussed by other persons than Arabella. The society of Spring Street & the neighbourhood generally did not understand, & probably could not have been made to understand, Sue & Jude's private minds, emotions, positions, & fears. The curious facts of a child coming to them unexpectedly, who called Jude father & Sue mother, & a hitch in the marriage ceremony, intended for quietness to be performed at a registrar's office, together with rumours of the undefended cases in the law-courts, had only the sound of scandal to plain ears, & led to inferences that something was wrong about them somewhere. The Little Father Time — for though he was formally named into "Jude", the apt nickname stuck to him — used come home from school in the evening, & repeat inquiries & remarks that had been made to him by the other boys; & came Sue, & Jude when he called, a great deal of pain & sadness. The bakers & the grocers boy, who had used to lift their hats gallantly to Mrs Bridehead, as she was now called, when they came to execute their errands, no longer took the trouble to render her that homage, & the neighbouring artizans wives looked straight along the pavement when they encountered her.

Nobody molested them, it is true; but an oppressive atmosphere began to encircle them almost from the day of their excursion to the Show, as if that visit had brought some evil influence to bear on them; & their temperaments were precisely of a kind to suffer from this atmosphere, & to be indisposed to lighten it.

The headstone & epitaph orders fell off: & in two or three months Jude perceived

X The result was that shortly after the attempt at the registrars the pair went off – to London it was believed – for several days, during somebody took to Newby. When they came back they announced indirectly, things in some underhand manner of which nobody quite legally was united at last. She, who had previously been called Mrs Bridehead, now openly adopted the name of Mrs Fawley. Her dull, cowed & listless manner for days seemed to substantiate all this.

But the misfiche, as it was called, of their going away so secretly to do the business, kept up most of the mystery of their lives: & they found that they made not such advance with their neighbours as they had expected to do thereby. A living mystery was not named less interesting than a dead scandal.

not he would have to return to journey work again, a course all the more important just now, in that he had not as yet cleared off the debt he had unavoidably incurred in the payment of the law. costs of the previous year.

One evening he came in to share the common meal with Sue & the child as usual. "I am thinking," he said to her, "that I'll hold on here no longer. The life suits us certainly; but if we could get away to a place where we are unknown, we should be lighter hearted, & have a better chance. I think we must break it up. [illegible] ! Sue was always much affected at a picture of herself as an object of pity, & a tear came at this.

"Well - I am not sorry," said she. "I am much depressed by the way they look at me here. And you have been keeping on this house & furniture entirely for me & the boy. You don't want it yourself, & the expense is unnecessary. But whatever we do, wherever we go, you won't take him away from me, dear? I could not let him go now. The cloud upon his young mind makes him so pathetic to me; I hope to lift it some day. And he loves me so. You won't take him away from me?"

"Certainly I won't, dear Sue. I'll get quarters. I shall be moving about perhaps - getting a job here & a job there."

"[illegible]"

"[illegible]."

"I shall do something of course. Now I can't be useful in the lettering it leaves me to turn my hand to something else."

"Don't hurry about getting employment," he said regretfully. "I don't want to do that. I wish you wouldn't, Sue. The boy is enough for you to attend to."

There was a knock at the door, & Jude answered it. Sue could hear the conversation:

"Is Mr Fawley at home?.... Biles & Willis the building contractors sent me to know if you'll undertake the re-lettering of the Ten Commandments in a little church they're restoring lately in the country near here."

Jude reflected, & said he could undertake it.

"It is not a very artistic job," continued the messenger. "The clergyman is a very old fashioned chap, & he has refused to let anything more be done to the church than cleaning & repairing."

"Excellent old man!" said Sue to herself, who was sentimentally opposed to the horrors of over-restoration.

"The Ten Commandments ~~to be~~ are fixed to the east end," the messenger went on, "& they want doing up with the rest of the wall there, since he must have them ~~made with~~ smashed up as old materials ~~to be~~ belonging to the contractor, ~~on our behalf to do our work~~ in the usual way of the trade."

A bargain as to terms was struck, & Jude came indoors. "Here, you girl," he said cheerfully. "One more job get, at any rate, & you can help me at least you can try. We shall have all the church to ourselves, as the rest of the work is finished."

Next day Jude went out to the church, which was only two miles off. He found that what the contractor's clerk had said was true. Notables of the Jewish law towered sternly over the utensils of Christian grace, as the chief ornament of the chancel end, in the fine dry style of the last century. And as their framework was constructed of plaster they could not be taken down for repair. A portion, crumbled by damp, required renewal; & when this had been done, & the whole cleansed, he began to renew the lettering. On the second morning Sue came, to see what assistance she could render.

The silence & emptiness of the building gave her confidence, & standing mounted on a low platform ~~which~~ Jude erected for her, whilst she was rather timid at

morning, she began painting in the letters of the first table while he set about mending ~~the~~ a portion ~~framework~~ of the second. ~~Already~~ She was quite pleased at her powers, which she had acquired in the days she painted illuminated texts for the church-furnishing-shop at Christminster. Nobody seemed likely to disturb them; & the pleasant twitter of birds, & rustle of leafage came in through an open window, & mingled with their talk.

They were not, however, to be left thus ~~long~~ snug & peaceful for long. About half-past twelve there came footsteps on the gravel without. The old verger of this churchwarden entered, & coming up to see what was being done, seemed surprised to discover that a young woman was assisting. They passed on into an aisle, at which time the door again opened, & another figure entered — a small one, that of ~~the Ancient~~ little Tinie, who was crying. Sue had told him where he might find her between school-hours, if he wished. She came down from her perch & said, "What's the matter, my dear?"

"I could n't stay to eat my dinner in school, because they said —". He described how some boys had taunted him, & Sue, grieved, opened her kind arms to Jude's child. Meanwhile the door had opened again, & there ~~shuffled~~ shuffled in with clumsiness like an ~~old~~ white-aproned woman who cleaned the church. Sue recognized her as one who had ~~selections~~ friends in Spring Street where she visited. The ~~old woman~~ church-cleaner looked at Sue, gaped, & lifted her hands: she had evidently recognized the young woman as the latter had recognized her. Next came two ladies; one of them the parson's wife, & after talking to the ~~old~~ char woman they also moved ~~came~~ forward, & watched Sue's hand tracing the letters, till she grew so nervous that it trembled.

Then went back to where the

the painting the Commandments! I wonder Biles & Willis could think of such a thing as ~~desecrating~~ hizing those!"

The churchwarden supported that Biles & Willis knew of nothing wrong, ~~explained that it was a sub-contract~~, & then the other, who had been talking to the old woman, explained what she meant by calling them strange people.

The probable drift of the subdued conversation which followed was made plain by the churchwarden breaking into an anecdote, in a voice that everybody in the church could hear, though obviously suggested by the present situation.

"Well, now, it is a curious thing, but my grandfather told me a strange tale of what happened at the painting of the Commandments in a church out by Gaymead - which is quite within a walk of this one. In those days commandments were mostly done in gilt letters on a black ground, & that's how they were out where I say, before the old church was rebuilt. It must have been somewhere about a hundred years ago that those commandments wanted doing up, just as ours here, & they had to get men from Aldbrickham to do 'em. Now they wished to get the job finished by a particular Sunday, so the men had to work late Saturday night, against their will, for overtime was not paid then as 'tis now. There was no true religion in the country at that date, neither among pa'sons, clerks, nor people, & to keep the men up to their work the vicar had let 'em have plenty of drink during the afternoon. As evening came on they sent for some more themselves; rum, by all account. It got later & later, & they got more & more fuddled, till at last they happened to knock over the sacrament-bottle (ruin to them, that was!) & the flagons upon the communion-table, where they presently went & passed out again. No sooner had they swallowed off a few mouthfuls than, so goes the story, they fell down senseless, one & all. How long they remained so they did not know, but when they came to themselves there was a terrible thunderstorm raging, & they seemed to see in the gloom a dark figure with very thin legs & a cloven foot, standing

in the ladder, & finishing their work. When it got daylight they could see that the work was really finished, and could not at all remember finishing it themselves. They went home, & the next thing they heard was that a great scandal had been caused in the church that Sunday morning, for when the people came & service began all saw that the Commandments were painted with the 'Nots' left out. People could not decent attend ~~a~~ service there, for a long time, & the bishop had to be sent for to reconsecrate the church. That's the tradition as I used to hear it as a child. You must take it for what it is worth, but this to-day has reminded me of it, as I say."

The visitors nearly one left the church, ~~the~~ even the old woman at last. Jude & Sue, who had not stopped working, sent back the child to school - remained without speaking in silence, till, looking at her narrowly, he found she had been crying silently.

"Never mind, comrade ~~Sue~~! " he said. " I know what it is! "

" I can't bear that they, & everybody, should think that people who have a conscientious objection to such a purely social entrivance as marriage, must be immoral! It is really these opinions that make the best intentioned people reckless, & actually become immoral! "

" Never be cast down! It was only a funny story." ¶ " Ah, but we suggested it. I am afraid I have done you mischief, Jude, instead of helping you by coming! "

To have suggested such a story was certainly not very exhilirating, in a serious view of their position. However they sat down to lunch - what they had brought with them not to hinder time - & having eaten it were about to set to work anew when a man entered the church, & Jude recognized in him the contractor Willis. He beckoned to Jude, & spoke to him apart.

" Here - I've just had a complaint about this," he said afterwards with, rather heartless ness.

"I don't wish to go into the matter – as of course I did not know what was going on – but I am afraid I must ask you then to leave off; & let somebody else finish this. It is best, to avoid all unpleasantness. I'll pay you for the day, all the same."

Jude was too independent to make any fuss; & the contractor paid him, & left. Jude picked up his tools, & Sue cleaned her brush. Then their eyes met, & with an uncontrollable impulse they rushed into each other's arms.

"How could we – be so simple – as to suppose we might do this!" said she with a choking sob. "Of course we ought not – I ought not – to have come!"

"I had no idea that anybody was going to intrude ~~& see us here~~ into such a lonely place & see us here." Jude returned, affected by her grief. "Well, it can't be helped; & of course I would not wish to injure Phillotson's trade-connection by staying." They sat down passively for a few minutes, & then proceeded out of the church & pursued their haphazard way to Aldbrickham.

Farley had still a pretty zeal of his own in the cause of education, & as was natural with his experiences, he was active to further "equality of opportunity" by any humble means open to him. He had joined an Artizans' Mutual Improvement Society established in the town about the time of his arrival there; its members being young men of all creeds & denominations, including Churchmen, Congregationalists, Baptists, Wesleyans, Unitarians, Positivists, & others – Agnostics had scarcely been heard of at this time – their one common wish to enlarge their minds forming a sufficiently close bond of union. The subscription was small, & the room homely; & Jude's activity, unaccustomary acquirements, & above all, singular intuition on what to read & how to set about it – begotten of his years of struggle against malignant stars – had led to his being placed on the committee.

A few evenings after his dismissal from the church repairs, & he had obtained any more work to do, he went to attend a meeting of the aforesaid committee. It was late when he arrived: all the others had come, &

as he entered they looked dubiously at him, & hardly uttered a word of greeting. He guessed that something hearing on himself had been either discussed or moved. Some ordinary business was transacted, & it was disclosed that the number of subscriptions had shown a sudden falling off for that quarter. One member (really a well-meaning & upright man) began speaking in enigmas about certain probable causes: that it behoved them to look well into their constitution; for if the committee were not respected, & had not at least, in their differences, a common standard of conduct, they owed it to the institution to withdraw. Nothing further was said in Jude's presence, but he knew what this meant; & turning to the table wrote a note resigning his office there & then.

Thus the supersensitive consciences were more & more impelled to go away. And then bills were sent in, & the question arose, what could Jude do with his great-aunt's heavy old furniture, if he left the town to travel he knew not whither? This, & the necessity of ready money, compelled him to decide on an auction, much as he would have preferred to keep the venerable goods.

The day of the sale came on, & Sue for the last time cooked her own, the child's, & Jude's breakfast in the little home he had furnished. It chanced to be a wet day, moreover Sue was unwell (and not wishing to go for the temporary lodging he had found for them could not be) to desert her poor Jude in such gloomy circumstances, for he was compelled to stay awhile. She acted on the suggestion of the auctioneer's man to collect the ensemble (hers & Jude's) in an upper room, which could be emptied of its effects, & so kept closed to the bidders. Here, with the child, & their few trunks, baskets, & bundles, & two chairs & a table that were not in the sale, the two sat in meditative talk.

Footsteps began stamping up & down the bare stairs, the owners inspecting

the goods, some of which were of so quaint & ancient a make as to acquire an ~~added~~ adventitious value as art. Their door was tried once or twice, & to guard themselves against intrusion Jude wrote "Private" on a scrap of paper & stuck it upon the panel.

Instead of the furniture they soon found that their own personal histories & conduct began to be discussed to an unexpected & intolerable extent by the intending bidders. It was not till now that they really discovered what a fools' paradise of supposed unrecognition they had been living in of late. Sue silently took her companion's hand, with eyes on each other they heard these passing remarks — the quaint & mysterious personality of ~~the Ancient~~ Father Time being a subject which formed a large ingredient in their hints & innuendoes. At length the auction began in the room below, whence they could hear each familiar article knocked down, the highly prized ones cheaply, the unconsidered at an unexpected price.

"People don't understand us," he sighed heavily. "I am glad we have decided to go."

"The question is, where to?"

"It ought to be London. There one can live as one chooses".

"No — not London, dear! I know it well. We should be unhappy there".

"Why?

"Can't you think?"

"Because Arabella is there?"

"That's the chief reason".

"But ~~if I go trying to get closed work~~ in the country ~~was the only work I care for~~ I shall always be uneasy lest there should be a repetition of our late experience. ~~What I don't care to escape by exploring about the local history. To cut him off from his past I have determined to sharp silence~~ I am sickened of ecclesiastical work from now. ~~This moment~~; & I should like to accept it if offered me!"

"You ought to have learnt Classic. Gothic is barbaric art barbarous stuff, after

all. Pugin was wrong, & Wren was right. Remember the interior of Christminster Cathedral – almost the first place in which we looked at each other's faces. Under the picturesqueness of those Norman details one can see the grotesque childishness of uncouth people trying to imitate the vanished Classic Roman forms, remembered by dim tradition only."

"You have half converted me to that creed, by what you have said before. But one can work, & despise what one does. I must do something, if not church-gothic."

"You must fall back upon railway-stations, bridges, theatres, music-halls, hotels – everything that has no connection with conduct."

"I wish we could both follow an occupation in which personal conditions don't count," she said, smiling wistfully. "I am as disqualified for teaching as you are for ecclesiastical art."

"I am not skilled in those branches .... I ought to take to baking bread. I grew up in the baking business with aunt, you know. But even a baker must be conventional, to get customers."

"Unless he keeps a cake & gingerbread stall at markets & fairs, where people are gloriously indifferent to everything except quality."

Their thoughts were diverted by the voice of the auctioneer: "Now this antique oak settle – a unique example of old English furniture, worthy the attention of all collectors."

"That was our great-grandfather's," said Jude. "I wish we could have kept the poor old thing!"

One by one the articles went, & the afternoon passed away. Jude & the other two were getting tired & hungry, but after the conversations they had heard they were shy of going out while the purchasers were in their time of retreat. However, the later lots came on, and it became necessary to emerge into the rain soon, to take on Sue's things to her temporary lodging.

¶ "Now the next lot: two pairs of pigeons, all clive & plump – a nice pie for somebody for next Sunday's dinner."

The impending sale of these birds had been the most trying suspense of the whole afternoon. They were Sue's pets, & when it was found that they could not possibly be kept, more sadness was caused than by parting from all the furniture. She tried to blink away her tears as she heard the trifling sum that her dears were deemed to be worth advancing by small stages to the price at which they were finally knocked down. The purchaser was a neighbouring poulterer, & they were unfortunately doomed to die before the next market-day.

Seeing her dissembled distress Jude kissed her, & said it was time to go & see if her lodgings were ready. He would go on with the boy, & fetch her soon.

When she was left alone she waited patiently, but Jude did not come back. At last she started, he could hear, clear, & on passing the poulterer's shop, not far off, she saw her pigeons in a hamper by the door. An emotion at sight of them, assisted by the growing dusk of evening, caused her to act on impulse, & first looking around her quickly, she slipped pulled out the peg which fastened down the cover, & went on. The cover was lifted from within, & the pigeons flew away with a clatter that brought the chagrined poulterer cursing & swearing to the door.

She reached the lodging trembling, & found Jude & the boy making it comfortable for her. "Do the buyers pay before they bring away the things?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, I think. Why?"

"Because, then, I've done such a wicked thing!" And she explained in bitter contrition.

"I shall have to pay the poulterer for them, if he does not catch them";

said Jude
"But never mind. Don't fret about it, dear."

"It was comfortish of me. Darby should Nature's law be mutual butchery!" ¶ "Is it so, mother?" said the boy, intently. ¶ "Yes!" said Sue vehemently.

"Well, they must take their chance now, poor things," said Jude. "As soon as the sale-account is wound up, & our bills paid, we go."

"Where do we go to?" asked little Time plaintively.

"We must sail under sealed orders, that nobody may trace us.... We must not go to Alfredston, or to Melchester, or to Shaston, or to Christminster. Apart from those we may go anywhere.

"Why must we go to them, father?"

[redacted]

"Because we have wronged no man, corrupted no man, defrauded no man. Though perhaps we have 'done that which was right in our own eyes'."

Chapter XL.

From that week Jude Fawley & Sue worked no more in the town of Aldbrickham. Whither they had gone nobody knew, chiefly because nobody cared to know. Anyone sufficiently curious to trace the steps of such an obscure pair of friends might have discovered without great trouble that they had taken advantage of the summer weather to enter on a shifting, almost nomadic life, which was not without its pleasantness for a time. Wherever Jude heard of freestone work to be done, thither he went, choosing by preference places remote from his old haunts & Sue's. He laboured at a job, long or brief, till it was finished, & then moved on.

Two whole years & a half passed thus.

Sometimes he might have been found shaping the mullions of a country mansion, sometimes setting the parapet of a town-hall, sometimes ashlaring an hotel at Sandbourne, sometimes a museum at Casterbridge, sometimes as far down as Exonbury. Sometimes at Stoke Barehills. Later still he was at Kennetbridge, a thriving town not more than a

dozen miles south of Marygreen, this being his nearest approach to the village where he was known; for he had a sensitive dread of being questioned as to his life & fortunes by those who had been acquainted with him during his ardent young manhood of study & promise, & his brief married life & unhappy

At some of these places he would be detained for months, at others only a few weeks. His curious & sudden antipathy of civil ecclesiastical work, both episcopal & nonconformist, which had risen in him when suffering under a smarting sense of misconception, remained with him in cold blood, less from any fear of renewed censure than from an ultra-conscientiousness, which would not allow him to seek a living out of those who were ~~[illegible]~~ his ways, & from a sense of inconsistency between his former degree & his present practice.

On a Saturday in May, nearly three years after Arabella's re-capture of Sue & himself at the Agricultural Show, some of those who there encountered each other met again.

Hereabouts the spring fair at Kennetbridge, though this ancient trade meeting had much dwindled from its dimensions of former times, the long straight street of the borough presented a lively scene about mid-day. At this hour a light trap, among other vehicles, was driven into the town by the north road, & up to the door of a temperance inn, where there alighted from two women, one the driver, an ordinary country person. The other a finely built figure in the deep mourning of a widow. Her sombre suit, of pronounced cut, caused her to appear a little out of place in the medley & bustle of a provincial fair.

"I will just find out where it is, Anny," said the widow-lady to her companion, when the horse & cart had been taken by a man who came forward: "and then I'll come back, & meet you here; & we'll

go in & have something to eat & drink. I begin to feel quite a sinking."

"With all my heart," said the other. "Though I would sooner have put up at the Chequers or White Hart. You can't get much at these temperance houses."

"Now, don't you give way to gluttonous desires, my child," said the woman in weeds reprovingly. "This is the proper place. Very well: we'll meet in half an hour, unless you come with me to find out where the site of the new chapel is?"

"I don't care to. You can tell me."

The companions then went their several ways, the one in crape veiling firmly along & with a mien of disconnection from her miscellaneous surroundings. Making inquiries she came to a hoarding, within which were excavations denoting the foundations of a building; & on the boards without one or two large posters announcing that the foundation stone of the chapel about to be erected would be laid that afternoon at three o'clock by the London preacher of great popularity among his body.

Having ascertained thus much the woman immensely needed widow retraced her steps, & gave herself leisure to observe the movements of the fair. By & by her attention was arrested by a little stall of cakes & gingerbreads, standing between the more pretentious erections of trestles & canvas. It was covered with an immaculate cloth, & tended by a young woman apparently unused to the business, she being accompanied by a boy with an octogenarian face, who assisted her.

"Upon my — senses!" murmured the widow to herself. "His cousin Sue!" She drew nearer to the stall. "How do you do, Mrs Fawley?" she said blandly.

Sue changed colour, & recognized Arabella through the crape veil. "How d'ye do, Mrs Cartlett?" she said stiffly. And then perceiving

Isabella. "Just like Jude. A ruling passion. What a queer fellow he is, & always will be!"

Sue sighed, & she looked her distress at hearing him criticized.

"Don't you think he is? Come now; you do, though you are so fond of him."

"Of course Christminster is a sort of fixed vision with him, which I suppose he'll never be cured of believing in. He still thinks it a great centre of high & learned thought, instead of what it is, a nest of commonplace schoolmasters whose chief characteristic is timid obsequiousness to tradition."

Arabella was guessing Sue with more regard of how she was speaking than of what she was saying. "How odd to hear a woman talking like that!" she said. "Why don't you go back to shopkeeping?"

Sue shook her head. "They would not have me."

"Because of the divorce, I suppose?"

"That & other things. And there was no reason to [illegible] with it. We gave up all ambition, & were never so happy in our lives till his illness came."

"Where are you living?"

"I don't care to say."

"Here in Kennetbridge?"

Sue's manner showed Arabella that her random guess was right.

"Here comes the boy," continued Arabella. "My boy & Jude's." * (very much I half feel as if I should like to have him with me ... But

Sue's eyes sparkled wetly. "You needn't throw that in my face!" she cried. "Lor, I don't want to take him from ye, ever & ever I should sin to speak so profanely. — He's in very good hands, that I know; & I am not the woman to find fault with what the Lord has ordained. I've reached a more resigned frame of mind."

"Indeed. I wish I had been able to do so."

"You showed him," replied the widow, from the serene heights of a mind conscious not only of spiritual but of social superiority. "I make no boast of my awakening, but I'm not what I was. After Carlotta's death I was passing the chapel in the street next ours, & went into it for shelter from a shower of rain. I felt a need of some sort of support under my loss, & I took to going there regularly, & found it a great comfort. But I've left London now, you know, & at present I am living at Aldeston, with my friend Anny, to be near my own old country. I'm not come here to the fair to-day. Merciful to be the foundation-stone of a new chapel laid this afternoon by a popular London preacher, & I drove over with Anny. Now I must go back to meet her."

And Arabella wished me good-bye, & went on.

Chapter XLI.

In the afternoon Sue & he often people bustling about Kennetbridge fair. could hear singing inside the placarded hoarding further down ~~the~~ Kennetbridge Higher street. Those who peeped through the opening saw a crowd of persons in broad cloth, standing round the excavations for the new chapel walls, with hymn-books in their hands, / Arabella Cartlett & her needs stood among them. She had a clear, powerful voice, which could be distinctly heard rising with the rest & falling with the tune, her bosom inflated being simultaneously seen doing likewise. (being also distinctly)

It was ~~in the~~ two hours later on the same day that Anny & Mrs Cartlett, having had tea at the temperance hotel, started on their return journey ~~homeward~~ across the high & open country which stretches between Kennetbridge & ~~Aldbrickham~~ Alfredston. Arabella was in a thoughtful mood; but her thoughts were not of the new chapel, as Anny at first surmised.

"No - it is something else"; said Arabella sullenly at last. "I came here to-day never thinking of anybody but poor Cartlett, or of anything but spreading the Gospel by means of this new tabernacle they've begun this afternoon. But something has happened to turn my mind another way quite. Anny, I've heard of un again, & I've seen her".

"Who?"

"I've heard of Jude, & I've seen his wife. And ever since, do what I will, & though I sung the hymns wi' all my strength, I have not been able to help thinking about'n; which I've no right to, as a chapel member."

"Can't ye fix your mind upon what was said by the earnest eloquent reverend preacher to-day, & try to get rid of your wandering fancies that way?"

"Be ~~damned~~ hanged if I do! ~~any longer~~. Feelings are feelings! I won't be a ~~hanged~~ creeping hypocrite any longer — so there!"

Arabella had hastily drawn from her pocket a bundle of tracts which she had brought with her to distribute at the fair, & of which she had given several away ~~some~~. As she spoke she flung the whole remainder of the packet into the hedge. "I've tried that sort o' physic, & have failed wi' it. I must be as I was born!"

"Hush! You be excited, dear! Now you come along home quiet, & have a cup o' tea, & don't let us talk about un no more: & we won't come at this road again, as it leads to where he is, because it ~~may~~ inflames 'ee so. You'll be all right again soon."

Arabella did calm down by degrees; ~~& they~~ they crossed the Ridge-way. When they ~~& they~~ began to descend the long, straight hill, they saw plodding along in front of them an elderly man of spare stature & thoughtful gait. In his hand he carried a basket; & there was that indefinable something in his whole appearance which suggested one who was his own housekeeper, purveyor, confidant, & friend, though possessing nobody else at all in those capacities in the world to act for him. The remainder of the journey was all down-hill, & guessing him to be going to Alderston they offered him a lift, which he accepted.

Arabella looked at him, & looked again, till at length she spoke. "If I don't mistake I am talking to Mr Phillotson?"

The ~~pedestrian~~ wayfarer faced round & regarded her in turn. "Yes; my name is Phillotson", he said. "But I don't recognize you, ma'am."

"I remember you well enough when you used to be schoolmaster out at Marygreen, & I one of your scholars. I used to walk up here from Cresscombe every day, because we had only a ~~sch~~ mistress down at our place, & you taught better. But if you wouldn't remember me as I should you? Arabella Donn."

He shook his head. "No," he said, politely, "I don't recall the name. And I should hardly recognize in your present portly self the slim school-child you no doubt were then."

"Well, I always had plenty of flesh on my bones. However I am staying down here with some friends at present. You know, I suppose, who I married?"

"No."

"Jude Fawley – also a scholar of yours – at least a night scholar – for some little time I think? And known to you afterwards, if I am not mistaken."

"Dear me, dear me," said Phillotson starting out of his stiffness. "Your Fawley's wife? To be sure – he had a wife. And he – I understood –"

"Divorced her – as you did yours – perhaps for better reasons."

"Indeed?"

"Well – he need have been right in doing it – right for both; for I soon married again, & all went pretty straight till my husband died lately. But you – you were decidedly wrong!" (I would rather not talk of this, but –)

"No," said Phillotson with sudden testiness. "I am convinced that I did only what was right, & just, & moral. I have suffered for my act & opinions, but I hold to them; though her loss was a loss to me in more ways than one."

"You lost your School & good income through her, did you not?"

"I don't care to talk of it. I have recently come back here – to Marygreen, I mean."

"You are keeping the school there again, just as formerly?"

He could be resigned no longer under the pressure of a sadness that would out. "I am," he replied. "It was a small thing to return to after my

They had now reached the low levels bordering Alfredston, & ~~were~~ passing through the outskirts approached a mill, whereat Phillotson said his errand led him; whereupon they drew up, & the ~~dismounted~~ alighted, bidding them good-night in a preoccupied mood.

[White line]

In the mean time Sue, though ~~not, however~~ remarkably successful in her extemporized business at Kennetbridge fair, had lost the temporary brightness which had begun to sit upon her sadness on account of that success. When all her "Christminsters" had been disposed of she took upon under her arm the empty basket, & the cloth which had covered the standing she had hired, & giving the other things to the boy left the street. They followed a lane for a distance of half a mile, till they came to some old, dun-tiled cottages, with gardens & fruit trees. Into one of these they entered by lifting the latch without knocking, & were at once in the general living-room. Here they greeted Jude, who was sitting in an arm-chair, the increased delicacy of his normally delicate features, & the childishly expectant look in of his eyes, being alone sufficient to show that he had been passing through a severe illness.

"What – you have sold them all?" he said, a gleam of interest lighting up his face.

"Yes. Arcades, gables, east windows, & all." She told him the pecuniary results, & then hesitated. At last when the boy was gone to get his tea, she informed him of the unexpected meeting with Arabella, & the latter's widowhood.

Jude was discomposed. "What – is she living here?" he said

"No: at Alfredston," said Sue.

Jude's countenance remained clouded. "I thought I had better tell you," she ~~said~~ continued.

"Yes... Dear me! – Arabella not in the depths of London, but down

His hope that he was recovering proved so far well grounded that in three weeks they had arrived in the city of many memories; were actually treading its pavements, receiving the reflection of the sunshine from its abraded walls.

Chapter XLII

On their arrival at the station was busily with straw-hatted young men welcoming young girls who bore a remarkable family likeness to their welcomers, & who were dressed up in the brightest & lightest of raiment.

"The place seems gay," said Sue. "Why – it is Remembrance Day! – Jude – how wicked of you – you came to-day on purpose!"

"Yes," said Jude quietly, as he took the small child in his arms, & told the boy to keep close to them. "I thought we might as well come to day as on any other."

"But I am afraid it will depress you!" she said looking anxiously at him. up & down.

"O, I must'n't let it interfere with our business; & we have a good deal to do before we shall be settled here. The first thing is to get lodgings."

Having left their luggage at the cloak room at the station they proceeded on foot up the familiar street, the holiday people all drifting in the same direction. Reaching the Four ways they were about to turn off to get lodgings where accommodation was likely to be found when, looking at the clock & the lodging people Jude said: "Let us go on & see the procession, & never mind the lodgings just now. We can get them afterwards."

"Ought'nt we to get a home over our heads first?" she cried

But his soul seemed full of the anniversary, & together they went down Chief Street, he carrying child in Jude's arms, & walking thoughtfully beside Sue. Crowds of pretty sisters in airy costumes, & ignorantly parents, who had known no College in their youth were under convoy in the same direction by brothers & sons

bearing
~~with self~~ the opinion written large on them that no properly qualified human beings had lived on earth till they came to grace it now,

"My failure is reflected ~~for~~ on me by every one of those young fellows!" said Jude. "A lesson
—Humiliation Day for me!
on presumption is awaiting me to-day! If you ~~Sue~~, had not come
to my rescue, I should have gone to the dogs with despair!"

She saw from his face that he was getting into one of his tempestuous
self-harrowing
words. It would have been better if we had gone about our own affairs
at once
dear," she answered. "I can see this sight awakes old sorrows in you, & do no good!"

"Well—we are near; we will see it now," said he.

They turned in on the left by the church with the Italian porch, whose
helical columns were ~~now~~ nearly draped with creepers, & pursued the
lane till there arose on Jude's sight the circular theatre with that well-
known cupola & lantern above it, which stood in his mind as the sad symbol of his
~~future~~ abandoned hopes; for it was from that outlook that he finally surveyed
the city of colleges on the afternoon of his great recitation, which con-
vinced him at last of the futility of his attempt to be a son of the
University.

To-day, in the open space stretching between this building & the nearest
college, stood a crowd of ~~expectant~~ ~~people~~ figures. A passage was kept clear
through their midst by two barriers of timber, extending from the
door of the college to the door of the large building between it
& the theatre.

"Here is the place—they are just going to pass!" cried Jude.
And pushing his way to the front he took up a position close to
the barrier, still hugging the younger child in his arms, while Sue kept
& the other
~~the~~ himself behind him. The crowd filled in at their back,

& fell to talking, joking, & laughing as the carriage after carriage drew up at the lower door of the college, & the solemn figures in blood-red robes began to alight. The sky had grown overcast & livid, & thunder rumbled now & then.

The Ancient shuddered. "It seems like the Judgment Day!" he whispered.

"They are only learned Doctors," said Sue.

While they waited big drops of rain fell on their heads & shoulders, & the delay grew tedious. Sue again wished not to stay.

"They won't be long now," said Jude.

But the procession did not come forth, & somebody in the crowd, to pass the time, looked at the façade of the College, & said he wondered what Latin was meant by the inscriptions in its midst. Jude, who stood near the inquirer, explained it, & finding that the people all round him were listening with interest, went on to describe the carving of the frieze (which he had studied years before), & to criticize some details of masonry. The features of the erection from in other college fronts about the city.

The idle crowd, including the two policemen at the doors, stared like the Lycaonians at St Paul of Tarsus, for Jude was apt to get too enthusiastic over any subject in hand, & they seemed to wonder how the stranger should know more about the buildings of their town than they themselves did; till one of them said: "Why, I know that man; he used to work here years ago - Jude Fawley, that's his name. Don't you mind he used to be nicknamed Tutor of St Slums, d'ye mind? - because he aimed at a straight line o'business? He's married I suppose, then, & that's his child he's carrying. Taylor would know him, as he knows everybody."

The speaker was a man named Jack Stagg, with whom Jude had formerly worked in repairing the College masonries; Tinker Taylor was to be standing near. Having his attention called the latter cried across the barriers to Jude: "You've honoured us by coming back again, my friend?"

Jude nodded.

"An' you don't seem to have done any great things for yersely by going away?"

Jude assented to this also.

"Except formd more months to fill!" This came in a new ~~was in another~~ voice, & Jude recognized its owner to be Uncle Joe, another mason whom he had known.

Jude replied agreed good-humouredly ~~to this also~~ - that he could not dispute it; from remark to remark & something like a general conversation arose between him & the crowd of idlers, during which Tinker Taylor asked Jude if he remembered the Apostles Creed in Latin still, o the night of the challenge in the public-house.

"But Fortune did n't lie that-way?" ~~muttered~~ threw in Joe. "Yer powers was n't enough to carry 'ee through?"

¶ "At last finds himself" "Don't answer them any more!" entreated Sue.

¶ "I - don't think I like Christminsters!" murmured the Ancient woundfully. (quizzing.)

¶ But finding himself ~~at last~~ the centre of ~~attention~~, curiosity, & comment, Jude was not inclined to shrink from ~~declaring~~ open declarations if what he had no great reason to be ashamed of; & in a little while ~~he became~~ was stimulated to say in a loud voice to the listening ~~crowd~~ throng generally:

"It is a difficult question, my friends, for any young man - that question I had to grapple with, & which thousands are weighing at the present moment in these uprising times - whether to follow uncritically the track he finds himself in, without considering his aptness for it, or to consider what his aptness or bent may be, & re-shape his course accordingly. I tried to do the latter, & I failed. But I don't admit that my failure proved my view to be a wrong one, or that my success would have made it a right one; though that's how we appraise such attempts nowadays - I mean, not by their ~~intrinsic rightness~~ essential soundness, but by their accidental

outcomes
~~result~~. If I had ended by becoming like one of these gentlemen ~~negroes~~ in red & black that we saw dropping in here by now, everybody would have said: 'See how wise that young man was, to follow the bent of his nature'. But having ended no better ~~worse~~ than I began they say: 'See what a fool that fellow was in following a freak of his fancy'; when they ought to say with the Preacher: 'Time & chance happeneth to all'.

"However it was my poverty & not my will that consented to the bargain. ~~It ought~~ It takes two or three generations to do what I tried to do in one; and my impulses — affections — needs perhaps they should be called — were too strong & not to hamper a man ~~if~~ if you may ridicule me — I am quite willing that you should — I am a fit subject, no doubt. But I think if you knew what I have gone through these last few years you would rather pity me. And if they knew" — he nodded towards the college at which the Dons were severally arriving — "I think they would do the same."

"He do look ill & worn out, it is true!" said a woman.

"I may do some good before I am dead — be a sort of success as a frightful example of what not to do; & so illustrate a moral story," continued Jude ~~with some bitterness~~ beginning to grow bitter, though he had opened serenely enough. "I was, perhaps, after all, a paltry victim to the spirit of mental & social restlessness, that makes so many unhappy in these days!"

"Don't tell them that!" whispered Sue with tears in her eyes at perceiving Jude's state of mind. "You merit that! You struggled nobly to acquire knowledge, & of the meanest souls in the world would blame you!"

Jude shifted the child into a more easy position on his arm, and concluded: "And what I appear, a sick & poor man, is not the worst of me. I am in a chaos of principles — groping in the dark — acting by instinct & not after example. Eight or nine years ago when I came here first, I had a neat stock of fixed opinions, but they drop away one by one: & the further I get the less sure I am. I doubt if I am

X. without advantages; who shows he as cold-blooded as a fish & as sceptic as a pig who have a really good chance.

even a Christian, ~~There are certain natural instincts~~ & have anything more for my present rule of life than following inclinations which do me & nobody else any harm, & actually give pleasure where I love best.) I cannot explain further here. I perceive there is something wrong somewhere in our social formulas; what it is can only be discovered by man or woman with greater insight than mine. (There, gentlemen, since you wanted to know how I was getting on, I have told you: much good may it do you. — if, indeed, even they ever discover it — at least in our time.' 'For who knoweth what is good for man in this life'. — and who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun.?' "

"Hear, hear!" said the ~~encouraging~~ populace.

"Well preached!" said Tinker Taylor. And privately to his neighbours: "Why, one of them jobbing parsons, swarming about here, that takes the services at when our masters want a holiday, wouldn't ha' discoursed it for less than ~~this~~ a guinea down. Hey? I'll take my oath not one would it. And then he must have had it wrote down for'n. And this only a working man."

As a sort of objective commentary on Jude's remarks there drove up at this moment a cab, whose horse failed to stop at the front (for setting down the ~~passen~~ hirer); & the driver, alighting, began to kick the animal in the belly.

"If that can be done," said Jude, "at college gates in the most religious & educational city in the world, what shall we say as to how far we've got?"

"Order!" said one of the policemen, who might possibly not have not observed the kicking, having been engaged with a comrade in opening the large doors opposite the college. "Keep your tongue quiet, my man, while the procession passes." The rain came on more heavily, & all who had umbrellas opened them; Jude not being one of these, & Sue only possessing a small one. She had grown pale, though Jude did not notice it then.

¶"Let us go on, dear," she whispered, endeavoring to shelter him. "We haven't any lodgings yet, remember, & all our things are at the station; & you are by no means well yet. I am afraid this wet will hurt you!"

"They are coming now. – Just a moment, & I'll go," said he.

A peal of six bells ~~began~~ struck out. A human faces began to crowd the windows around, & the procession ~~emerged~~ of Heads of Houses & new Doctors emerged, their red & black gowned forms passing across the field of Jude's vision like inaccessible planets across an object glass. As they went their names were called by knowing informants; & when they reached the old round theatre of Wren a cheer rose high.

"Let's go that way!" said Jude, & though it now rained heavily ~~in torrents~~ they went round to the theatre & stood upon the straw that was laid to drown the discordant noise of wheels, ~~looked down upon~~ where the quaint & ~~rain worn~~ frost-eaten stone busts ~~of the founders & sages~~ pallid that encircled the building looked with grimness on the proceedings, & at Jude, Sue, & the children in particular, as at ~~intruders~~ ludicrous persons who had no business there.

"I wish I could get in!" he said to her fervidly. "Listen – I may catch a few words of the Latin speech by staying here, as the windows are open."

However, beyond the peals of the organ, & the shouts & hurrahs between each piece of oratory, poor Jude's standing in the rain did not bring much ~~benefit~~ him. to his intelligence.

"Well – I'm an outsider to the end of my days!" he said after a while. "Now I'll go, my patient Sue ~~darling~~. How good of you to wait in the rain all this while – to gratify my infatuation! I'll never care any more about – the ~~infernal~~ cursed place, upon my soul I won't! But what made you tremble so when we were at the barrier? And how pale you are, Sue!"

"I saw Richard on the other side amongst the people

"Ah - did you!"

"He is evidently come up Jerusalem to see the festival & on that account is probably living not so very far away. I don't think he saw me, though he must have heard you speaking to the crowd. But he seemed not to notice."

"Well - suppose he did. Your mind is free from worries about him now, my Sue!"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I am weak. Although I know it is all right with ~~Phillotson~~, I felt a curious dread of him - an awe, or terror, of ~~conventions~~ I don't believe in. It comes over me at times like a sort of creeping paralysis, & makes me so sad!

"You are getting tired dear. We'll go on at once".

And they started in quest of the lodging ~~for the~~ & at last found something that seemed to promise well, in a spot which to Jude was irresistible - though to Sue it was not so fascinating - a narrow lane close to the back of a college, they having no communication with it. The little houses were darkened to gloom by the high collegiate buildings, within which life was so far removed from that of the people in the lane as if it had been on opposite sides of the globe; yet only a thickness of wall divided them. Two or three of the houses had notices of rooms to let, & the newcomers knocked at the door of one, which a woman opened.

"Ah - listen!" said Jude suddenly, instead of addressing her.

"What?"

"Why the bells - what chimes can that be? The tones are familiar."

Another & peal of bells had begun to sound out at some distance off.

"I don't know!" said the landlady tartly. "Did you knock to ask that?"

"No; for lodgings" said Jude, coming to himself. "For these three relations of mine"

The householder scrutinizes Sue a moment.

"We haven't any to let" said the householder, she, shutting the door.

Jude looked disconcerted, & the boy distressed. "Now, Jude," said Sue,

threw their four centuries of gloom & decay into the little room she occupied, shutting out the moonlight by night & the sunlight by day. The outlines of Rubric College, also, were discernible beyond the others, & the tower of a third further off still. The thought of the strange operation of a simple minded man's ruling passion, that it should have led Jude, who loved her & the children so tenderly, to place them here in this depressing purlieu, became more than he could bear, because he was still haunted by his dream. Even now he did not distinctly hear the freezing negative that those scholared walls had echoed to his desire. (see back) ※ The silence was broken by this saying: "Mother, what shall we do to-morrow!"

"I don't know!" said she despondently. "I am afraid this will trouble your father."

"I wish father was quite well! Then it would not matter so much."

"It would not!"

"Can I do anything?"

"No. All is trouble, adversity & suffering!"

"It would be better to be out of the world than in it, would it not?"

"It would almost, dear."

"It is because of me, is it not, that you can't get a good lodging?"

"Well - people do object to children sometimes."

"Then if children make so much trouble, why do people have 'em?"

"O - because it is a law of nature."

"But we don't ask to be born."

"No indeed."

"And what makes it worse with me is that you are not my real mother, & you need not have had me unless you liked. I ought not to have come to see - that's the real truth! I troubled 'em in Australia; & I trouble folk here. I wish I had not been born!"

"You could not help it, my dear."

the lack of room in this
house for his father

∴ The failure to find another lodging had left a deep impression on the boy —
a brooding undemonstrative horror seemed to have seized him. The silence ...

were were gone there'd be no trouble at all!"

"Don't think that, dear," she cried, rather peremptorily. "But go to sleep!"

The following morning she awoke at a little past six, & decided to get up & run across before breakfast to the inn at which Jude had informed her to the ~~[illegible]~~ his quarters, to tell him what had happened before he went out. She arose softly, to avoid disturbing the children, who, as she knew, must be ~~[illegible]~~ fatigued by their exertions of yesterday.

She found Jude at breakfast. X Somehow, now it was morning, the re- [see back]
quest to leave the lodgings did not seem such a depressing incident as it had seemed the night before, nor did even her failure to find another place affect her so deeply as at first. Jude agreed with her that it would not be worth while to insist upon her right to stay a week, but to take immediate steps for removal.

"You must all come to this inn for a day or two," he said "It will not be so nice for the children, but we shall have more time to look round. There are plenty of lodgings in the suburbs in my old quarter of Beersheba. Have breakfast with me now you are here, Sue? There will be plenty of time to get back & prepare the children's before they wake. In fact, I'll go with you."

She joined him in a hasty meal, & in a quarter of an hour they started together, resolving to clear out from Sue's too respectable lodging immediately. On reaching the place & going upstairs they found that all was quiet in the children's room, & called to the landlady in timorous tones to please bring up the teakettle & something for their breakfast, & the kettle. This was perfunctorily done, & presently a couple of eggs which she had brought with her she put them into the boiling kettle, & summoned Jude to watch them

X in the obscure tavern she had chosen as a counterpoise to the expense of her lodging; she explained to him ~~his~~ her homelessness. Somehow, now it was morning &c

for the youngsters, while she went to call them, it being now about half past eight o'clock.

Jude stood bending over the kettle, with his watch in his hand, timing the eggs, so that his back was turned to the ~~door of the~~ little inner ~~room to bring the plate, she pushed it back~~ chamber where the children lay. A shriek from Sue suddenly caused him to start round. He saw that the door of the closet-room, or rather closet — which had been open, & that Sue had fallen to the floor just within it. Hastening forward had sunk to which her eyes he turned his eyes to the little bed ~~on the floor, & there~~ spread on the boards; no child ~~was~~ was there. He looked in bewilderment round the room. ~~His eyes were met by a sight~~ At the back of the door were fixed two hooks for hanging garments, & from one of these the form of ~~the boy~~ little Jude was suspended by a piece of box-cord, round his neck, while from the other (elder) hung the body of the younger child in a similar manner. (An overturned chair was near the boy, & his glazed eyes ~~of both~~ were staring into the room; ~~but~~ but those of the baby boy were closed.

~~Jude~~ Letting Sue lie he cut the cords with his pocket-knife & threw the boys on the bed; but the feel of their bodies in the momentary handling seemed to ~~denote~~ say that they were dead. He ~~then~~ caught up Sue, who had fainted, & put her on the bed in the other room, after which he breathlessly summoned the landlady, & ran out for a doctor.

When he got back Sue had come to herself, & the two helpless women, bending over the children ~~to~~ in wild efforts to restore them (& the pair of little corpses) formed a scene which ~~almost~~ overthrew ~~him~~ his self-command. The nearest surgeon came in, but, as Jude had inferred, his ~~presence was~~ presence was useless. Superfluous. The children were past saving, (for ~~though~~) though their bodies were still warm ~~they had apparently~~ it was conjectured inferred that they had been hanging more than an hour. The probability was that the elder boy, on waking, looked into the outer room for Sue, & finding her

(held by the parents later on, when they were able to reason on the case.)

absent, was thrown anew into the pit of aggravated despondency that the events of the day before had ~~produced~~ induced in his morbid temperament. Moreover a piece of paper was found upon the floor, on which was written, in the boy's hand, with the bit of lead pencil that he carried:

"Done because we ~~shall be~~ are too many."

At sight of this Sue's nerves utterly gave way, an awful conviction that her discourse with the boy had been the partial cause of the tragedy throwing her ~~grief was such that she had to be carried away from the room~~ into a convulsive grief which knew no abatement. They carried her away ~~to one of the next floor~~ to a room on the lowest floor; & there she lay, her little frame shaking with her gasps, & her eyes staring at the ceiling, the woman of the house trying vainly to soothe her.

They could hear from this chamber the people moving about above, & she implored to be allowed to go back, & was only kept from doing so by the assurance that, if there were any hope, her presence might do harm, & the reminder that it was necessary to take care of herself. Her inquiries were incessant, & at last Jude came down & told her there was no hope. As soon as she could speak she informed him what she had said to the boy, & how she thought herself the cause of this.

"No," said Jude. "It was in his nature to do it. The doctor says there are such boys springing up among us — boys of a sort unknown in the last generation — the outcome of new views of life. They seem to see all its terrors before they are old enough to have staying power to resist them. He says it is the beginning of the coming universal wish not to live. He's an advanced man, the doctor: but he can give no consolation to —"

Jude had kept back his own grief on account of hers; but he now broke down; and this stimulated Sue to efforts ~~to assuage his~~

Then bethinking himself of possibilities he went along the road to the Cemetery, which he entered, & crossed to the where the interment had recently taken place. The idlers who had followed to the spot on account of the tragedy were all gone now. A man with a shovel in his hand was attempting to ~~fill~~ earth in the grave, but his arm was held back by an expostulating woman who stood in the half filled hole. It was Sue, whose colored clothing, which she had never thought of changing for the morning he had bought, suggested to the eye a deeper grief than the conventional drapery of bereavement could express.

"He's filling them in, & he shan't till I've seen my baby again!" she cried wildly when she saw Jude. "I want to see him once more. O Jude – I want to see him. I didn't know you would let them take him away while I was asleep! You said perhaps I should see him once more before he was ~~shovelled~~ screwed down; & then you didn't let me, but took him away!"

"She's been wanting me to dig out the grave again, & let her get to the coffins"; said the ~~gravedigger~~ man with the spade. "She ought to be took home, by the look o'her. She's hardly responsible, poor thing. Can't dig 'em up again now ma'am. Do ye go home with your husband, & take it quiet, & thank God that there'll be another soon to ~~assuage~~ assuage yer grief."

But Sue kept moaning: "Can't I see him once more – just once? Can't I? Only just one little minute, Jude. It would not take long to unscrew the coffin, & I should be so glad, Jude. I would be so good & obedient if you would let me? I would go home quietly, & would not want to see him any more! Can't I – why can't I?"

Jude was thrown into such acute sorrow that he almost felt he

would try to get the man to accede. But it could do no good, & might make her still worse; & she saw that it was imperative to get her home at once. So he coaxed her, & whispered tenderly, & put his arm round her to support her; till she helplessly gave in, & was induced to leave the cemetery.

They were to have gone to a new lodging that same afternoon, but he doubted if it would be practicable. To obtain effects for her was to take her back in was his wish; yet economy being so imperative she deprecated his doing so, & they walked along slowly, & in course of time did reach the now hated lodging once more. She was at once got to bed, & the doctor again sent for.

Jude waited all the evening downstairs. At a very late hour the intelligence was brought to him that a baby had been prematurely born, & like the others was a corpse.

Chapter XLIV

She was convalescent, & Jude had again obtained work at his old trade. They were in other lodgings now, in the direction of Capernaum, & not far from the Church of Saint Silas.

"We must conform," she said mournfully. "All the ancient wrath of the Power above us has been vented upon us, his poor creatures, & we must submit. There is no choice. We must!"

"Yes. It is no use fighting against God," said Jude

"It is only man, & senseless circumstance," she rejoined. "What was I thinking of! But whoever or whatever one foe may be, I am cowed into submission. I have no more fighting strength

I go further.

"Yes. So do I. I am chastened out of all independent opinion, & kiss the rod."

Jude fell into thought. "I have seemed to myself lately," he said, "to belong to that vast band of men shunned by the virtuous — the men called reckless. It amazes me when I think of it! I have not been conscious of it, or of any wrong doing towards you, particularly the boy, or whom I love more than myself. Yet I am one of those men. I wonder if any other of them are the same purblind simple creatures as I."

"No, no, Jude," she said quickly. "Don't reproach yourself with being what you are not. If anybody is to blame it is I."

"But I supported you in your resolve to leave Phillotson; & without me perhaps you would not have urged him to let you go."

"I should have, just the same. As to ourselves, the fact of our not having had the courage to marry yet is the really saving feature in our acquaintanceship. We have thereby avoided insulting, as it were, the solemnity of our first marriage."

"Solemnity?" Jude looked at her with some surprise, & was conscious that she was not the Sue of their earlier Time.

"Yes," she said, with a little quiver in her words. "I have had dreadful fears, a dreadful sense of my own insolence of action. I have thought — that I am still his wife."

"Whose?"

"Richard's."

"Good God — dearest! why?"

"O I can't explain. Only the thought comes to me."

"It is your weakness — a sick fancy, without reason or meaning. Don't let it trouble you

¶ Sue sighed uneasily, ~~did not know what to say~~.

¶ As a set-off against such discussions as these there had come an [illegible] improvement in their position which earlier in their experience would have made them cheerful. Jude had quite unexpectedly found good employment at his old trade almost directly he arrived, the summer weather suiting his fragile constitution; & outwardly his days went on with that monotonous uniformity which is in itself so grateful after vicissitude. People seemed to have forgotten that he had ever shown any awkward aberrancies: & daily he mounted to the parapets & copings of the colleges he could never enter, & renewed the crumpling ~~eyes~~ of battlement & mullioned windows he would never look from, or ~~in~~ the heart ~~never thought of doing~~ known no wish to do otherwise.

There was this change in him; that he did not often go to any service at the churches now. One ~~Sunday evening~~ thing troubled him more than any other; that Sue herself had mentally travelled in opposite directions since the tragedy: events which had enlarged his own views of life, laws, customs, & dogmas, had not operated in the same manner on Sue's. She was no longer the same as in the independent days, when her intellect played like lambent lightning over conventions & formalities which he at that time respected. May & he did not now.

¶ On a particular Sunday evening he came in rather late. ~~Arabella~~ Sue was not at home, but he waited till she returned, when he found her ~~her~~ silent & meditative.

"What are you thinking of, little woman?" he asked curiously.

"O I can't tell clearly! I have thought that we have been selfish, careless, even impious, in our ~~love~~ courses, you & I. Our life has been a vain attempt at delight & self. We should mortify the flesh — the terrible flesh — the curse of Adam!" But self-abnegation is the higher road.

"Sue!" he murmured. "What has come over you?"

"We ought to be continually sacrificing ourselves on the altar of duty. But I have always striven to do what has pleased me. I

well deserved the scourging I have got! I wish something would take the evil woman right out of me, & all my monstrous errors, & all my sinful ~~evil~~ ways!

"Sue - my own too suffering dear! - there's no evil woman in you. Your natural instincts are perfectly healthy; not quite so impassioned, perhaps, as I could wish; but good, & dear, & pure. And as I have often said, you are absolutely the ~~most least sensual~~ most ethereal woman I ever knew to exist without inhuman sexlessness. Why do you talk in such a changed way? We have not been selfish, except when no one could profit by our being otherwise. You used to say that human nature was noble & long-suffering, not vile & corrupt, & at last I thought you spoke truly. And now you seem to take such a much lower view."

"I want a humble heart, & a chastened mind; & I have never had them yet."

"You have been fearless, both as a ~~child~~ thinker & as a seeker, & you deserved more admiration than I gave. I was too full of narrow dogmas at that time to see it."

"Don't say that, Jude! I wish my own fearless word & thought could be rooted out of my history. Self-renunciation - that's everything! I cannot humiliate myself too much. I should like to prick myself all over with pins & bleed out the badness that is in me!"

"Hush!" he said, pressing her little face against his breast as if she were an infant. "It is ~~the punishment~~ that has brought you to this. Such remorse is not for you, my sensitive plant, but for the wicked ones of the earth - who never feel it!"

"I ought not to stay like this", she murmured, when she had remained in the position a long while.

"Why not?"

"It is indulgence."

"Still on the same tack!" "But is there anything better on earth than that we should love one another?"

"Yes. It depends on the sort of love; & yours — ours is the wrong."

"I won't have it, Sue! Come, when are certain marriage lines to be ~~stamped~~ signed in a vestry?"

She paused, & looked up uneasily. "Never!" she whispered.

Not knowing the whole of her meaning he ~~said~~ took the objection seriously, & said nothing. Several minutes elapsed, & he thought she had fallen asleep; but he spoke softly, & found that she was wide awake all the time. She sat upright & sighed

"~~I have noticed a~~ There is a strange, indescribable perfume or atmosphere about you to-night, Sue" he said. "I mean not only mentally, but about your clothes, I mean also. A sort of respectable scent, which I seem to know, yet cannot remember."

"It is incense."

"Incense?"

"I have been to the service at St. Silas! & I was in the fumes of it." ~~I go there sometimes.~~

"O — St. Silas?"

"Yes. I go there sometimes."

"Indeed. You go there!"

"You see, Jude, it is lonely here in the week-day mornings, when you are at work, & I think & think of — of my —." She stopped till she could control the lumpiness of her throat. "And I have taken to go in there, as it is so near."

"O well — of course, I say nothing against it. Only it is odd, for you. They little think what sort of chiel is among them!"

"What do you mean, Jude?"

"Well — a sceptic, to be plain."

"How can you pain me so, dear Jude, in my trouble! Yet I know you didn't mean to. But you ought not to say that."

the door of their room. Before they could open it ~~it was opened by~~ the comer did so, & a woman's form appeared.

"Is Mr Fawley here?"

Jude & Sue started as the mechanically replied in the affirmative, for the voice was Arabella's.

He formally requested her to come in, & she sat down in the window-bench, where they could distinctly see her large outline against the light; but no characteristics that enabled them to estimate her general aspect & air. Yet something seemed to denote that she was not quite so comfortably circumstanced, nor so bouncingly attired, as she had been during Cartlett's lifetime.

The three attempted an awkward conversation about the tragedy, which Jude had felt it to be his duty to inform her of immediately, though she had never replied to his letter.

"I have just come from the cemetery", she said. "I inquired to find the child's grave. I could not come to the funeral, & read all about it in the papers, & I felt I was not wanted..... No – I could not come to the funeral," repeated Arabella, who, seeming utterly unable to reach her ideal of a catastrophic manner, fumbled with reiterations. "But I am glad I found the grave. As 'tis your trade, Jude, you'll be able to put up a handsome stone to 'em."

"I shall put up a headstone", said Jude, drearily.

"He was my child, & naturally I feel for him."

"We all do." I hope so.

"He often that was not mine I did not feel so much for, as was natural."

"Of course."

A sigh came from the dark corner where Sue sat.

"I had often wished I had mine with me", continued Mrs Cartlett. – thank you for inviting me all the same.

Jude's former wife, had maintained a stereotyped manner of
^ stried good breeding now that she was gone, & limited her stay to a num-
ber of minutes that should accord with the highest respectability.
When she had departed Jude, much relieved, went to the stairs &
called Sue - feeling anxious as to whether she became of her.

There was no answer, & the carpenter who kept the lodgings said
she had not come in. Jude was puzzled, & became quite alarmed
at her absence, for the hour was growing late. The carpenter called
his wife, who conjectured that Sue might have gone to St Saint
Silas' church, as she often went there.

"Surely not at this o'night.." said Jude. "It is shut."

"She knows somebody who keeps the key, & she has it when-
ever she wants it."

"How long has she been going on with this?"

"O, some few weeks, I think."

Jude went vaguely in the direction of the church, which he had
never once approached since he lived out that way years before,
when his young mystical
& religious notions were more positive than they were now.
The spot was deserted, but the door was certainly unfastened; & he
lifted the latch without noise, & pushing the door together to behind him,
stood
& stander, absolutely still inside. The general silence seemed to con-
tain a faint sound, explicable as a breathing, or a sobbing, which came
from the other end of the building. The floor cloth deadened his foot-
steps as he moved in that direction through the obscurity, which
was broken only by the faintest reflected night-light from without.

High overhead, above the chancel steps, Jude could discern a
huge, solidly constructed Latin cross - as large, probably, as

the original what it was designed to commemorate. It seemed to be suspended in the air by invisible wires; as it were ~~as it was~~ set with large jewels, which faintly glimmered in some weak ray caught from outside as the cross swayed to & fro in a silent & scarcely perceptible motion. Underneath, upon the floor, lay what appeared to be a heap of black clothes, and from this was repeated ~~And there came from it~~ the sobbing that he had heard before. It was his Sue's form, prostrate on the paving.

"Sue!" he whispered.

Something white ~~appeared turned~~ disclosed itself; she had turned up her face.

"What do you want with me here, Jude!" she said. "You should not come! Why did you?"

"How can you ask!" he returned in quick reproach, for his full heart was wounded to its centre at ~~was full to bear~~ this attitude of hers towards him. "Why do I come? Who has a right to come, I should like to know, if I have not? I who love you better than my own self - better than ever you have loved me! What made you leave me to come here alone?"

"I have often told you so

"Don't criticize me, Jude - I can't bear it! You must take me as I am. I am broken by my distractions! I could not bear it when Arabella came - I felt so utterly miserable I had to come away. She seems to be your wife still, & Richard to be my husband."

"But they are nothing to us!"

"Yes, dearest, they are. I see marriage differently now!... ~~My babies have been taken from me to show me that~~ There was a judgment in Arabella's child killing mine; the right one killing the wrong. What, what shall I do! I am such a vile creature - too worthless to mix with ordinary human beings."

"This is terrible!" said Jude, almost in tears. "It is monstrous & unnatural for you to be so remorseful when you have done no wrong."

"Ah - you don't know my badness!"

He returned vehemently: "I do! Every atom & drag of it. You make me hate Christianity, or ~~Ecclesiasticism~~ mysticism or Sacerdotalism, or whatever it may be called, if it's that which has caused this ~~degradation~~ deterioration in you. (back) I am glad I had nothing to do with Divinity. – damn glad – if it's going to ruin you like this!"

"You are angry, Jude, & unkind to me", & don't see how unhappy I am overburdened. are!"

"Then come home with me, dear, & perhaps I shall. You two are unhinged just now." He put his arm round her & lifted her; but though she came, she preferred to walk without his support.

"I don't dislike you Jude," she said in a ~~pathetic~~ sweet & imploring voice. "I love you as much as ever. Only – I ought not to – any more. O I must not any more!"

"I can't own it."

"But I have made up my mind that ~~I can't~~ – your wife. I belong to him. I sacramentally joined myself to him for life. Nothing can alter it." (back)

Sue, Sue – affliction has brought you to this unreasonable state! After converting me to your views on so many things, to find you suddenly turn to the right about like this – ~~it drives one mad!~~ for no reason whatever, confounding all you have formerly said – through sentiment merely! You took out of me what little affection & reverence I had left in me for the Church by acting so like this.... What I can't understand in you is your extraordinary blindness now to your old logic. Is it peculiar to you, or is that common to Woman? Is a woman a thinking unit or a fraction always wanting the remainder? ~~I don't~~ How you argued that marriage was only a clumsy contract – how you showed all the objections to it – all the absurdities. If two & two made four when we were happy together, surely they make four now. I can't understand it, I repeat!"

"Ah, dear Jude: that's because you are like a totally deaf man observing people listening to music. You say, 'what are they regarding? ~~doing this~~ ~~is nothing going on~~ Nothing is there'. But something is."

X That a woman-poet, a woman-seer, a woman whose soul shone like a diamond — whom all the wise of the world would have been proud of if they could have known you — should degrade herself like this!

"But surely we are husband & wife if ever two people were in this world. Natures own marriage is unquestionably."

"But not Heavens. Another was made for me here, & ratified eternally in the Church at Micklehester."

"Well – that is a hard saying from you, & not a true parallel. You threw off old husks of prejudices, & taught me how to do it: & now you go back upon yourself. I confess I am utterly stultified in my estimate of you."

"Dear friend, my only friend, don't be hard with me. I can't help being as I am, & I am convinced I am right – that I see the light at last. But O, how to profit by it!"

They walked along a few more steps, till they were outside the building, & she had returned the key. "Can this be the girl," saw Jude, when she came back, feeling a slight renewal of elasticity now that he was in the open street: "Can this be the girl who brought the Pagan deities into the Christian city; who mimicked Miss Fontover when she crushed them with her heel? Where are dear Apollo & dear Venus now!"

"O don't, don't, be so cruel to me, Jude, & I so unhappy!" she sobbed. "I can't bear it! I was in error – I cannot reason with you. I was wrong – proud in my own conceit. Arabella's coming was the finish. Don't satirize me: it cuts like a knife!"

He flung his arms round her & kissed her passionately there in the silent street, before she could hinder him. They went on ~~till they came to a little inn~~. "Jude", she said, "would you mind ~~going in & having tea here?~~ going back now?"

"I'll do whatever you wish. But let me go to your door."

~~He wanted to endure her in. She said she wanted no supper, & went in the dark upstairs, & struck a light. Jude had followed her & stood at the door.~~ Turning she found that she had returned to the chamber. She went back to him, put her hand in his, & said "Good-night."

"But Sue!"

"You said you would do as I wished!"

"Yes. Very well!.... Perhaps it was wrong of me to do as I have done!

Chapter XLV.

The man whom Sue, in her mental volte-face, ~~reconsidered~~, was now regarding as her husband, lived still at Marygreen.

On the day before the tragedy, Phillotson had seen both her & Jude watching the procession to the Theatre. But he had said nothing of it to his companion Gillingham who, as an old friend, was staying with him at the time aforesaid, & had, indeed, suggested the day's trip to Christminster.

"What are you thinking of?" said Gillingham as they went homeward. "The University degree you never obtained?"

"No, no," said Phillotson gruffly. "Somebody I saw today. In a moment he added, "Soosan".

"I saw her, too."

"You said nothing."

"I did not wish to draw your attention to her. But, as you did see her, you should have said: 'How d'ye do, my Dear - that was'?"

"Ah, well. I might have. But what do you think of this: I have good reason for now supposing she was innocent when I divorced her - that I was all wrong. Am I not, is it not?"

"She has taken care to set you right since, anyhow, apparently."

"H'm. That is a cheap sneer. I ought to have waited, unquestionably."

At the end of the week, when Gillingham had gone back to his school near Shaston, Phillotson, as was his custom, went from Marygreen to Alfredston market, ruminating as he walked

down the long hill which he had known before Jude knew it, though his history had not hearten so intensely upon its incline. Arrived in the town he bought his usual weekly local paper: & when he had sat down in an inn to refresh himself for the five miles walk back, he pulled the paper from his pocket to read awhile. The account of the "Strange suicide of the two children of a stonecutter," met his eye.

It impressed him painfully (unimpassioned as he was) & puzzled him not a little, for he could not understand the age of the elder child being what it was stated to be.

"Their cup of sorrow is now full!" he said: & thought & thought of Sue & Arabella having made her home at Alfredston (& what she had gained by leaving him) & the schoolmaster coming to market there every Saturday, it was not unexpected that in a few weeks they met again — the precise time being just after her return from Christminster, where she had stayed much longer than she had at first intended, Keeping an interested eye on Jude, though Jude had seen no more of her. Philotson was on his way homeward when he encountered Arabella, & they were approaching the town.

"You like walking out this way, Mrs Cartlett?" he said.

"I've just begun to again," she replied. "It is where I lived as maid & wife, & all past things that are interesting to my feelings are mixed up with this road. And they have been stirred up in me too lately; for I've been visiting at Christminster. Yes; I've seen Jude."

"Ah. How do they bear their terrible affliction?

In a ve-ry strange way. Ve-ry strange! She no longer grieves as she did. I heard of it as a certainty just before I left: though & though things were drifting that way from their manner when I called on them".

It cannot be said that
and pictured Sue coming out of the door to meet him. ~~But~~ he
regarded her fancied image with much love. ~~Though~~ But no man ever
suffered more inconvenience from
~~suffered~~ his Christian charity ~~more~~ than Phillotson had done at the hands
of the virtuous
in letting Sue go & by getting Sue back & re-marrying her on the re-
spectable plea. He had been knocked about from pillar to post ~~more~~
than almost beyond endurance; ~~on that account~~ he had been nearly
starved, & was now dependent entirely upon the very small stipend
from this village, ~~school~~ where the parson had got ill spoken of for be-
the school of
friending him. His convictions were nearly thrashed out of him
by all this, of having entertained erroneous views of her, & ~~so~~
gained his divorce wrongfully, he might acquire some comfort,
resume his old course, get back to the Shaston school, if not
even to the Church itself as a licenciate. The cold blast of the
world's contempt had blown him to this corner.

The considerations which had allowed him to ~~let~~ give Sue her
liberty now enabled him to regard her as none the worse for her
life with Jude. He liked her still, in his curious way, if he did not
love her, & apart from policy, would still have gratified to have her as his, always
provided that she came willingly.

He wrote to Gillingham to enquire his views, & what he thought
of his, Phillotson's, sending a letter to her. Gillingham replied that
now she was gone it were best to let her be; thinking & thought
considered
that if she became anybody's wife she were the wife of the man with whom
without the
~~had such tragical adventures~~. She had ~~had three children~~. Perhaps the pain would make the
marriage ~~legal~~ in course of time, & all would be well.

"But she won't!" exclaimed Phillotson to himself. "Gillingham
is so old fashioned. She's affected by Christminster sentiment. I

can see her point of view well enough. I shall send to her, on the indissolubility of marriage and learn whether what that woman said is true or no".

As he had made up his mind to do so before he had written to his friend, there had not been much reason for writing to the latter at all. However it was Philotsons way to act thus.

He accordingly addressed a carefully considered epistle to Sue, & knowing her emotional temperament, threw a Rhadamanthine strictness into it, & stated that, it having come to his knowledge that her views had evidently changed, he felt compelled to say that his own, too, were largely modified by events subsequent to their parting. He would not conceal from her that love had little to do with his communication. It arose from a wish to make their lines, if not a success, at least no such disastrous failure as it was threatened to become. Through his acting on what he had considered at the time a principle of justice, charity, & reason & uncontrolled But to indulge one's instinctive sense of justice & right was not, he had found, permitted with impunity in an old civilization like ours. It was necessary to act under an acquired & artificial sense of the same, if you wished to enjoy a reasonable share of comfort & honour, & to let Love in Kindness take care of itself.

¶ He suggested that she should come to him there at Marygreen.

¶ On second thoughts he took out the last page but one, & having rewritten the letter he dispatched it immediately; & in calmness awaited the issue.

A few Days after a figure moved through the white fog which enveloped the Beersheba suburb of Christminster, towards the quarter in which Jude Fawley had taken up his lodging since his division from Sue. A timid knock sounded upon the door of his abode.

It was evening; so he was at home; & by a species of divination he jumped up & rushed to the door himself

"Will you come out with me?" ~~said he trembling accents of Sue~~ cagerly.

"I would rather not come in. I want to - to talk with you - & to go with you to the Cemetery."

It had been in the trembling accents of Sue that these words came. Jude put on his hat. "It is dreary for you to be out" he said. "But if you prefer not to come in I don't mind."

"Yes - I do. I shall not keep you long."

Jude was too much affected to go on talking at first; ~~& they proceeded~~ ~~through the fog like Acherontic shades~~ she, too, was now such a mere cluster of nerves that all initiative power seemed to have left her, & they proceeded for a long while, without sound or gesture.

"I want to tell you", presently she said, her voice now quick now slow; "so that you may not hear of it by chance. I am going back to Richard. He has - so magnanimous - agreed to forgive all."

"Going back? How can you go -"

"He is going to marry me again. That is for form's sake, & to satisfy the world, which does not see things as they are. But of course I am his wife already. Nothing has changed that."

He turned upon her with an anguish that was half-mist-piece. "But you are my wife! Yes, you are. You know it. I loved you, & ~~love you still,~~ & you loved me; & we closed with each other; & ~~that made the~~ marriage. We still love - you as well as I - I know it Sue! These promises ~~binding~~ indeed is not cancelled."

"Yes; I know how you see it," she answered with despairing passivity. "But I am going to marry him again, so it must be called by you." ~~I am his wife, as~~ strictly speaking you, too, should take back - Arabella."

I should? ~~Good.~~ But

"[How if you had married ~~secretly~~ betrothed, as we were on the point of doing?"

"I should have felt just the same - that it was not a marriage: & I would have gone back to him without repeating the ~~ceremony~~ sacrament, if he had asked me ... Don't crush all the life out of me by satire & argument. I implore you ~~was strongest~~ I was strongest once, I know, & perhaps I treated you cruelly. But Jude, return good for evil. I am the weaker now. Don't retaliate upon me, but be kind. O be kind to me - a poor wicked woman who is trying to mend!"

He shook his head hopelessly, his eyes met. "All wrong, all wrong!" he said ~~bitterly~~.

"Error - perversity! It drives me out of my senses. Do you care for him, do you love him? You know you don't! It ~~is~~ will be religious prostitution - ~~my~~ God, above us - yes - that's what it will be!"

"I don't love him - I must, must own it, ~~&~~ in deepest remorse. But I shall try to learn to love him by obeying him."

Jude argued, urged, implored; but her conviction was proof against all. It seemed to be the one thing on earth on which she was firm, that her firmness in this had left her tottering in every other impulse & wish she possessed.

"I have been considerate enough to let you know the whole truth, & to tell it you myself" she said in hurt tones; "that you might not consider yourself slighted by hearing of it at second hand. I have even owned the shameful fact that I do not love him. I did not think you would be so rough with me for doing so. I was going to ask you...."

"To give you away?"

"No. To send - my boxes to me - if you would. But I suppose you won't."

"Why of course I will. What – is it he coming to fetch you – to marry you from here? He would condescend to do that?"

"No – I would let him. I go to him voluntarily, just as I went away from him. We are to be married at his little chapel at Marygreen."

She was so sadly sweet in what he called her wrongheadedness that Jude could not help being moved to tears more than once for pity of her.

"I never knew such a woman for doing impulsive penances as you, Sue. No sooner does one expect you to go straight on, as the one rational proceeding, than you double round the corner!"

Oh, well – let that go....

"Jude, I must soon say Good-bye. But I wanted you to go to the cemetery with me. Let it be there – beside the graves of those who died to bring home to me the error of my views."

They turned in the direction of the place, & the gate was opened to them on application. Sue had been there often, & she knew the way to the spot in the dark. They reached it, & stood still.

"It is here – I should like to part," said she.

"So be it."

"Don't think me hard because I have acted on conviction. Your generous devotion to me is unparalleled, Jude. & your worldly failure, if you have failed, is to your credit rather than to your blame. Remember that the best & greatest among mankind are those who do themselves no worldly good. Every successful man is more or less a selfish man. The devoted fail. 'Charity seeketh not her own'"

"In that chapter we are at one. Its verses will stand when all the rest that you call religion has passed away."

"Well – don't discuss it. Good bye. Jude; my fellow-sinner, & kindest friend!"

"Good bye, my mistaken ~~Sue~~ ... good bye!"

Chapter XLVI

The next afternoon the fog still hung over all things. She was only just discernible going towards the station.

Jude had no heart to go to his work that day. Neither could he go anywhere in the direction by which she would be likely to pass. He went in an opposite one, to a dreary, strange, flat scene, where coughs & consumption lurked, & where he had never been before.

She in the meantime had left by the train, & reached Alfredston Road, where She entered the steam tram & was conveyed into the town. It had been her request to Phillotson that he should not meet her. She wished, she said, to come to him voluntarily, to his very hearth-stone.

It was Friday evening, which had been chosen because the school-mistress was disengaged that day at four o'clock, till the Monday morning following. The little car she had hired at The Bear to drive her to Marygreen set her down at the end of the lane, half a mile from the village, by her request, & preceded her to the school house with such portion of her luggage as she had brought. On its return she encountered it, & asked the driver if he had found the master's house open. The man informed her that he had, & that her things had been taken in by the schoolmaster himself.

She could now enter Marygreen without exciting much observation. She crossed the green by the well & under the trees to the pretty new school on the other side, & lifted the latch of the dwelling without knocking. Phillotson stood in the middle of the room, awaiting her, as directed requested.

"I've come, Richard"; said She, looking pale & shaken, & sinking into a chair. "I cannot help it — you forgive your — wife!"

"Everything, my darling"; said Phillotson.

She started at the word, though it had been spoken mechanically, & without fervour. Then she seemed herself again.

the first stage of my purification. That's why —
..... you will take me back?"

He bent & kissed her cheek.

Sue imperceptibly shrank away, & her flesh quivered under his touch.

"You still have an aversion to me!"

"O no, dear — I — have been driving through the damp, & I was chilly"; she said, with a smile of dread. "When are we going to have the marriage? Soon?"

To-morrow morning early. I am sending round to the vicar to let him know you are come. I have told him all, & he highly approves — But — are you sure of yourself? It is not too late now to refuse if — you think you can't bring yourself to it, you know?"

"Yes, yes, I can! I want it done quickly. Tell him, tell him at once. My strength is tried by the undertaking — I can't wait long!"

"Have something to eat & drink then, & go over to your room at Mrs Edlin's. I'll tell the Vicar half-past eight to-morrow. Before anybody is about — if that is not too soon for you? My friend Gillingham is here to help us in the business. He's been good enough to come at great inconvenience to himself."

Unlike a woman in ordinary, whose eyes is so keen for material things, Sue seemed to see nothing of the room they were in, or any detail of her environment. But on moving across the parlour to put down her muff she uttered a little "O!"

"What?" said Phillotson.

The flaps of the bureau chanced to be open, & in placing her muff upon it her eye had caught a document which lay there. "O — only a —

fit for the fire."

"Lord, you be too strict. What do ye use such words for, & con-
demn your ~~dear little innocent Cheddra~~ tender & loving cousin that's lost to'ee. Upon my
life I don't call that religion!"

She had flung her face upon the bed, sobbing. "O, don't, don't! O, it kills me!" She remained shaken with her grief, & slipped down upon her knees.

"I'll tell'ee what – you ought not to marry this man!" said Mrs Edlin indignantly. "You are in love wi' t'other still!"

"Yes I must – I am his already!"

"Pshoo! You be t'other mans. If you did'nt like to commit yourselves to the binding ceremony 'twas all the more credit to your consciences, ~~you ought to have thought~~ considering your reasons, & you ~~ought~~ med ha' lived on without it. After ~~about it before you made it so public~~ all, it concerned nobody but your own two selves."

"He says he'll have me back, & I'm bound to go. If he had refused, it might not have been so much my duty to – give up Jude. But –" She remained with her face on the bedclothes, & Mrs Edlin left the room.

Phillotson in the meanwhile had gone back to his friend Gillingham, who still sat over the supper table. They soon rose, & walked out on the green to smoke awhile. A light was burning in Sue's room opposite, & her shadow moved moving now & then across the blind.

Gillingham had evidently been impressed with the indefinable charm of Sue, & after a silence he said, "Well: you've got her at last. She can't very well go a second time. The pear has dropped into your hand."

"H'm – yes. I suppose I am right in taking her at her word. It seems to me there is a touch of selfishness in it. Apart from her being,

what she is, of course. a luxury for a ~~bore~~ fogey like me. it will set me right in the eyes of the clergy & orthodox laity, who have never forgiven me for letting her go. So I may get back in some degree into my old track."

"Well - if you've got any sound reason for marrying her again, do it now in God's name. I was always against your opening the cage door & letting the bird go in such an obviously suicidal way. You might have been a school inspector by this time, or a reverend, if you had only been so weak about her."

"I did myself irreparable damage - I know it."

"Once you've got her housed again, stick to her."

"Yes. I shall do that. Whatever justice there was in it, there was little logic, for me ~~in my position~~ holding my views on these subjects."

Gilbraham looked at him, & thought it probable that ~~the~~ reactionary spirit induced by the world's sneers might make him more orthodoxly cruel to her than he had ~~constitutionally~~ formerly been informally & ~~temperamentally~~ kind.

"I perceive it won't do to give way to impulse," Phillotson resumed, feeling more & more every minute the strength of his new position. "I flew in the face of the Church's teaching; but I did it without malice prepense. Women are so strange in their influence that they tempt you to misplaced kindness. However, I know myself better now. A little judicious severity, perhaps....."

"Yes; but you must tighten the reins by degrees only. Don't be too strong strenuous at first. She'll come to any terms in time".

"I remember what my vicar at Shaston said when I left after the row that was made about my agreeing to her elopement. 'The only thing you can do to retrieve your position there is to admit your error in not restraining her with a wise & strong hand,

take her back again if she'll come. But I was so headstrong at that time that I paid no heed. And that after he divorce she should have thought of doing so I did not dream."

The gate of Mrs Eblin's cottage clicked, & somebody began crossing in the direction of the school. Philliston said "Good-night".

"O, is that Mr Philliston," said Mrs Eblin. "I was going over to see'ee. I've been upstairs with her, helping her to unpack her things; & upon my word, sir, I don't think this ought to be!"

"What — the wedding?"

"Yes. She's forcing herself to it, poor dear little thing; & you've no notion what she's suffering. I was never much for religion, nor against it, but it can't be right to let her do this, & you ought to persuade her out of it. Of course everybody will say it was very good & forgiving of'ee to take her to'ee again. But for my part I don't."

"It's her wish, & I am willing," said Philliston with grave reserve, opposition making him tenacious. "A great piece of laxity will be rectified"

"I don't believe it. She ~~is~~ has no wife of anybody's. She's ~~had two children~~, & she loves her dearly; & it's a wicked shame to egg her on to this, poor little quivering thing! She's got nobody on her side. No one man who'd be her friend like obstinate ~~little~~ creature would allow to come near her. What first put her into this mood o' mind, I wonder!"

"I can't tell. Not — I certainly. It is all voluntary on her part. Now that's all I have to say". Philliston spoke stiffly. "You've turned round, Mrs Eblin. It is unseemly of you."

"Well, I knowed you'd be affronted at what I had to say; but I

don't mind that. The truth's the truth."

"I'm not offended, Miss Eblin. You've been too kind a neighbour for that. But I must be allowed to know what's best for myself & Susan. I suppose you won't go to church with us, then?"

"No. Be hanged if I can.... I don't know what the times is coming to! Matrimony have grown to be that serious in these days that one really don't feel afeard to move in it at all. In my time we took it more careless; & I don't know that we was any the worse for it. When I & my poor man were jined in it we kept it up the junketting all the week, & drunk the parish dry."

When Miss Eblin was had gone back to her cottage Phillotson moodily spoke "I don't know whether I ought to do it – at any rate quite so rapidly."

"Why?"

"If she really is compelling herself to this against her instincts – merely from this new sense of duty or religion – I ought perhaps to let her wait a bit."

"Now you've got so far back out of it. ~~She offered~~ you ought not to ~~refuse~~, that's my opinion".

"I can't very well put it off now; that's true. But I had a qualm when she gave that little cry at sight of the licence"

"Now, never you have qualms, old boy. I mean to give her away to-morrow morning, & you mean to take her. It has always been on my conscience that I did not urge more objection to your letting her go, & now we've got to this stage I shan't be content if I don't help you to set the matter right."

Phillotson nodded, "No doubt when it gets known what I've done I shall be thought a soft fool by many. But they don't know Sue as I do. ✠ Hers

is such a straight-dealing nature that I don't think she has ever done anything against her conscience. The fact of her having had ~~three~~ two ~~persons~~ Parsley goes for nothing. At the time she left me for him she thought she was quite within her right. Now she thinks otherwise."

The next morning came, & the self-sacrifice of a woman on the altar of what she was pleased to call her principles was acquiesced in by these two friends. Phillotson went across to the Widow Edlin's to fetch Sue a few minutes after eight o'clock. The fog of the previous day was found on the lowlands had travelled up here by now, & the trees on the green caught drenpills. & turned them into ~~shower~~ big drops. The bride was ready; bonnet & all on. She had never looked so much like a lily in her life as she did in that pallid morning light. Chastened, world-weary, remorseful. The strain on her nerves had preyed upon her flesh & bones, & she appeared smaller in outline than she had formerly done, though she was not a large woman in her days of rudest health.

"Prompt!" said the schoolmaster, magnanimously taking her hand. But he checked his impulse to kiss her, remembering her start of yesterday, which unpleasantly lingered in his mind.

Gillingham joined them. & they left the house, Widow Edlin continuing steadfast in her refusal to assist in the ceremony.

"Where is the church?" said Sue. She had not lived here for any length of time since the old church was pulled down, & in her preoccupation forgot the new one.

"Up here", said Phillotson; & presently the tower loomed larger & solemn in the fog. The vicar had already crossed to the building, & when they entered he said pleasantly: "We almost want candles."

"You do – wish me to be yours, Richard?" gasped Sue in a whisper.

"Certainly dear: above all things in the world."

Sue said no more.

There they stood, five altogether: the parson, the clerk, the couple & Fellingham; & the holy ordinances were solemnized forthwith. In the nave of the edifice were two or three villagers, & when the clergyman came to the words, "what God hath joined," a woman's voice from among them was heard to utter audibly: "God hath joined indeed! ~~Throughout~~ good-looking ~~looked~~ straight."

It was like a re-enactment by the ghosts of their former selves of the similar scene which had taken place at Melchester years before. The Vicar congratulated the husband & wife when the books were signed, on having performed a noble & righteous & mutually forgiving act. "All's well that ends well," he said smiling. "May you long be happy together, after thus having been 'saved as by fire!'"

They came down the ~~church~~ nearly empty building, & crossed to the schoolhouse. Fellingham wanted to get home that night, & left early. He, too, congratulated the couple. "Now," he said in parting from Phillotson, who walked out a little way, "I shall be able to tell the people in your native place a good round tale; & they'll all say 'well done', depend on it."

When the schoolmaster got back Sue was making a pretence of doing something housewifery as if she lived there. But she seemed timid at his approach.

"Of course, my dear, I shan't expect to intrude upon your ~~to occupy the same~~ personal privacy any more than I did before," he said gravely. "It is for our good socially & religiously to do this, & that's its justification." ¶ Sue brightened a little.

Chapter XLVII.

The place was the door of Jude's lodging in the outskirts of Christminster - far from the precincts of St. Silas' & the which sad end hung to death sickness. rain was coming down. A woman in shabby black stood on the doorstep talking to Jude, who held the door in his hand. (where he had formerly lived)

X. "instituted of God in the time of mans innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ & his Church" was re- &c

"I am ~~poor~~ lonely, destitute, & homeless – that's what I am! Father has turned me out of doors after borrowing every penny I'd got to put it into his business, & then accusing me of laziness when I was only waiting for a situation. I am at the mercy of the world. If you can't take me in & help me Jude, I must go to the workhouse, or to something worse (only just now) ~~on the streets~~ & two undergraduates winked at me as I came along: 'Tis hard for a woman to keep straight where there's so many young men!"

The woman in the rain who spoke thus was Arabella, the evening being that of the day after Sue's re-marriage to Phillotson.

"I am sorry for you, but I am only in lodgings," said Jude coldly.

"Then you turn me away?"

"I'll give you enough to get food & lodging for a few days."

"O but can't you have kindness & take me in? I cannot endure going to a public-house to lodge; & I am so lonely! Please, Jude, for old times' sake!"

"No; no," said Jude hastily. "I don't want to be reminded of those things; & if you talk about them I shall not help you."

"Then I suppose I must go!" said Arabella. She bent her head against the doorpost & began sobbing.

"The house is full," said Jude. "And I have only a little extra room – not much more than a closet – where I keep my tools, & templates, & the few books I have left."

"That would be a palace for me!"

"There is no bedstead in it."

"A bit of a bed could be made on the floor. It would be good enough for me."

Unable to be harsh with her, & not knowing what to do, Jude called the man who let the lodgings, & said this was an acquaintance of his in great distress for want of temporary shelter.

"You may remember me as barmaid at The Lamb & Flag formerly?"

spoke up Arabella. "My father has insulted me this afternoon, & I've left him, though without a penny."

The householder said he could not recall her features. "But still, if you are a friend of Mr Fawley's we'll do what we can for a day or two – if he'll make himself answerable."

"Yes, yes," said Jude. "She has really taken me quite unawares; but I should wish to help her out of her difficulty." And an arrangement was ultimately come to under which a bed was to be thrown down in Jude's lumber room, to make it comfortable for Arabella till she could get out of the strait she was in – not by her own fault, as she declared – & return to her father's again.

While they were waiting for this to be done Arabella said: "You know the news, I suppose?"

"I guess what you mean; but I know nothing."

"I had a letter from Anny at Alpheston to-day. She had just heard that the wedding was to be last yesterday: but she did not know if it had come off."

"I don't wish to talk of it."

"No, no: of course you don't. Only it shows what kind of woman –"

"Don't speak of her I say! She's a fool – and she's an angel, poor dear, too!"

"If it's done, Anny says he'll have a chance of getting back to his old position, by everybody's account. So Anny says. All his well-wishers will be pleased, including the bishop himself."

"Do spare me, Arabella."

Arabella was duly installed in the little attic, & at first she did not come near Jude at all. She went to & fro, about her own business, which, when they met for a moment on the stairs or in the passage, she informed him was that of obtaining another place in the business she understood best. When

Jude suggested London as affording the most likely opening in the liquor trade, she shook her head. "no - the temptations are too many", she said. "Any humble tavern place in the country be somewhat for me."

On the Sunday morning following when he breakfasted later than on other days, she meekly asked him if she might come in to breakfast with him, as she had broken her teapot, & could not replace it immediately (the shops being shut.

"Yes, if you like," he said indifferently.

While they sat without speaking she suddenly observed: "You seem all in a brood, old man. I'm sorry for you

"I am all in a brood."

"It is about her, I know. It is no business of mine, but I could find out all about the wedding - if it really did take place, if you wanted to know."

"How could you?"

"I want to go to Alpreston to get a few things I left there. And I could see Anny, who'll be sure to have heard all about it, as she has friends at Marygreen."

Jude could not bear to acquiesce in this proposal; but his discretion, & pitted itself against his, suspense worn in the struggle. "You can ask about it if you like", he said. "I've not heard a sound. It must have been very private, if - they have married."

"I am afraid I haven't enough cash to take me there & back, or I should have gone before. I must wait till I have earned some."

"O - I can pay the journey for you," he said impatiently. And thus His suspense as to Sue's welfare, & the possible marriage, moved him to dispatch for intelligence the last emissary he would have thought of choosing deliberately.

Arabella went, Jude requesting her to be home not later than by the seven o'clock train. When she had gone he said: "Why should I have charged her to be back by a particular time! She's nothing to me: nor he either neither!"

395 missing

marriage She had not thought of this.

Arabella, meanwhile, had gone back. The evening passed, & Jude did not return. At half-past nine Arabella herself went out, first proceeding to an outlying district near the river, where her father lived, & had opened a small & precarious pork-shop lately.

"Well", she said to him, "for all your frowning at me that night I've come back, for I have something to tell you. I think I shall get married & sealed again! only you must help me: & you can do no less, after what I've shown'ee".

"I'll do anything to see the last of my hands!"

"Very well. I am now going to look for my young man. He's on the loose, & I'm afraid, I must get him home. All I want you to do to night is not to fasten the door, in case I should want to sleep here, & should be late".

"I thought you'd soon get tired of giving yourself airs & keeping away!"

"Well – don't do the door. That's all I say".

She then sallied out again, & first hastening back to Jude's to make sure that he had not returned, began her search for him. A shrewd guess as to his probable course took her straight to the tavern which Jude had formerly frequented, & where she had been barmaid for a brief term. She had no sooner opened the swing door of the "private bar" than her eyes fell upon him – sitting in the shade at the back of the compartment, with his eyes fixed on the floor, in a blank stare. He was drinking nothing stronger than ale just then. He did not observe her, & she entered & sat beside him.

Jude looked up, & said without surprise: "You've come to have something, Arabella?" "I'm trying to forget her: that's all. But I can't, & I am going home." She saw that he was a little way on in liquor, but only a little as yet.

"I've come entirely to look for you, dear Jude. You are not well. Now you must have something better than that." Arabella held up her finger to the barmaid. "You shall have a liqueur – that's better fit for a man

of education than beer. You shall have maraschino, or curaçoa dry or sweet, or cherry brandy. I'll treat you, poor chap."

"I don't care – cherry brandy, say. She has served me badly, very badly. I did not expect it of Sue! I stuck to her, & she ought to have stuck to me. I'd have sold my soul for her sake ~~a hundred times~~, but she would not risk hers a jot for me. To save her own soul she lets mine go damn! ... But it is not her fault, poor little girl – I am sure it is not!"

How Arabella had obtained money did not appear, but she ordered a liqueur each, & paid for them. When they had drunk these Arabella suggested another; & Jude had the pleasure of being as it were personally conducted through the varieties of spirituous delectation by one who knew the landmarks well. Arabella kept very considerately in the rear of Jude; but – though she only sipped where he drank, she took as much as she could safely take without losing her head – which was not a little, as the crimson upon her countenance showed.

Her tone towards him ~~to-night~~ was uniformly soothing & cajoling; & when ever he said "I don't care what happens to me", which he did continually, she replied, "But I do very much!" The closing hour came, & they were compelled to turn out; whereupon Arabella put her arm round his waist, & guided his unsteady footsteps.

When they were in the street she said: "I don't know what our landlord will say to my bringing you home in this state. I expect we are fastened out, so that he'll have to come down & let us in."

"I don't know – I don't know."

"That's the worst of not having a house of your own. I tell you, Jude, what we had best do. Come round to my father's – I made it up a bit with him to-day. I can let you in, & nobody

will see you at all; & by to-morrow morning you'll be all right."

"Anything – anywhere" replied Jude. "What the devil does it matter to me."

They went along together, like any other fuddling couple, her arm still round his waist, & his, at last, round hers; though with no amatory intent; but merely because he was weary, unstable, & in need of support –

as they straggled across a broad street.

"This – is th'martyrs' – burning-place", he stammered, "I remember – in old Fullers 'Holy State' – & I am reminded of it – by our passing by here – Old Fuller in his 'Holy State' says, that at the burning of Ridley, Doctor Smith – preached sermon, & took as his text 'Though I give my body to be burned, & have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.' – Often think of it as I pass here. Ridley ~~must have been~~ was a —"

"Yes. Exactly. Very thoughtful of you, deary, even though it hasn't much to do with our present business."

"Why yes it has! I'm giving my body to be burned! But, Oh – you don't understand! – it wants Sue to understand such things! And she's gone – & I don't care about myself. Do what you like with me! .... And yet she did it for conscience' sake, poor little Sue! Hang her! – I mean

"I think she was right." hiccupped Arabella. "I've my feelings too, like her; and I feel I am still your wife & belong to you, & to nobody else, till we die. It is – hic – never too late – hic – to mend."

They had reached her father's house, & she softly unfastened the door, ~~groping about for a light within~~

~~[redacted]~~

The circumstances were not altogether unlike those of their entry into the cottage at Cresscombe, ~~so many years~~ before,

he scarcely considered how they had come there, or what their coming signalized.

"Now," said Arabella to her father downstairs, "we must keep plenty of good liquor going in the house these next few days. I know his nature, & if he once gets into that fearfully low state that he does get into sometimes, he'll never do the honourable thing by me in this world, & I shall be left in the lurch. He must be kept cheerful. He has a little money in the savings bank, & he has given me his purse to pay for anything necessary: Well, that will be the licence; for I must have that ready at hand, to catch him the moment he's in the humour. You must pay for the liquor. A few friends, & a quiet convivial party would be the thing, if we could get it up. It would advertize the shop, & help me too."

"That can be got up easy enough by anybody who'll afford victuals & drink.... Well yes – it would advertize the shop – that's true.

Two days later, when Jude had recovered somewhat from the painful throbbing of his eyes & brain, but was still considerably confused in his mind by the ~~dazed~~ words which had been supplied to him by Arabella during the interval – to keep him jolly, as she expressed it – the little convivial gathering suggested by her, to wind Jude up to striking point, took place.

Down had only just opened his miserable little pork & sausage shop, which had as yet scarce any customers; nevertheless but that part advertized it well, & the Downs acquired a real notoriety among a certain class in Christminster, who knew not the colleges, nor their works, nor their ways. Jude was asked if he could suggest any guest in addition to those invited by Arabella & her father, & in a saturnine humour of perfect recklessness mentioned Uncle Joe, the decayed auctioneer & Stage, & others whom

he remembered as having been frequenters of the well-known tavern during his bout therein years before. He also suggested Freckles & Bower o' Bliss. Arabella took him at his word so far as the men went, but drew the line at the ladies.

Another man they knew, Tinker Taylor, whose he lived in the same street, was not invited; but as he went homeward from a late job on the evening of the party he had occasion to call at the shop for trotters. There was none in, but he was promised some the next morning. While making his inquiry Taylor glanced into the back room, & saw the guests sitting round card playing, & drinking, & seemed enjoying themselves at Dorn's expense. He went home & to bed, & on his way out next morning wondered how the party went off. He thought it hardly worthwhile to call at the shop for his provisions at that hour, Dorn & his daughter being probably not up, if they caroused late the night before. However he found in passing that the door was open, & he could hear voices within, though the shutters of the meat stall were not down. He went & tapped at the sitting room door, & opened it.

"Well — of the sure!" he said astonished.

Host & guests were still sitting card playing, smoking, & talking, precisely as he had left them eleven hours earlier; the gas was burning & the curtains drawn, though it had been broad daylight for two hours out of doors.

"Yes!" cried Arabella laughing. "Here we are, just the same. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, ought'nt we. But it is a sort of housewarming, you see; & our friends are in no hurry. Come in Mr Taylor, & sit down."

The Tinker, or rather reduced ironmonger, was nothing both, & entered & took a seat. "I shall lose a quarter, but never mind" he said. "Well, really, ~~to see~~, I could hardly believe my eyes when I looked in! It seemed as if I was flung back again into last night all of a sudden."

"So you are. Poor old Mr Taylor."

He now perceived that she was sitting beside Jude, her arm being round his waist. Jude, like the rest of the company, bore on his face the signs of how deeply he had been indulging.

"Well, we've been waiting for certain legal hours to arrive, to tell the truth," she continued bashfully, & making her spirituous crimson look as much like maiden a blush as possible. "Jude & I have decided to make up matters between us by tying the knot again, as we find we can't do without one another after all. So, as a bright notion, we agreed to sit on till it were late enough, & go & do it offhand."

Jude seemed to pay no great heed to what she was announcing, or indeed to anything whatever. The entrance of Taylor infused fresh spirit into the company, & they remained sitting, till Arabella whispered to her partner: "Now we may as well go."

"But the parson don't know?"

"Yes, I told him last night that we might come between eight & nine, as there were reasons of decency for doing it as early & quiet as possible, on account of it being our second marriage, which might make people curious to look on, if they knew. He highly approved.

"O, very well: I'm ready," said her partner, getting up & shaking himself.

"Now old darling," she said to Jude. "Come along, as you promised."

"When did I promise anything?" asked he, whom she had made so tipsy by her special knowledge of that line of business as almost to have

made him sober again — or to seem so to those who did not know him.

"Why!" said Arabella, affecting dismay. "You've promised to marry me several times as we've sat here to-night. These gentlemen have heard you."

"I don't remember it," said Jude doggedly. "There's only one woman — but I won't mention her in this Capharnaum!"

Arabella looked towards her father. "Now, Mr Fawley, be honourable," said Donn. ~~You've~~ been living here. You & my daughter have ~~as man & wife~~ these three or four days, quite on the understanding that you were going to marry her immediately. Of course I should not have had ~~that going on~~ in my house if I had not understood that. As a point of honour you must do it now."

"Don't say anything against my honour!" cried Jude hotly, standing up. "I'd marry the ~~Woman~~ of Babylon rather than do anything dishonourable. No reflection on you, my dear. It is a mere rhetorical figure — what they call in the books, hyperbole."

"Keep your figures for your debts," said Donn to friends who take you in.

"If I am bound in honour to marry her — as I suppose I am — though how I came to be here ~~with her~~ I know no more than a dead man — marry her I will, ~~so~~ Heaven help me ~~God~~. I have never behaved dishonourably to a woman, or to any living thing. I am not a man who wants to save himself at the expense of the weaker among us."

"There — never mind him, dearey," said she, putting her ~~face~~ cheek against Jude's. "Come up & wash your face, & just put yourself tidy, & off we'll go. Make it up with father."

They shook hands. Jude went upstairs with her, & soon came down looking tidy & calm. Arabella, too, had hastily arranged herself,

& accompanied by Dora away together.

"Don't go"; she said to Margaret at parting. "I've told the little maid to get the breakfast while we are gone; & when we come back we'll all have some. A good strong cup of tea will set everybody right for going home."

Chapter XLVIII (continued)

When the three had disappeared the assembled guests yawned themselves wider awake, & discussed the situation with great interest. Tinker Taylor, being the most sober, reasoned the most lucidly.

"I don't wish to speak against friends," he said. "But it do seem a rare curiosity for a couple to marry one again! If they couldn't get on together the first time when their minds were limp, they won't be likely, by my reckoning."

"Do you think he'll do it?" "He's been put upon his honour by the woman, so he said."

"He'd hardly do it straight off—like this. He's got no licence nor anything."

"She's got that, unless you. Didn't you hear her say so to her father?"

"Well", said Tinker Taylor relighting his pipe at the gas-jet. "Take her all together, she's not such a bad looking piece—particular by candlelight. To be sure, halfpence that have been in circulation can't be expected to look like new ones from the mint. But for a woman that's been knocking about the four hemispheres for some time, she's passable enough. A little bit thick in the flitch, perhaps; but I like a woman that a puff o' wind won't blow down."

The little girl, their eyes followed the movements of (as she) spread the breakfast cloth on the same table they had been using, without wiping up the slops of the liquor; the curtains were undrawn, expression of the house made to look like morning. Some of the guests, however, fell asleep in their chairs. One or two went to the door, gazed & loitered along the street more than once. Tinker Taylor was the chief of these, & after a time he came in with a leer on his face.

"By God, they are coming. I think the deed's done & tried!"

"No", said Uncle Joe, following him in. "Take my word, he

turned nasty at the last minute. They are walking in a very unusual way; & that's the meaning of it!"

They waited in silence till the wedding party could be heard entering the Workhouse. First into the room came Arabella boisterously; & then Jude was enough to show that ~~she had~~ her strategy had succeeded.

"Mrs Fawley, I presume?" said Miller Taylor with much courtesy.

"Certainly. Mrs Fawley again," replied Arabella blandly, pulling off her glove & holding out her left hand. "There's the padlock, see.... Well, he was a very nice gentlemanly man indeed. I mean the clergyman. He said to me as gentle as a babe when all was done: 'Mrs Fawley, I congratulate you heartily,' he says. 'For having heard your history, & that of your husband, I think you've both done the right & proper thing. And for your past errors as a wife, & his as a husband, I think you ought now to be forgiven by the world, as you have forgiven each other,' says he. Yes: he was a very nice gentlemanly man.' 'He don't recognize divorce in his dogma, strictly speaking' he says; 'and bear in mind the words of the Service in your going out & your coming in: What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Yes: he was a very nice gentlemanly man... But Jude, my dear, you were enough to make a cat laugh! You walked that straight, & held yourself that steady, that one would have thought you were going 'prentice to a judge; though I knew you were seeing double all the time, from the way you fumbled with my fingers."

"I ~~would~~ said I'd do anything to – save a woman's honour," muttered Jude. "And I've done it."

"Well now old dearey, come along & have some breakfast."

"I want – some – more ~~brandy~~ whiskey," said Jude Stolidly.

"Nonsense dear. Not now. There's no more left. The tea will take the muddle out of your heads, & we shall be as fresh as larks."

"All right. I've married you. She said I ought to (& I have. marry you again, strangling) It is true religion. Ha-ha-ha!"

Chapter XLIX.

Michaelmas came & passed, & Jude & his wife, who had lived but a short time in her father's house after their marriage, were in lodgings on the top floor of a house near to the centre of the city.

He had done a few days work during the two or three months since the event, but his health had been indifferent, & it was now precautions. He was sitting in an arm chair before the fire, & coughed a good deal.

"I've got a bargain for my trouble in marrying thee over again!" Arabella was saying to him. "I shall have to keep 'ee entirely, that's what 'twill come to! I shall have to make black-pot & sausages, & hawk 'em about the street, all to support an invalid husband — I'd no business to be saddled with at all. Why did'nt you keep your health, deceiving one like this? You were well enough when I married you!" ✕ [scratch]

This was the sort of discourse that went on between them every day now. The landlord of the lodging, who had heard that they were a queer couple, had doubted whether they were married at all, especially as he had seen Arabella kiss Jude one evening when she had taken a little too cordial; she was about to give them notice to quit, till by chance overhearing her one night haranguing Jude in rattling terms, & ultimately flinging a shoe at his head, he recognized the true ring of wedlock, & concluding that they must be respectable honest people said no more.

Jude did not get any better, & one day he requested Arabella, with considerable hesitation, to execute a commission for him. She asked

⁂ ¶ "Ah, yes!" said he laughing ~~bitterly~~ acridly. "I have been thinking of my foolish
feeling about the pig you & I killed during our first marriage. I
feel now that the greatest mercy which could be vouchsafed to me
would be that something should serve me as I served that animal".

him indifferently what it was.

"To write to Sue."

"What in the name – do you want to write to her for?"

"To ask how she is, & if she'll come to see me, because I'm ill, & should like to see her – once again."

"It is like & you to insult a lawful wife by asking such a thing."

"It is just in order not to insult you that I ask you to do it. You know I love & Sue. I don't wish to mince the matter – there stands the fact: I love her. I could find a dozen ways of sending a letter to her without your knowledge. But I wish to be quite above board with you, & with her husband. A message from you asking her to come is at least free from any odour of intrigue. If she retains any of her old nature at all, she'll come."

"You've no respect for marriage whatever, or its rights & duties!"

"What does it matter what my opinions are to a wretch like me! Can it matter to anybody in the world who comes to see me for half an hour? (– there with one foot in the grave) Come, please write, Arabella", he pleaded. "Repay my candour by a little generosity!"

"I should think not!"

"Not just once?" (– O do!) He felt that his pity sick weakness had taken away all his dignity.

"What do you want her to know how you are for? She don't want to see 'ee. She's no rat that forsook the sinking ship!"

"Don't, don't!"

"And I stuck to un – no more fool I. Have that strumpet in the house indeed!"

Almost as soon as the words were spoken Jude sprang from the chair,

of before Arabella knew where she was he had her on her back upon a little couch which stood there, he kneeling above her.

"Say another word of that sort," he whispered, "and I'll kill you - here & now. I've everything to gain by it - my own death not being the least part. So don't think there's no meaning in what I say!"

"What do you want me to do?" gasped Arabella.

"Promise never to speak of her."

"Very well. I do."

"I take your word" he said scornfully as he loosened her. "But whether it is worth I can't say." ¶ "You could kill the pig, but you could kill me!" ¶ "Ah - there you have me! No - I could & would kill you - even in a passion. Taunt away!"

He then began coughing very much, & she estimated his life with a appraiser's eye as he sank back ghastly pale. "I'll send for her", Arabella murmured; "if you'll agree to my being in the room with you all the time she's here."

The softer side of his nature, the desire to see Sue, made him unable to resist the offer: & even now, prostrated as he had been: breathlessly he replied "Yes: I agree. Only send for her!"

In the evening he enquired if she had written.

"Yes", she said; "I wrote a note telling her you were ill, & asking her to come to-morrow or the day after. I hope she posted it yet."

The next day Jude wondered if she really did post it, but would not ask her; & foolish hope, that clings on a drop of a crumb, made him restless with expectation. He knew the times of the possible trains, & listened on each occasion for sounds of her.

She did not come; but Jude would not address Arabella again thereon. He hoped & expected all the next day; but no Sue appeared; neither was there any letter note & then Jude decided in the privacy of his mind that Arabella had never posted hers, although she had written it. There was something in her manner which told it. His physical weakness was such that he reply.

when she was not there to see.
shed tears at the disappointment. His suspicions were, in fact, well founded. Arabella, like other nurses, thought that your duty towards your invalid was to pacify him by any means short of really acting upon his fancies.

He never said another word to her about his wish or his conjecture. A silent, undiscerned resolve grew up in him, which gave him, if not strength, stability & calm. One ~~afternoon~~ mid-day when, after an absence of two hours, she came into the room, she beheld the chair empty.

Down she flopped on the bed, & sitting meditated. "Now where the devil is my man gone to!" she said

A driving rain from the north-east had been falling with more or less intermission all ~~day~~ the morning; & looking from the window at the dripping sprouts it seemed impossible to believe that any sick man would have ventured out to almost certain death. Yet a conviction possessed Arabella that he had gone out, & it became a certainty when she had searched the house. "If he's such a fool, let him be!" she said. "I can do no more."

Jude was at that moment in the railway train that was drawing near to Alfredston, & an hour later his three score, in odd swathes & ghastly as Sebastiano's Lazarus, & which stared at by other passengers, & blanket he had come with, the long greatcoat, but without an umbrella, could have been seen walking along the five-mile road to Marygreen. On his face that alone sustained him, but showed the determined purpose to which his weakness afforded a sorry foundation. By the uphill walk he was quite blown, but he pressed on; & at half-past three o'clock slowly the well familiar Marygreen. The rain was keeping everybody indoors; Jude crossed the green, & the churchyard, and found the building open. Here he stood, looking forth at the school, whence he could hear

the usual sing-song tones of the little voices that had not yet learnt Creation's groan.

He waited till a small boy came from the school – one evidently allowed out before hours for some reason or other. Jude beckoned with his hand, & the child came.

"Please call at the school house & ask Mrs Phillotson if she will be kind enough to come to the chapel for a few minutes".

The child departed, no one else employed, & Jude heard him knock at the door of the dwelling. He himself went further into the chapel. Everything was new, except a few pieces of carving preserved from the wrecked old fabric, now fixed against the new walls. He stood by these: they seemed akin to the persisted people of that place who were his ancestors & hers.

A light footstep, which might have been accounted, no more than an added drip to the rainfall, sounded in the porch, & she looked round.

"O – I did not think it was you! I did not – O Jude!" A hysterical catch in her breath ended in a succession of them. He advanced, but she quickly recovered & went back.

"Don't go – don't go!" he implored. "This is my last time. I thought it would be less intrusive than I thought. I shall never come again. Don't then be unmerciful. Sue, Sue: we are acting by the letter; & 'the letter killeth!'"

"I'll stay – I will be unkind!" she said her mouth quivering & her tears flowing as she allowed him to come closer. "But why did you come, & do this wrong thing, after doing such a right thing as you have done?"

"What right thing?"

"Marrying Arabella again. It was in the Alfredston paper. She – has never been other than yours, Jude – in a proper sense. And therefore you did so well – O so well! – in recognizing it – & taking her to you again."

"God above –

"[illegible] –, and is that all I've come to hear? If there is anything more despicable, immoral, unnatural, repulsive than another in my life it is this meretricious contract with Arabella which is called by the name of holy matrimony! And you too – you call yourself Phillotson's wife. His wife! You are mine."

"Don't make me rush away from you – I can't bear much. But on this point I am decided. I am his."

"I cannot understand how you did it – how you think it – I cannot –!"

"Never mind that. He is the ordained of Heaven for me. And I – I've wrestled & struggled, & fasted, & prayed. I have nearly brought my body into complete subjection. And you must it – will you – wake –"

"O you darling little fool; where is your reason? You seem to have suffered the loss of your faculties! I would argue with you if I did not know that a woman in your state of feeling is quite beyond all appeals to her brains. Or is it that you are humbugging yourself, as so many women do about these things; & don't actually believe what you pretend to, & only are indulging the luxury of the emotion raised by an affected belief?"

"Luxury!? How can you be so cruel, [illegible] when I have –"

"You are the completest, most melancholy wreck of a promising human intellect that it has ever been my lot to behold – besotted with a senseless mysticism which has led you on to a sickening degradation. It was deplorable cowardice in you that began it – that's all. Your poor little coward. Where is your scorn of convention gone? I would have died game!"

"[illegible] You crush & insult me. Go away from me." She turned off quickly.

"I will. I would never come to see you again, if I had the strength to come, which I shall not have any more. You are not worth a man's love!"

Her bosom began to heave & foam. she burst out running back impulsively

"I can't endure you to say that! Don't, don't scorn me! Kiss me, kiss me lots of times, & say I am not a coward & a contemptible humbug – I can't bear it!" She rushed up to him, & with her mouth on his continued: "I must tell you – O I must – my darling love! It has been – only a church marriage – a spiritual marriage I mean! He suggested it at the very first!"

"How?"

"I mean it is, in a worldly point of view, a nominal marriage only. I don't share his room – I haven't at all since I came back to him!"

He bruised her lips with kisses. ⁂

"Sue!" he said; Pressing her to him in his arms "Now, in the name of all you hold holy, tell me the truth, & no lie. You do love me still?"

"I do! You know it too well!.. But I must not do this – I must not. kiss you back as I will"

"And yet you are so dear, & you look so ill –"

"And so do you."

"But do! Forgive!". There's one more, in memory of our dear little Cherub – best time

yours & mine."

"O don't speak of that: I must not – I can't – go on with this! But I will! your kisses. I do, I do There, there, darling; I give you back! ... And now I'll hate myself for ever for my sin!"

"Dear – no, no – let me make my last appeal. Listen to this. We're both re-married out of our senses. I was made drunk to do it. You were the same. I was gin-drunk; you were creed-drunk. Either form of intoxication takes away the robber vision. Let us then shake off our mistakes, & run away together!"

"O no, no!... Why have you tempted me so far? It was too unkind – to do it,... But horrible. I've got over myself now. And I hate Don't follow me – don't look at me. Leave me, for pity sake!"

She ran up the church to the east end, & Jude did as she requested. He did not turn his head, but took up his blanket, which she had not seen, and went straight out. As he passed the end of the church he heard his crying mingling with the rain on the windows, & in a last instinct of human affection, even

※ If misery can know a happiness, I have a moments happiness now!

by her fetters,
now unsubdued, she sprang up as if to go & succour him. But
she knelt down again, & stopped her ears with her hands, till all
possible sound of him had passed away.

He was by this time at the corner of the green from which the
path ran across the fields. He turned & looked back, once, at the
in which he had scared crows as a boy.
building which still contained Sue; then went on, knowing that
his eyes would look on that scene no more.

There are cold spots up & down Wessex in autumn & winter
weather; but the coldest of all when a north or east wind is blowing
is the crest of the down by the Brown House, where the road to Alfred-
ston crosses the old Ridgeway. Here the first winter sleets & the snows
fall & lie, & here the spring frost lingers last unthawed. Here in the teeth
of the north-east wind & rain Jude now pursued his way, not through
the necessary slowness of his walk from lack of his former strength
being insufficient to maintain his heat. He came to the milestone,
spread his blanket & lay down there to rest. Before moving on he
& ran his eye over it, went & felt at the back for his own carving.
of the stone
It was still there; but nearly obliterated by moss. He passed the
spot where the gibbet of his ancestor & Sue's had stood, & descended the hill.

It was dark when he reached Alfredston, where he had a cup of
tea, the deadly chill that began to creep into his bones being too much
for him
to endure fasting. To get home he had to travel by a steam tram-car,
& two branches of railway, with much waiting at a junction. He did
not reach Christminster till ten o'clock.

Chapter II.

On the platform stood Arabella. She looked him up & down.

"You've been to her?" she asked, scornfully.

"I have," said Jude, literally tottering with cold & lassitude.

"Well, you now you'd best march along home."

The water ran out of him as he went, & he was compelled to lean

against he will to support himself while coughing

"You've done for yourself by this, young man," said she. "I don't know whether you know it!"

"Of course I do. I meant to do for myself."

"What - to commit suicide?"

"Certainly."

"Well I'm blest! Kill yourself for a woman."

"Listen to me Arabella. You think you are the stronger; & so you are, in a physical sense, now. You could push me over like a ninepin. You did not send that letter the Monday, and I could not resent your conduct. But I am not so weak in another way as you think. I made up my mind that a man confined to his room by inflammation of the lungs, a fellow who had only two wishes left in the world, to see a particular woman, & then to die, could really accomplish those two wishes by one stroke by taking this journey in the rain. That - I've done. I've finished myself — I have seen her for the last time, & put an end to a feverish life which ought never to have been begun."

"Lord - you do talk lofty. Won't you have something warm to drink?"

"No thank you. Let's get to our happy home."

They went along by the silent colleges, & Jude kept stopping.

"What are you looking at?"

"I see, (Stupid fancies) in a way, those spirits of the dead departed on this my last walk, again, that I saw when I first came here!" ~~I see them & almost hear their rustling~~

"What a curious Chap you are!"

"I seem to see them, & almost hear their rustling. But I don't revere all of them as I did then. I don't believe in half of them. The theologians & the apologists, & the high-hearted statesmen, & others, kin the metaphysicians, no longer interest me. All that has been spoilt for me by the grind of stern reality."

corpse-like
The expression of Jude's face in the watery lamplight was as if he saw [illegible] where there was nobody. At moments he stood still by an archway, like one watching a figure walk out; then he would look at a window like one discerning a familiar face behind it. He seemed to hear voices, whose words he repeated as if to gather their meaning.

"They seem laughing at me!"

"Who?"

(I was talking to myself)

"The phantoms of my fancy. They used to look friends in the old days, particularly Joe Addison & Ned Gibbon & Sam Johnson & the Doctor & Bishop Ken & Brook Pattison" all about here, in the college archways & windows.

Come along, do! Phantoms!

"Phantoms! There's neither living nor dead here about, except a damn policeman. I never saw the streets emptier." Come along, do!"

"Fanney! The Poet of Liberty & historian of the decline & fall used to walk here, & the great dissector of melancholy here."

"I don't want to hear about 'em! They bore me."

Wycliffe - Harvey - Hooker -

"Walter Raleigh coming up that lane - Pattison - Arnold - & a whole crowd of Tractarian shades —"

"I don't want to know their names, I tell you! What do I care about folk dead & gone? Upon my word sonk you are more sober when you've been drinking than when you are dry!"

"This is old Rubric" he said, I must rest a moment

(holding to the railing, he)

And as he paused & measured with his eye the height of a college front.

& Tudor

(And this Sarcophagus, & up that lane Crozier: & all down there is Cardinal with its long front, & its windows with lifted eyebrows, representing the great permanent sneer of the Immensity at the efforts of such as I."

"Come along, & I'll treat you!" (The chilly fog from the meadows of Cardinal

"Very well. It will help me home, for I feel as if death-claws were grabbing me through & through. As Aunt Antigone said, I am neither a dweller among men nor ghosts. But, Arabella, when I am dead, you'll see my spirit flitting up & down here among these."

"Pooh. You won't die. You are tough enough yet, old man."

[White line] ~~Chapter I.~~

It was night at Marygreen; ~~schoolhouse~~, & the rain of the afternoon ~~still continued~~ showed no signs of abatement. About the time at which Jude & Arabella were walking the streets of Christminster homeward, the widow Edlin crossed the green, & opened the back door of the schoolmaster's dwelling, which she often did now before bedtime, to assist Sue in putting things away.

Sue was muddling helplessly in the kitchen, for she was not a good housewife, though she tried to be, & grew impatient of domestic details.

"Lord love'ee, what do ye do that for yonney fer, when d'ye come o' purpose. You knew I should come."

"O - I don't know - I forgot. No, I did not forget. I did it to discipline myself. I have scrubbed the stairs since eight o'clock. I must practise myself in my domestic household duties. I've shamefully neglected them!"

"Why should ye? He'll get a better school, perhaps be a parson in time, & you'll keep two servants. 'Tis a pity to spoil them pretty hands."

"Don't talk of my hands, Mrs Edlin. This body of mine has been the ruin of me already!"

"Pshoo - you've got no body to speak of. Your mind put me more in of a spirit. But there seems something wrong to night, my dear. Husband cross?"

"No. He never is. He's gone to bed early."

"Then what is it?"

"I cannot tell you. I have done wrong to-day. And I want to eradicate it. Well - I will tell you this - Jude has been here to-day, & I find I still love him! & I cannot tell you more."

"Ah!" said the widow. "I told'ee how 'twould be!"

"But it shan't be! I have not told my husband of this visit; & it is not necessary to trouble him about it, as I never mean to be Jude any more. But I am going to make my conscience right ~~about~~ on my duty to Richard — by doing a penance — ~~the ultimate thing~~ I must."

"I would not — since he ~~don't ask a pleasure of me~~ agrees to it ~~have otherwise~~, & it has gone on three months very well as it is."

~~[illegible] I should~~ —

"Yes — he agrees; & I feel it is an indulgence which I ought not to exact from him. It ought not to have been accepted by me. To reverse it will be a terrible ordeal. But I must; be more kind to him. O why was I made so unheroic!"

"What is it you don't like in him?" asked Mrs Edlin curiously.

"I cannot tell you. It is something ... I cannot say. And the mournful thing is, he doesn't know it himself, so that the excuse of his having concealed something is not left me."

"Did you ever tell Jude what it was?"

"Never."

"I've heard strange tales (in my time) of husbands," observed the widow in a lowered voice. "They say that ~~in the time~~ when the saints were upon earth devils used to take husbands forms ~~of nights~~, & get poor women into all sorts of trouble. But I don't know why that should come into my head, for it is only a tale ... ~~How [illegible] double~~ What a wind & rain it is to-night! Well — don't be in a hurry my dear. Think it over."

"No, no! I've screwed my weak soul up to it; treating him more courteously — & it must be now — at once!"

"I don't think you ought to force your nature. No woman can ought to be expected to."

"It is my duty. I will drink my cup to the dregs!"

Half an hour later, when Mrs Edlin put on her bonnet & shawl to leave,

Sue seemed to be seized with vague terror.

"No, no – don't go, Mrs Edlin", she implored, her eyes flared, & with a quick nervous look over her shoulder.

"But it is bed-time, child."

"Yes, but – there's the little spare room – my room that was. It is quite ready. Please stay, Mrs Edlin! – I shall want you in the morning."

"O well – I don't mind, if you wish. Nothing will happen to my ~~fore~~old wells, whether I be here or no."

She then fastened up the doors, & they ascended upstairs together.

"Wait here, Mrs Edlin", said Sue, "I'll go into my old room a moment by myself."

Leaving ~~Mrs E~~ the widow on the landing she turned to the chamber which had been hers exclusively since her arrival at Marygreen, & pushing the door knelt down by the bed for a minute or two. She then arose, & taking ~~the night gown~~ from the pillow came out to Mrs Edlin. A snore could be heard snoring in the bedroom opposite. Sue wished Mrs Edlin good-night, & the widow entered the room that Sue had just vacated.

Sue unlatched the other chamber door, &, as if seized with faintness, sank down outside it. Getting up again she half opened the door, & said "Richard." As the word came out of her mouth she visibly shuddered. But He did not reply, & the snoring had (for some time) ceased. Sue seemed relieved & hurried back to Mrs Edlin's chamber. "Are you in bed, Mrs Edlin?" she asked.

"No, dear," said the widow opening the door. "I be old & slow, & it takes me a long while to un-ray. "I ha'n't unlaced my jumps yet."

"I – don't hear him! And perhaps – perhaps –"

"What, child?"

422, 423 missing. 424

Chapter LI.

Despite himself, Jude recovered, somewhat, and worked at his trade for several weeks. After Christmas, however, he broke down again.

With the money he had earned he shifted his lodgings to a more central part of the town. But Arabella saw that he was not likely

to do much work for a long while, & was cross enough at the turn affairs had taken since & her re-marriage to him. "Damned if you haven't been clever in this last stroke!" she would say. "To get a nurse for nothing by marrying me!"

Jude was absolutely indifferent to what she said, & indeed often regarded her abuse in a humorous light. Sometimes his mood was more earnest, & as he lay he often rambled on upon the defeat of his early aims.

"Every man has some little power in some one direction," he would say. "I was never really stout enough for the stone-cutting trade, particularly the fixing & moving the blocks always used to strain me, & standing in the draughts in building before the windows are in, always gave me colds, & I think that began the mischief inside. But I felt I could do one thing if I had the opportunity. I could accumulate ideas & impart them to others. I had just that little power in me, to acquire knowledge. I wonder if the Founders had such as I in their minds - a fellow good for nothing else but that particular thing..... I hear that now there is going to be a better chance for such helpless students as I was. There are schemes afoot for making the University less exclusive, & extending its influence. I don't know much about it. And it is too late, too late for me. Ah - and for how many worthier ones before me!"

"How you keep a mumbling!" said Arabella. "I should have thought you'd have got over all that craze about books by this time. And so you would, if you'd had any sense to begin with. You are as bad now as when we were first married."

On one occasion while soliloquizing thus he called her "Sue" unconsciously.

"I wish you'd mind who you are talking to!" said Arabella indig-

namely. "Calling a respectable married woman by the name of that—." She remembered herself. She did not call herself so.

But in the course of time, when she saw how things were going, & how very little she had to fear from Sue's rivalry, she had a fit of generosity. "I suppose you want to see your — Sue", she said. "Well, I don't mind her coming. You can have her here if you like."

"I don't wish to see her again."

"O — that's a change!"

"And don't tell her anything about me — that I'm ill, or anything. She has chosen her course. Let her go."

One day he received a surprize. Mrs Edlin came to see him, quite on her own account. ~~Arabella~~ Jude's wife, whose feelings as to where his affections were centred had reached absolute indifference by this time, went out, leaving the old woman alone with Jude. He impulsively asked how Sue was, & then said bluntly, remembering what Sue had told him: "I suppose they are still only husband & wife in name?"

Mrs Edlin hesitated. "Well, no — it is different now. She's begun it quite lately — all of her own freewill."

"When did she begin?" he asked quickly.

"He ~~might~~ left you came. But strictly as a punishment to her poor self. He didn't wish it, but she insisted."

"My soul! What legalized ~~prostitution~~! Supernaturalism, supernaturalism, what vices & crimes you've to answer for! That such a bright intelligence should have sunk to this morbid depth. My Sue, my Sue — you darling fool — this is more than I can endure!..... Mrs Edlin — don't be frightened at my rambling — I've got to talk to myself lying here so many hours alone — she was once a woman whose intellect was to mine like a

star to a benzoline lamp: who saw all my superstitions as cobwebs that she could brush away with a word. Then bitter affliction came to us, & she veered round to darkness. Strange difference of sex that time & circumstance, which enlarge the views of most men, narrow the views of women almost invariably. And now the ultimate horror has come - her giving herself like this to what she loathes, in her enslavement to forms! - she, so sensitive, so shrinking, that the very wind seemed to blow on her with a touch of deference.... Why does not she see that any code which makes cruelty a part of its system - the cruelty of forcing a woman to intimacy with a man she does not love, or a man with a woman, equally with any other form of cruelty - cannot possibly be moral?.... As for me and me long ago - when we were at our best, when our minds were clear, & our love of truth fearless - the time was not ripe for us! Our ideas were fifty years too soon to be any good to us. And so the resistance they met with brought reaction in her, & recklessness & ruin on me..... When men of a later age look back upon the barbarism, cruelty, & superstition of the times in which we have the unhappiness to live, it will appear more clear to them than it does to us that the irksomeness of life is less owing to its natural conditions, tragic they are bad enough, than to those artificial compulsions arranged for our well being, which have no root in the nature of things!.... There - this, Mrs Edlin, is how I go on to myself continually, as I lie here. I must be boring you awfully."

"Not at all, my dear boy. I could hearken to 'ee all day."

As Jude reflected more & more on her news, & grew more restless, he began in his mental agony to use terribly profane language about social conventions, which startled a bit of coughing. Presently there came a knock at the door downstairs.

As nobody below answered it Mrs Edlin herself went down. The visitor called said blandly: "The doctor." The lanky form was that of Physician Vilbert, who had been called in by Arabella.

"How is my patient at present?" asked the physician.

"O bad - very bad. Poor chap, he got excited, & do blaspeam terribly, since I let out some gossip by accident - the more to my blame & more fool I. But there - you must excuse a man in suffering for what he says, & I hope God will forgive him his brazen courage, poor chap, for he's regardless what Job was afraid to do."

"Ah. I'll go up & see him. Mrs Fawley at home?"

"She's not in at present, but she'll be here soon."

Vilbert went; but ~~soon came down again, for~~ though Jude had hitherto taken the medicines of the skilful practitioner with the greatest indifference, whenever & poured down his throat by Arabella, he was now so brought to bay by events that he vented his opinion of Vilbert so freely in the physicians face, & ornamented it with such striking epithets, that Vilbert soon scurried down again. At the door he met Arabella, Mrs Edlin having left. Arabella inquired how he thought her husband was now, & seeing that the doctor looked ruffled, asked him to take something. He assented.

"I'll bring it to you here in the passage." she said. "There's nobody but me about the house to-day".

She brought a bottle & glass, & he drank. Arabella began shaking with suppressed laughter. "What is this, my dear?" he asked, smacking his lips.

"O - a drop of wine - & something in it." Laughing again she said: "I poured your own love-philter into it, that you sold me at the Agricultural Show, don't you remember?"

"I do, I do! Clever woman! But you must be prepared for the consequences." Putting his arm round her shoulders he kissed her there.

"Don't, don't," she whispered, laughing good humouredly. "My man will hear."

She let him out of the house, & as she went back she said to herself: "Well! Weak women must provide for a rainy day. And if my poor fellow upstairs do go off – as I suppose he will soon – it's well to keep chances open. And I can't pick & choose now as I could when I was younger. And one must take the old if one can't get the young."

Chapter LII.

The last lines to which the chronicler of these lives would ask the reader's attention are concerned with the scene in & out of Jude's bedroom when leafy summer came round again.

His face was now so thin that his old friends would hardly have known him. It was afternoon, & Arabella was at the looking-glass curling her hair, which operation she performed by heating an umbrella-stay in the flame of a candle she had lighted, & using it upon the flowing lock. When she had finished this, practised a dimple, & put on her things, she cast her eyes round upon Jude. He seemed to be sleeping.

Arabella, hatted, gloved, & ready, sat down & waited, as if expecting some one to come & take her place of nurse.

Certain sounds from without revealed that the town was in festivity, though little of the festival, whatever it might have been, could be seen here. Bells began to ring. The notes made her restless, & at last she said to herself: "Why ever doesn't father come!"

She looked again at Jude, critically gauged his ebbing life,

as she had done so many times during the late months, & glancing at his watch, which was hung up by way of ~~finding that she still stood glancing at the~~ time piece, rose impatiently. Still he slept, & coming to a resolution she slipped ~~noiselessly~~ closed the door noiselessly from the room, & descended the stairs. The house was empty. The attraction which moved Arabella to go abroad had evidently drawn away the other inmates long before.

It was a warm, cloudless, enticing day. She shut the front door, & hastened round into the Chief High Street, & when near the theatre could hear the tones of the organ in rehearsal for a coming concert being in progress. She entered under the archway of Old College, where men were putting up awnings round the quadrangle for a ball in the Hall that evening. People who had come up from the country for the day were picnicking on the grass, & Arabella walked along the gravel paths under the aged limes. But finding this place rather dull she returned to the streets, & watched the carriages drawing up for the concert, numerous Dons & their wives, & undergraduates with gay female companions, crowding up likewise. When the doors were closed & the concert began she moved on.

The powerful notes of that concert rolled forth through the swinging yellow blinds of the open windows, over the horsetops, & into the still air of the lanes. They reached so far as to the room in which Jude lay; & it was about this time that his cough began again, & awakened him.

As soon as he could speak he murmured, his eyes still closed: "A little water, please."

Nothing but the deserted room received his appeal, & he coughed & shouted again, saying still more feebly: "Water – some water – Sue – Arabella!"

The room remained still as before. Presently he gasped again: "Throat – choked – water – Sue – darling – drop of water – please – O please!"

No water came, the organ notes, faint as a bee's hum, rolled in as before.

Meanwhile Arabella, on her journey to discovery of what was going on, took a short cut down a narrow street & through an obscure nook into the quad of Cardinal. It was full of bustle, & brilliant in the sunlight with flowers & other preparations for a ball there also. A carpenter nodded to her one, who had formerly been a fellow workman of Jude's. A corridor was in course of erection from the entrance to the Hall staircase, of gay red & buff bunting. Waggon loads of boxes containing bright plants in full bloom were being placed about, & the great staircase was covered with red cloth. She nodded to one workman & another, & ascended to the Hall on the strength of their acquaintance, where they were putting down a new floor & decorating for the dance. The cathedral bell close at hand was sounding for five o'clock service.

"I should not mind having a spin there with a fellow's arm round my waist," she said to one of the men. "But Lord, I must be getting home again – there's a lot to do. No dancing for me!"

When she reached home she was met at the door by Staff, & one or two other of Jude's fellow stone-workers. "We are just going down to the river," said the former, "to see the boat-bumping. But we've called round on our way to ask how your old chap is."

"He's sleeping nicely, thank you," said Arabella.

"That's right. Well now, can't you give yourself half an hour's relaxation, Mrs Fawley, & come along with us? 'Twould do you good."

"I should like to go," said she. "I've never seen the boat-racing, & I hear it is good fun."

"Come along!"

"How I wish I could!" She looked longingly down the street. "Wait a minute, then. I'll just run up & see how he is now. Father is with him, I believe; so I can most likely come."

They waited, & she entered. Downstairs the inmates were absent as before, having, in fact, gone in a body to the river where the procession of boats was to pass. When she reached the bedroom she found that her father had not even now come.

"Why could not he have been here!" she said impatiently. "He wanted to see the boats, himself — that's what it is!

However, on looking round to the bed she brightened, for she saw that Jude was apparently sleeping as she had left him, in his usual half elevated posture, being unable to lie down on account of his cough. He therefore could be left a little longer to himself. A second glance, however, caused her to start, & she went to the bed. His face was quite white, & gradually becoming rigid. She touched his fingers; they were cold, though his body was still warm. She listened at his chest: all was still within: the customary bumping had ceased.

After her first appalled sense of what had happened the faint notes of a military band or other brass from the river reached her ears; & in a preoccupied tone she exclaimed: "To think he should die just now! — why did he die just now!" Then medicating another

moment or two she went to the door, softly closed it as before, & again descended the stairs.

"Here she is!" said one of the workmen. "We wondered if you were coming after all. Come along: we must be quick to get a good place.... Well, how is he? Sleeping well still? Of course we don't want to drag'ee away if—"

"O yes—sleeping quite quietly. He won't wake yet," she said hurriedly.

They went with the crowd down Cardinal Street, where they presently reached the bridge, & the gay barges burst upon their view. Thence presently they a narrow slit down to the Towing Path—now dusty, hot, & thronged. Almost as soon as they had arrived the procession of boats began; the oars smacking with a loud kiss on the face of the stream, as they were lowered from the perpendicular.

"O, I say—how jolly! I'm glad I've come!" said Arabella.

"And—it can't hurt my husband—my being away."

On the opposite side of the river, on the crowded barges, were gorgeous nosegays of feminine beauty, fashionably arrayed in green, pink, blue, & white. The blue flag of the Boat Club denoted the centre of interest, beneath which a band in red uniforms gave out the notes of the had already heard in the death-chamber. College men, in canoes with ladies, watching keenly for "our" boat, darted up & down. While she regarded the lively scene somebody touched Arabella in the ribs, & looking round she saw Vilbert.

"That philter is operating, you know!" he said with a leer. "Shame on'ee to wreck a heart so!"

"I shan't talk of love to-day."

"Why not? It is a general holiday."

She did not reply. Vilbert's arm stole round her waist, which

act in the crowd could be performed unobserved. An arch expression overspread Arabella's face at the feel of the arm, but she kept her face eyes on the river as if she did not know of the embrace.

The crowd surged, pushing Arabella & her friends sometimes nearly into the river, & the crowd have laughed heartily at the horse-play that went on if the imprint on her mind's sight of a pale statuesque face she had lately gazed on had not sobered her a little.

The fun on the water reached the climax of excitement, there were immersions, there were shouts: the rdee was lost down, & the people who had watched began to move. The pink & blue ladies retired from the barges.

"I think I must get back to my poor man." "Well - it's been awfully good!" cried Arabella. "But Father is there, so far as I know; but I had better get back."

"What's your hurry?"

"Well, I must go.... Dear, dear, this is awkward!"

At the narrow gangway where the people ascended from the towing Path & the bridge the crowd was literally jammed into one hot mass - Arabella & Vilbert with the rest; & here they remained motionless, Arabella exclaiming "Dear, dear!" more & more impatiently; for it had just occurred to her mind that if Jude were discovered to have died alone an inquest might be deemed necessary.

"What a fidget you are, my dear," said the Physician, who, being pressed close against her by the throng, had no need of personal effort for contact. "Just as well have patience: there's no getting away yet."

It was nearly ten minutes before the wedged multitude moved sufficiently to let them pass through. As soon as she got up into the street Arabella hastened on, forbidding the Physician to accompany her further that day. She did not go straight to her home; but to the abode of a woman who performed the last necessary offices

for the poor dead; where she knocked.

"My husband has just gone, poor soul," she said. "Can you come to lay him out?"

Arabella waited a few minutes; & the two women went along through the ~~narrow passages~~ stream of fashionable people pouring out of Cardinal meadow, & being nearly knocked down by the carriages.

"I must call at the sexton's about the bell, too," said Arabella. "It is just round here, isn't it? I'll meet you at my door."

[white line]

Two days later, when the sky was equally cloudless, & the air equally still, two persons stood beside Jude's open coffin in the same little bedroom. On one side was Arabella, on the other the widow Edlin. They were both looking at Jude's face, the worn old eyes of Mrs Edlin being red.

"How beautiful he is!" said she.

"Yes. He's a handsome corpse," said Arabella.

The window was open to ventilate the room, & it being about noon: like the clear air was still & quiet without. From a distance came buzzes; & an apparent noise of persons stamping.

"What is that?" murmured the old woman.

"O, it's Remembrance Day. That's the doctors in the Theatre, conferring honorary degrees on the Duke of Hamptonshire & a lot more of that sort. The cheers come from the young men."

"Ay, young & strong-lunged. Not like our poor boy here."

An occasional word, as from some one making a speech, floated from the open windows of the Theatre across to this quiet corner, at which there seemed to be a smile of bitterness upon the marble features of the dead Jude; while the old superseded Delphin editions of Virgil & Homer of the dog-eared Greek Testament on the neighbouring shelf, & the few other volumes of the sort that he had not parted with, ranged with

stone-dust where he had been in the habit of catching them up for a few minutes between his labours, seemed to pale to a sickly cast at the sounds. The bells struck out joyously; other reverberations travelled round the bedroom.

Arabella's eyes removed from Jude to Mrs Edlin. "D'ye think she will come?" she asked.

"I could not say."

"How is she looking?"

"Aged & miserable, your heart. Years & years older than when you saw her last. Quite a staid unwoman now." 'Tis the man – she can't stomach en."

"If Jude had been alive to see her, he would hardly have cared for her any more, perhaps."

"That's what we don't know..... Did not he ever ask you to see for her, since he came to see her & in that strange way?"

"No. Quite the contrary. I offered to send, & he said I was not to let her know how ill he was."

"Did he forgive her!"

"Not as I know."

"Well – poor little thing, 'tis what believed she's found forgiveness somewhere. She said she had found peace."

"She may swear that on her knees, cross upon her negative; but it won't be true", said Arabella) she left his arms, & never will again till she's as he is now!"

The End.

March. 1895.